



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

XL 11.3

POEMS

ON

Affairs of State:

FROM

The Time of Oliver Cromwell, to the
Abdication of K. James the Second.

Written by the greatest Wits of the Age.

VIZ.

Duke of Buckingham,	Mr. Milton,
Earl of Rochester,	Mr. Dryden,
Lord Bu----st,	Mr. Sprat,
Sir John Denham,	Mr. Waller,
Andrew Marvell, Esq;	Mr. Ayloffe, &c.

With some Miscellany Poems by the same:
Most whereof never before Printed.

*Now carefully examined with the Originals, and
Published without any Castration.*

The Fifth Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged.

Printed in the Year 1703.

THE PREFACE.

THE common aim of Prefaces to preposse^s the Reader in favour of the Book, is here wholly useless; for what is now publish'd is none of the trifling Performances of the Age, that are yet to make their Fortune, but a Collection of those valuable Pieces, which several great Men have produc'd, no less inspir'd by the injur'd Genius of their Country, than by the Muses. They are of Establish'd Fame, and already receiv'd, and allow'd the best Patriots, as well as Poets. I am sensible, that should we consult our superficial Hypo-criticks, they would often be apt to arraign the Numbers; for there are a sort of Men, who having little other merit than a happy Chime, would fain fix the Excellence of Poetry in the smoothness of the Versification, allowing but little to the more Essential Qualities of a Poet, great Images, good Sense, &c. Nay they have so blind a Passion for what they excel in, that they will exclude all variety of Numbers from *English* Poetry, when they allow none but *Iambics*, which must by an identity of Sound bring a very unpleasant satiety upon the Reader. I must own that I

The PREFACE.

am of opinion, that a great many rough Cadencies that are to be found in these Poems, and in the admirable *Paradise Lost*, and so far from Faults, that they are Beauties, and contribute by their variety to the prolonging the pleasure of the Readers. But I have unawares fallen into this Digression, which requires more time and room than I have here to allow, to set it in that just Light it requires. I shall return to the following Poems writ by Mr. *Milton*, Mr. *Marvell*, &c. which will shew us, that there is no where a greater Spirit of Liberty to be found, than in those who are Poets: *Homer*, *Aristophanes*, and most of the inspired Tribe have shewed it; and *Catullus* in the midst of *Cæsar's* Triumphs attack'd the Vices of that great Man, and expos'd 'em, to lessen that Popularity and Power he was gaining among the *Roman* People, which he saw would be turn'd to the destruction of the Liberty of *Rome*.

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati, &c.

And

*Pulchre convenit improbis cinadis
Mamurrae, Pathicoque, Cæsarique.*

And again,

Nil nimirum studeo Cæsar tibi velle placere, &c.

But it would be endless to quote all the Liberties the Poets have of old taken with Ill men, whose Power had aw'd others to a servile Flattery; the succeeding Tyrants have not been able to suppress the numerous Instances we have yet
of

The PREFACE.

of it. We have therefore reason to hope that no *Englishman* that is a true lover of his Country's Good and Glory, can be displeased at the publishing a Collection, the design of each of which was to remove those pernicious Principles which lead us directly to Slavery; to promote a publick and generous Spirit, which was then almost a shame to the Possessor, if not a certain Ruin. I believe were a man of equal Ability and unbiass'd Temper to make a just Comparison, some of the following Authors, might claim perhaps an equal share with many of the most celebrated of the *Romans* or *Greeks*. I know in a Nation so factious as this, where the preposterous Principles of Slavery are run into a point of Conscience and Honour, and yet hold abundance in unseasonable and monstrous Divisions, it would be a Task that must disoblige too many to undertake. But when all *Europe* is engag'd to destroy that tyrannick Power, the mismanagement of those Times, and the selfish evil Designs of a corrupt Court had given rise to, it cannot be thought unseasonable to publish so just an Account of the true source of all our present Mischiefs; which will be evidently found in the following Poems, for from them we may collect a just and secret History of the former Times.

*And looking backward with a wise afright,
See Seams of Wounds dishonest to the Sight.*

Oh that we cou'd yet learn, under this Auspicious Government founded on Liberty, the generous

The PREFACE.

nerous Principles of the publick Good! Sure this Consort of Divine *Amphions* will charm the distracted pieces of the publick Building into one noble and regular Pile, to be the wonder, as well as safeguard of *Europe*. This being the aim of this present Publication, it must be extremely approv'd by all true Patriots, all lovers of the general Good of Mankind, and in that most certainly of their own in particular,

Omnes profecto liberi libentius

Sicimus, quam servimus.

Take off the gawdy veil of Slavery, and she will appear so frightful and deform'd that all would abhor her: For all Mankind naturally prefer Liberty to Slavery.

'Tis true, some few of these Poems were printed before in loose Papers, but so mangled, that the Persons that wrote them would hardly have known, much less have own'd them; which put a Person on examining them by the Originals or best Copies, and they are here published without any Castration, with many curious Miscellaneous Poems of the same great Men, which never before saw the Light.

In this Fifth Edition the whole is Corrected, and several Faults amended from the most Correct Copies; also some Additions of the most Valuable Poems, never before printed.

The INDEX.

A <i>Elegrick on Oliver Cromwell and his Victories, by E. Waller</i>	Page 1
<i>Three Poems on the Death of the late Protector Oliver Cromwell, viz.</i>	
By Mr. Dryden,	6
By Mr. Sprat,	13
By Mr. Waller, called the Storm,	23
<i>Directions to a Painter, said to be written by Sir John Denham, but</i>	
<i>believed to be writ by Mr. Milton.</i>	84
<i>To the King, by the same.</i>	38
<i>Continuation of Directions to a Painter, by the same.</i>	84
<i>To the King, by the same.</i>	45
<i>Directions to a Painter, by the same.</i>	46
<i>Directions to a Painter, by the same.</i>	50
<i>The last Instructions to a Painter about the Dutch Wars, 1667. by</i>	
<i>A. Marvel, Esq;</i>	54
<i>To the King, by the same.</i>	78
<i>The Loyal Scot, or Cleaveland's Ghost, upon the Death of Captain</i>	
<i>Douglas, burnt in his Ship at Chatham, by the same.</i>	79
<i>Britannia and Rawleigh, a Dialogue, by A. Marvel, Esq;</i>	84
<i>Advice to a Painter, by A. Marvel, Esq;</i>	89
<i>To the King, by the same.</i>	92
<i>Nostradamus's Prophecies, by A. Marvel, Esq;</i>	Ibid.
<i>Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's Ghost,</i>	94
<i>An Historical Poem, by A. Marvel, Esq;</i>	97
<i>Hodge's Vision from the Monument, Decemb. 1675. by the same.</i>	102
<i>A Dialogue between two Horses, by the same, 1674.</i>	106
<i>On the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen presenting the late King</i>	
<i>and Duke of York each with a Copy of their Freedom, 1674. by</i>	
<i>the same.</i>	112
<i>On Blood's stealing the Crown, by the same</i>	115
<i>Further Instructions to a Painter, 1670. by the same.</i>	Ibid.
<i>Oceana and Britannia, a Dialogue by the same.</i>	117
<i>On his Excellent Friend, Mr. Andrew Marvel.</i>	122
<i>An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax, by the Duke of Buckingham.</i>	123
<i>An Essay upon the Earl of Shaftsbury's Death.</i>	125
<i>A Satyr in Answer to a Friend.</i>	128
<i>A Character of the English, in allusion to Tacitus de Vita Agric.</i>	131
<i>Cullen with his Flock of Court Misses,</i>	132
<i>Sir Tho. Armstrong's Ghost.</i>	135
<i>The Royal Game, or a Princely New Play found in a Dream, 1672.</i>	136
<i>The Dream of the Cabal, a Prophetick Satyr, 1672.</i>	137
<i>On the three Dukes killing the Beadle on a Sunday Morning, Feb. 26.</i>	
<i>1670.</i>	157
<i>The History of Insipids, a Lampoon, 1676. by the Lord Roch-ter.</i>	149
<i>Rochester's Farewel to the Court, 1680.</i>	154
<i>Marvell's Ghost, by Mr. Jo. Ayloffe,</i>	160
<i>The True Englishman, 1686.</i>	161

The INDEX

On the young Statesmen, by J. D——n, 1680.	163
Portsmouth's Looking-glass, by the Lord Roch——r.	164
The Impartial Trimmer, 1682.	166
Bajazet to Gloriana, 1683.	168
On King Charles, by the Earl of Rochester, for which he was banish'd the Court, and turn'd Mountebank.	171
Caro's Answer to Libanius, when he advis'd him to consult the Oracle of Jupiter Hamon, translated out of the 9th Book of Lucan.	172
The Lord Lucas's Ghost, 1687.	173
An Epitaph on Algernon Sidney.	175
The Brazen Head.	176
The Answer to it.	Ibid.
Upon the execrable Murder of the Right Hon. Arthur E. of Essex.	177
An Essay upon Satyr, by J. D——n, Esq.	179
Upon an undeserving and ungrateful Mistress, whom he could not help loving.	186
The Town Life.	190
A Satyr on the Modern Translators, 1684.	194
The Parliament-House to be Lett, 1678.	199
Advice to Apollo, 1678.	Ibid.
The Duel of the Crabs, by the Lord B——st, occasion'd by Sir R.H. his Duel of the Stags.	201
Instructions to his Mistress how to behave her self at Supper with her Husband, 1682.	204
The Sessions of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Lawrel.	206
Desire, a Pindarick.	212
On the Prince's going to England with an Army to restore the Govern- ment, 1688.	215
On his Royal Highness's Voyage beyond Sea, March 3. 1678.	216
The Rabble, 1680.	217
A New Song of the Times, 1683.	218
The Battel-Royal: A Dream, 1687.	220
An Epitaph on Felton, who was hang'd in Chains for murdering the old D. of Buckingham: Written by the late D. of Buckingh.	245
An Answer to Mr. Waller's Poem on Oliver's Death; called the Storm: Written by Sir W——G——	246
Clarendon's House-warming: Printed formerly with the Directions to a Painter: Writ by an unknown Hand.	247
Royal Resolutions, by A. Marvell, Esq;	251
On the Lord Chancellor H——e's Disgrace and Banishment by King Charles II.	253
The Parallel, 1682.	254
The perfect Enjoyment, by the Earl of Rochester.	255
A Satyr against Marriage, by the same.	258
A D D E N D A.	
In Opposition to Mr. Dryden's Essay on Satyr, 1689.	261

POEMS

ON

State Affairs.

*A Panegyrick on O. Cromwell, and his Victories.
By E. Waller, Esq.*

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command;
Protect us from our selves and from the Foe;
Make us unite, and make us Conquer too.
Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their Fellows prey.
Above the Waves as Neptune show'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race:
So has your Highness (rais'd above the rest)
Storms of Ambition tossing us repress.
Your drooping Country, torn with Civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious State:
The Seat of Empire, where the *Irish* come,
And the unwilling *Scot* to fetch their doom.
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel in our Fleet.

R

Your

Your Pow'r resounds as far as Wind can blow,
 Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.
 Heaven that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
 To balance *Europe* and her State to awe ;
 In this Conjunction does on *Britain* smile,
 The greatest Leader to the greatest Isle.
 Whether this Portion of the World were rent
 By the wide Ocean from the Continent ;
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred Refuge of Mankind.
 Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
 Justice to crave, and Succour of your Court ;
 And then, your Highness, not for ours alone,
 But for the World's Protector shall be known.
 Fame, swifter than your winged Navy flies
 Through every Land that near the Ocean lies ;
 Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
 To all that Piracy and Rapine use :
 With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
 What may be thought impossible to do
 For us, embraced by the Sea and you ?
 Lords of the World's great waste, the Ocean, we
 Whole Forests send to reign upon the Sea :
 And every Coast may trouble and relieve,
 But none can visit us without your leave.
 Angels and we know this Prerogative,
 That none can at our happy Seat arrive,
 While we descend at pleasure to invade
 The bad with Vengeance, or the good to aid ;
 Our little World, the Image of the great,
 Like that amidst the boundless Ocean set,
 Of her own growth has all that Nature craves,
 And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves,
 As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
 But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky :
 So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
 Our ever constant Friend, the Sea, supplies.

State-Affairs.

The taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow,
Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine,
And without Planting, drink of every Vine.
To dig up Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, tho the heaviest Metal, hither swims.
Ours is the Harvest where the *Indians* mow;
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow;
Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.
Rome, tho her Eagle through the World had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own.
Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too;
France-conquering *Henry* flourish'd, and now You:
For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
When for more Worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wist not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.
He safely might old Troops to Battle lead
Against th' unwarlike *Persian*, or the *Mede*,
Whose hasty Flight did form a bloodless Field,
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame;
Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Garisons you bind:
Here Foreign Gold no more shall make them come,
Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.
They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace;
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.

So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
Like favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State;
While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea, are join'd.
Holland to gain your Friendship, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent.
She from her Fellow-Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse,
Preventing Posts, the terror of the News,
Our Neighbour-Provinces tremble at their roar,
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.
Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace;
Our Minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Unite Affections, and restrain our Rage.
Less pleasures take brave Minds in Battel won,
Than in restoring such as are undone.
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he Conquers spare:
To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the Dead again to live.
When Fate or Error had our Age misled,
And o'er these Nations such Confusion spread;
The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much Power and Clemency in one;
One whose Extraction's from an Ancient Line,
Gives hopes again that well-born Men may shine:
The meanest in your Nature, mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your Blood.
Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to such things as these:
How such a Ruling Spirit could restrain,
And praise first o're your own self to Reign.

Your

Your private Life did a just Pattern give,
 How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons should live,
 Born to Command, your Princely Virtues slept,
 Like humble *David*, whilst the Flock he kept.
 But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming Courage, and your matchless Worth,
 Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
 To sow Contention, gave a prosperous end;
 Still as you rise, the State's exalted too,
 Finds no Distemper while it's chang'd by you :
 Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without
 The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys. (noise
 Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
 Run, with Amazement we should read your Story.
 But living Virtue all Atchievements past,
 Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.
 This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age
 With losing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
 Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
 But cut the Bond of Union at that stroke.
 That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
 Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars ;
 To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
 Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
 If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield the Sword,
 Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
 What hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
 To rule victorious Armies, but by you ?
 You that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
 Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compose ;
 To every Duty could their Minds engage,
 Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
 So when a Lyon shakes his dreadful Main,
 And angry grows ; if he that first took pain,
 To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.
 As the next World to find repose at last,
 It self into *Augusta's* Arms did cast :

So *England* now does, with like toil oppress,
 Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.
 Then let the Muses with such Notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace:
 Your Battlès they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;
 Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies over-run,
 And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
 How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
 Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak.
 Illustrious Arts high Raptures do infuse,
 And every Conqueror creates a Muse.
 Here in low strains your milder Deeds we sing;
 But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
 To crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride,
 O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside:
 While all your Neighbour Princes unto You,
 Like *Joseph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence and Bow.

Three POEMS on the Death of the late Protector *Oliver Cromwell*.

Written by Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Sprat* of
Oxford, and Mr. *Edm. Waller*.

Heroick Stanza's on the late Usurper Oliver Crom-
well: Written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
 Who would before have born him to the Sky,
 Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were past,
 Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

Tho

II.

Tho our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice;
Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho in his praise no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an act of Friendship to their own.

IV.

Yet tis our Duty, and our Interest too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the World prevent what we should do,
And claim a Title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular?
For in a round, what order can be shew'd,
Where all the Parts so equal perfect are?

VI.

His Grandure he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere Fortune made him so;
And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poyson'd soon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that easy Mistress to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him at that Age her Favourites rank among,
When she her best lov'd *Pompey* did discard.

IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun;

Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Design,
We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join;
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,
First fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poise:
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but made a noise.

XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade;
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our Pain;
He fought to hinder fighting, and allay'd
To stanch the Blood by Breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the *East* subdue,
And made to Battles such Heroick haste,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,
Still by new Maps the Island might be shewn,
Of Conquests which he strew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

XV.

His Palms, tho under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in its Portraict shew'd a Workman's hand,
And drew it Perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the price of all its toil and care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd *Ireland* to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,
Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend ;
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe ;
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield ;
Successful Councils did him soon approve,
As fit for close Intrigues as open Field.

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival of the *British* Main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of the asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love ;
Each knew that side-must Conquer he would own ;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *Frenchman's* Cause embrac'd,
Than the light *Monsieur* the grave Don outweigh'd ;
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
Tho *Indian* Mines were in the other laid,

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right ;
For tho that some mean Artists Skill were shewn

In mingling Colours, or in placing Light ;
Yet still the fair Designment was his own..

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw ;
The worth of each with its Allay he knew ;
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw
How the Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single Virtues did survey,
By intuition in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Vertue Heaven set out,
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey ;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend ;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before ;
To Nobler Preys the *English* Lyon sent,
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard ;
And trembling wish'd behind more *Alps* to stand,
Altho an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly cross'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise ;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest Acts it could produce to shew :
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went less,
But when fresh Laurels courted him to live ;
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His best Victories still thickest came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increase ;
Till he press'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did like the Vestal, under Spoils decease.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent
That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd ;
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have since his Death arose,
But Faction now by habit does obey ;
And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands, to show
How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, Warden of *Wad-*
ham College in Oxford.

SIR,

SEeing you are pleased to think fit that these Papers should come into the Publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friends hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the Security which your Name and Protection will give them with the most knowing Part of the World. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that Excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens and divine Fancies, than of such small Reginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Sheld, than the Universal Esteem and Authority which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your Service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government, not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted,

and Obliged Servant.

To

To the happy Memory of the late Usurper,
Oliver Cromwell. By *Mr. Sprat of Oxon. Pin-*
darick Odes.

I.

TIS true, great Name, thou art secure
 From the forgetfulness and Rage
 Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age ;
 Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure :
 Thy Fame, like Men, the Elder it doth grow,
 Will of its self turn whiter too,
 Without what needless Art can do ;
 Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearse,
 Tho it were never heard or sung in Verse.
 Without our help, thy Memory is safe ;
 They only want an Epitaph,
 That do remain alone
 Alive in an Inscription,
 Remembred only on the Brass, or Marble-stone.
 'Tis all in vain what we can do :
 All our Roses and Perfumes,
 Will but officious Folly show,
 And pious Nothings to such mighty Tombs.
 All our Incense, Gums, and Balm,
 Are but unnecessary Duties here :
 The Poets may their Spices spare,
 Their costly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet :
 That need not be imbalm'd, which of it self is sweet.

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
 Of our Obedience and our Love :
 For when the Sun and Fire meet,
 Th' one's extinguish'd quite ;
 And yet the other never is more bright.
 So they that write of thee, and join
 Their feeble Names with thine,

Their

Their weaker Sparks with thy illustrious Light,
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought ;
 And yet no Fame to thee from hence be brought.
 We know, bless'd Spirit, thy might Name
 Wants no addition of anothers Beam ;
 It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme :
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them
 Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy sacred Urn survive,
 Without the food of Oyl, which we can give.
 'Tis true ; but yet our Duty calls our Songs ;
 Duty commands our Tongues :
 Tho thou want not our Praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee ;
 For so Men from Religion are not freed,
 But from the Altars Clouds must rise,
 Tho Heaven it self doth nothing need,
 And tho the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whose each Year
 Full of new Miracles did appear !
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or a History !
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there ;
 At best, but all one single Star ;
 But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continued Light, of undistinguish'd Day ;
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
 Scarce any common Sky did come between :
 What shall I say, or where begin ?
 Thou may'st in double Shapes be shown,
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown ;
 Live *Jove* sometimes with Warlike Thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand ;
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,

All that thou didst was so refin'd,
So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
So pure, so weighty Gold,
That the least Grain of it,
If fully spread and beat,
Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet
Thou only to thy self wer't great,
Whilst yet thy happy Bud
Was not quite seen or understood,
It then sure signs of future Greatness shew'd :
Then thy Domestick worth
Did tell the World what it would be,
When it should fit occasion see,
When a full Spring should call it forth :
As Bodies in the Dark and Night,
Have the same Colours, the same red and white,
As in the open Day and Light,
The Sun doth only shew
That they are bright, not make them so.
So whilst but private Walls did know
What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,
Then the same Virtues did appear,
Tho in a less and more contracted Sphere,
As full, tho not as large as since they were:
And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho
At first so deep thou didst not go :
Tho then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood ;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou wast not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own :
Thy Purple was not made at once in hast,
But after many other Colours past,
It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:
Those

Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates
 To change the World, and alter States,
 Practis'd at first that vast Design
 On meaner things with equal Mind.
 That Soul which should so many Scepters sway,
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
 Learn'd first to rule in a domestick way:
 So Government it self began
 From Family, and single Man;
 Was by the small relation first,
 Of Husband and of Father nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy Virtue, and thy Courage call'd ;
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
 And 't had been Sin in thee not to be Great:
 When every Stream, and every Flood,
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood ;
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
 Fill'd every Place, and every Ear ;
 When the great Storms and dismal Night
 Did all the Land affright ;
 'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light.
 Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,
 Thy private Life, and better ease ;
 Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook :
 When Death had got a large Commission out,
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about ;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and sick before
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore :
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
 And like the Cure of Sympathy,

Thy

Thy strong and certain Remedy
 Unto the Weapon didst apply ;
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
 Away the Scabbard throw,
 As if thy Country shou'd
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood :
 But that when the great Work was spun,
 War in it self should be undone ;
 That Peace might land again upon the Shore,
 Richer and better than before :
 The Husbandmen no Steel shall know,
 None but the useful Iron of the Plow ;
 That Bays might creep on every Spear :
 And tho our Sky was overspread
 With a destructive Red ;
 'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
 That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into Letter every Leaf
 Had on it wrote his Epitaph :
 So from that Crimson Flood,
 Which thou by Fate of times wert led,
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters, and Learning rose, and renewed :
 Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
 But to refine the Church and State ;
 And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
 In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,
 Was, that a Holy Island hence might grow.
 Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,
 With welcome Clouds do pour :
 Tho they at first may seem
 To carry all away with an enraged Stream ;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better parts annoy :
 But all the Filth and Mud to scour,
 And leave behind another Slime,
 To give a birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou didst in Battels and in Arms excel ;
 That iteelly Arms themselves might be
 Worn out in War as soon as thee ;
 Success so close upon thy Troops did wait,
 As if thou first hadst conquer'd Fate ;
 As if uncertain Victory
 Had been first overcome by thee ;
 As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumphd'st thy self, and mad'st them triumph too ;
 Tho they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher Sphere :
 Tho, the great Sun, gav'st Light to every Star ;
 Thy self an Army wert alone,
 And mighty Troops contain'd in one.
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
 Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand,
 From Men God's Garden did defend :
 But yet thy Sword did more than his,
 Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise.

X.

Thou fought'st not to be High or Great,
 Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
 Or Ermin, Purplet, or the Throne ;
 But as the Vestal Heat,
 Thy Fire was kindled from above alone ;
 Religion putting on thy Shield,
 Brought thee Victorious to the Field.
 Thy Arms like those, which Ancient Heroes wore,
 Were given by the God thou did'st adore ;
 And all the words thy Armies had,
 Were on an Heavenly Anvil made ;
 Not Int'rest, or any weak desire
 Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inspire ;

Thy

Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too :
Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
What was reserv'd by Heaven and those blest Seats,
And makes the Church triumphant here below.

XI.

The Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty Word ;
The Fortune for thy side and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Inconstancy ;
Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too ;
Wounded'st thy self, when thou didst kill thy Foe ;
Like Steel, when it much work has past,
That which was rough does shine at last,
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smother grow.
Nor did thy Battels make thee Proud or High,
Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not Thee :
Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory.
As when the Sun in a directer Line,
Upon a polish'd Golden Shield doth shine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light :
So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight ;
When thy propitious God had lent
Success, and Victory to thy Tent ;
To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England till thou did'st come,
Confin'd her Valour home ;
Then our own Rocks did stand
Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
And were to us as well,
As to our Enemies unpassable :
We were ashamed at what we read,
And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
Because we came so far behind the Dead.

The *British* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd,
 To Slavery and Burden stoop'd,
 With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there;
 At whose least Voice before,
 A trembling Eccho ran through every Shore,
 And shook the World at every Roar :
 Thou his subdu'd Courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his Claws and his Eyes,
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise ;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
 His mighty Thunder sounds through all the Woods :
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd :
 Nay, more, Heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'st that Azure Chain of Waves,
 Which Nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
 Was rather Burden than an Ornament ;
 Those Fields of Sea that wash'd our Shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours :
 To us, the liquid Mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As 'tis to the Sun,
 Only a Bed to sleep on was :
 And not as now a powerful Throne,
 To shake and sway the World thereon.
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
 But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
 Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd ;
 Thou did'st not only wed the Sea,
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
 Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke :

He

He that ruled all the Main,
Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign :
And now the conquer'd Seadoth pay
More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt ;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport ;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd ;
Our strength within it self did break,
Like thundering Cannons creak,
And kill'd those that were near,
While the Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou hast made to Sound
Against our Enemies Walls in foreign Ground ;
And yet no Eccho back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful Isle,
And all the World the while
Is exercising Arms and Wars
With Foreign or Intestine Jars.
The Torch extinguish'd here, we lend to others Oyl,
We give to all, yet know our selves no fear ;
We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,
Where-e'er we please, our Swords to unsheath,
Whilst we in calm and temperate Regions breath :
Like to the Sun, whose heat is hurl'd
Through every Corner of the World ;
Whose Flame through all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himself the while no Fire does know.

XV.

Besides, the Glories of thy Peace
Are not in number, nor in value less.
Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars ;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy and as sound :
When now the Ship was well nigh lost,
After the Storm upon the Coast,

Has brought them to the Borders; but a second hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd Land.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Usurper Oliver Cromwell, ensuing the same. By Mr. Waller.

WE must resign; Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was lost.
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist their King,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
The Poplar too, whose Bough he went to wear
On his victorious Head, lay prostrate there:
Thence his last Fury from the Mountain rent;
Our dying Hero, from the Continent,
Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest,
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.
The Ocean which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no Limits to his vaster Mind;
Our Bounds enlargement was his latest Toil,
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle:
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From Civil Broils he did us disengage;
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage;
And with wise Conduct to his Country shew'd,
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free;

Nature her self took notice of his Death,
 And fighting swell'd the Sea with such a Breath,
 That to remotest Shores her Billows roll'd,
 Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

Directions to a Painter concerning the Dutch War:
By Sir John Denham, 1667.

NAY Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight,
 Which *Waller* only Courage had to write;
 If thy bold Hands can without shaking draw,
 What ev'n th' Actors trembl'd at when they saw,
 Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
 And all thy Pencils bristle like their Hairs.

First in fit distance of their prospect Main,
 Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coast of *Spain*;
 Heroick Act! and never heard till now!
 Stemming of *Hercles* Pillars with the Prow!
 And how he left his Ship the Hills to waft,
 And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.

Next let the flaming *London* come in-view,
 Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to re-build it new;
 What lesser Sacrifice than this was meet
 To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
 Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow:
 See what free Cities and wise Courts can do.
 So some old Merchant to insure his Name,
 Marries afresh, and Courtiers share the Dame:
 So whatsoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
 And Glasses are more durable than Plate.
 No May'r till now, so rich a Pageant feign'd,
 Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.

Then Painter draw *Cernlian Coventry*,
 Keeper, or rather Chancellor o'th' Sea;
 And more exactly to express his hue,
 Use nothing but *Ultra-Marinish Blue*.

To pay his Fees, the Silver Trumpet spends,
And Boat-swains Whistle for his Place depends;
Pilots in vain repeat their Compass o'er,
Until of him they learn that one Point more.
The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.

Muscovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar:
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, War;
Ashy, Prize; *Warwick*, Custom; *Cart'ret*, Pay;
But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
Swollen like his Furse, with Tackling like his Strings,
By slow degrees of the increasing Gale,
First under Sail, and after under Sale:
Then in kind visit unto *Opdam's* Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntsmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
First find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough* Convoy may betray with ease.
So that the Fish may more securely bite,
The Angler baits the River over Night.

But Painter, now prepare, t' enrich thy Piece,
Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of *Ambergreece*:
See where the *Dutchess* with triumphant trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth assail!
So the Land-Crabs, at Nature's kindly call,
Down to the Sea for to ingender crawl.
See then the Admiral with the Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal:
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their Wing.
One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother-pearl,
Suffic'd of old the *Cithærean* Girl;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A small Sea-mask, and built to court your Dear:
Three Goddesses in one; *Pallas* for Art,
Venus for Sport, but *Juno* in your Heart.

O Dutchless! if thy Nuptial Pomp was mean,
 'Tis paid with Interest in thy Naval Scene.
 Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*,
 So feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile*;
 Nor the *Venetian Duke* with such a state
 The *Adriatick* marry at that rate.

Now Painter, spare thy weaker Art; forbear
 To draw her parting Passions and each Tear:
 For Love, alas! hath but a short delight;
 The Sea, the *Dutch*, the King, all call'd to fight.
 She therefore the Duke's Person recommends
 To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, her Friends:
 To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, most *Coventry*;
 For they she knew were all more 'fraid than he.
 Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Fin,
 And hop'd by this he through the Air might spin;
 The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
 By the Invention of the Diving Bell;
 The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
 Coild round about him was impenetrable.
 But these the Duke rejected, only chose
 To keep far off; let others interpose.
Rupert that knew no fear, but Health did want,
 Kept State suspended in a Chair volant;
 All save his Head shut in that w'doden Case,
 He shew'd but like a broken Weatherglass;
 But arm'd with the whole *Lyon Cap-a-Chin*,
 Did represent the *Hercules* within.
 Dear shall the *Dutch* his twinging anguish know,
 And see what Valour wet with Pain can do.
 Curst in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jacl*,
 That through his Princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a *Lyon*;
 And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*;
 He to prolong his Life in the Dispute,
 And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
 Till some judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
 And land him safe and sound as any Roach.

Now

Now Painter, reassume thy Pencils care,
 Thou hast but Skirmisht yet, now Fight prepare ;
 And draw that Battle terrible to show,
 As the last Judgment was of *Angelo*.

First let our Navy scowr through Silver Froth,
 The Oceans burden, and the Kingdoms both ;
 Whose very bulk may represent its birth,
 From *Hide* and *Paston*, burdens of the Earth ;
Hide whose transcendent Panch so swells of late,
 That he the Rupture seems of Law and State ;
Paston, whose Belly bears more Millions
 Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
 Let Shoals of Porpoises on every side
 Wonder in swimming by our Oaks out-vy'd ;
 And the Sea-fowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
 So vast, more swift and strong than they of Wing.
 But yet presaging *George* they keep in sight,
 And follow for the Relicks of a Fight.
 Then let the *Dutch* with well dissembled Fear,
 Or bold Despair, more than we wish draw near :
 At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
 And more to Fight their easy Stomachs render ;
 With Breasts so panting, that at every Stroke
 You might have felt their Hearts beat through the
 While one concerned in the interval (Oak ;
 Of straining Choler, thus did vent his Gall.

Noah be damn'd ! and all his Race accurst,
 Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber first !
 What tho be planted Vines be Pines cut down,
 He taught us how to Drink, and how to Drown :
 He first built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
 Saving but Eight, e'er since endanger'd all,
 And thou Dutch Necromantick Fryer, be damn'd,
 And in thine own first Mortar-piece be ram'd !
 Who first invented Cannon in thy Cell,
 Nitre from Earth, and Brimstone fetcht from Hell.
 But damn'd, and treble damn'd in Clarendine,
 Our Seventh Edward, with all his House and Line !

*Who to divert the danger of the War,
 With Bristol, bounds us on the Hollander :
 Fool-coated Gown-man ! sells to fight with Hans,
 Dunkirk ; dismantling Scotland, quarrels France ;
 And hopes he now hath bus'ness shap'd, and Power
 T' out-last our Lives or his, and scape the Tower ;
 And that he yet may see, e'er he go down,
 His dear Clarinda circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute,
 And each the other mortally salute :
 Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his Thumbs,
 To think himself a Slave whoe'er o'ercomes.
 The frightened Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
 Beating their blue Breasts, tearing their green Locks :
 Paint *Eccbo* slain, only th' alternate sound
 From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam Sails placed on his Naval Throne,
 Assuming Courage greater than his own ;
 Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
 To nail him to his Boards like a Petar ;
 But in the vain attempt took Fire too soon,
 And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon.
 Monsieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
 In thousand Sparks, then dancingly fall back.
 Yet e'er this happen'd, destiny allow'd
 Him his Revenge, to make his Death more proud ;
 A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
 And batter'd *Lawson* : Oh too dear Exchange !
 He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
 But lost his Knee, since dy'd in glorious Race :
Lawson ! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
 And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
 The Duke himself, tho *Pen* did not forget,
 Yet was not out of dangers Random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act ;
 Some say 'twas to grow Duke too by contract :
 An untaught Bullet in its wanton Scope,
 Dashes him all to pieces, and his Hope.

Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd ;
A Chance-shot sooner took him than Chance rais'd :
His shatter'd Head the fearless Duke distains,
And gave the last first proof that he had Brains.
Bartlet had heard it soon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding's* Blood :
To be Immortal he was not of Age,
And did e'en now the *Indian Prize* preface ;
And judg'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
To lose the Day, *since his dear Brother's* lost.
With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
The *Dutch Auranea* careless at us sail'd ;
And promised to do what *Opdam* fail'd :
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
And cleaves t' her closer than a *Remora* :
The Captain wonder'd, and withal disdain'd ;
So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd ;
And in a raging bravery to him runs,
They stab their Ships with one anothers Guns :
They fight so near it seems to be on Ground,
And e'en the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
The Noise, the Smoak, the Fire, the Sweat, the Blood,
Is not to be exprest, nor understood.
Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their
All Luxury of War, all Man can do (hands.
In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two.
But one must Conquer whosoever Fight ;
Smith takes the Giant, and is made a Knight.
Marlbrough that knew, and durst do more than all,
Fell, undistinguisht by an Iron-ball :
Dear Lord ! but born under a Star ingrate !
No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy Fate !
Who wou'd set up Wars Trade that means to thrive ?
Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards survive :
What the *Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vant ;
And none's rewarded but the *Sycophant*.

Hence

Hence all his Life he against *Fortune* fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompens'd :
 But envy not this praise t' his Memory,
 None more prepar'd was, or less fit to dye.
Rupert did others, and himself excel :
Holms, Tydiman, Minns ; bravely *Sanfon* fell.
 What others did, let none omitted, blame,
 I shall record, whoe'er brings in his Name :
 But unless after-stories disagree,
 Nine only came to Fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss ;
 The Wind, the Fire, we, they themselves do cross
 When a sweet Sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with soft Diadems his Temples crown :
 And first he orders all the rest to Watch,
 And *They* the *Foe*, whilst *He* a *Nap* doth catch :
 But lo, *Brunker* by a secret instinct,
 Slept on, nor needed ; he all day had winkt.
 The *Duke* in Bed, he then first draws his Steel,
 Whose virtue makes the miss'd Compass wheel.
 So e'er *He* wak'd, both Fleets were innocent :
 And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those,
 'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
 But all our Navy scap'd so sound of Limb,
 That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim ;
 And a tame Fleet of theirs doth Convoy want,
 Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant* :
 Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own
 And *Halcyon Sandwich* doth Command alone :
 To *Bergen* we with confidence make haste,
 And secret Spoils by Hope already taste ;
 Tho *Clifford* in the Character appear
 Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet, and there
 Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
 And seize all for his Master *Arlington*.

Ruyter whose little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
 And wasted our remotest Colonies,

With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way ;
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay ;
And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
To scape his Sight and Fight, shut both his Eyes ;
And for more State and Sureness, *Cutten* true
The left Eye closeth, the right *Mountague* ;
And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,
To make all safe, t' apply to both his Seal.

Ulysses so, till *Syrens* he had past,
Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast.

Now can our Navy view the wished Port,
But there (to see the Fortune !) was a Fort :
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat ;
Fools only fight, the *Prudent* use to treat.
His Cousin *Mountague* by Court-disaster,
Dwindled into the Wooden Horse's Master :
To speak of Peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper :
Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition ?
With Friends or Foes what would we more condition ?
Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon—treat with Wall !
Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.

And *Mountague*, tho drest like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd :
Sad was the Chance, and yet a deeper Care
Wrinkled his Membranes under Forehead fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' Impudence
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence ;
For as if all their Ships of Wall-not were,
The more we beat them, still the more they bear :
But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.

Now gentle Painter, e'er we leap on Shore,
With the last Strokes ruffle a Tempest o'er ;
As if in our Reproach, the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease :

The

The Seas the Spoils within our Hatches throw,
 The Winds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow ;
 Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
 As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs :
 But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake
 A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
 Two *Indian* Ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl,
 And Diamonds, fate th' Officers and Earl :
 Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
 Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
 Mean while the *Dutch* uniting to our Shames,
 Ride all insulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames* !

Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoyce :
 He meets the *French* ; but to avoid all harms,
 Ships to the *Gröyn* : *Embassies* bears no *Arms* :
 There let him languish a long Quarantain,
 And ne'er to *England* come till he be clean.

Thus having fought, we know not why as yet ;
 We've done we know not what, nor what we get :
 If to espouse the Ocean all this pains,
 Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains :
 If to discharge Phanaticks, this makes more ;
 For all Phanaticks, are when they are poor :
 Or of the House of Commons to repay,
 Their Prize-Commissions are transferr'd away :
 But if for triumphant Checkstones, and shell
 For *Dutchess* Closet, 't hath succeeded well.
 If to make Parliaments as odious pass,
 Or to reserve a standing Force, alas !
 Or if, as just, *ORANGE* to re-instate,
 Instead of that, he is regenerate :
 And with four Millions vainly giv'n as spent,
 And with five Millions more of detriment,
 Our Sums amount yet only to have won
 A Bastard *Orange* for Pimp *Ar* ——— ton.

Now may Historians argue *con* and *pro* :
Denham says thus ; tho always *Waller* so :

And

And he, good Man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
 This Penance did for Cromwell's Epitaph.
 And his next Theme must be o'th' Duke's Mistress;
 Advice to draw Madam P' Edificatress.

Henceforth, O Gemini! two Dukes command,
 Castor and Pollux, Aumarle and Comberland.
 Since in one Ship, it had been fit they'd went
 In Petty's Double-Keel'd Experiment.

To the KING. By Sir John Denham.

Imperial Prince! King of the Seas and Isles!
 Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's smiles!
 What boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,
 And we lie basking in thy milder Rays,
 While Swarms of Insects, from thy warmth begun,
 Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
 Thou, like Jove's Minos, rul'd a greater Creet;
 And for its hundred Cities, count'st thy Fleet.
 Why wilt thou that State-Dædalus allow,
 Who builds the But, a Lab'rinth, and a Cow?
 If thou art Minos, be a Judge severe,
 And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
 O may our Sun, since he too high presumes,
 Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his Plumes!
 And may he falling leave his hated Name
 Unto those Seas his War bath set on Flame!
 From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
 Thy native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
 And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
 Where's Universal Triumph, but no Fight.
 Since both from Heaven thy Race and Power descend,
 Fide by its Pattern there to re-ascend:
 Let Justice only awe, and Battel cease;
 Kings are but Cards in War; they're Gods in Peace.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

S*andwich* in Spain now; and the Duke in Love;
 Let's with new Generals, a new Painter prove:
Lilly's a Dutchman, danger's in his Art,
 His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
 Thou *Gibson*, that among thy Navy small
 Of Muscle-shells, commandest Admiral;
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
 Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
 Come mix thy Water-Colours, and express
 Drawing in little what we yet do less.

First, paint me *George* and *Rupert* rattling far
 Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War;
 And let the Terror of their linked Name
 Fly thro' the Air, like Chain-shot, tearing Fame:
Jove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a Clap.
 United Generals sure are th' only Spell,
 Wherewith *United Provinces* to quell:
 Alas, e'en they, tho' shell'd in treble Oak,
 Will prove an addle Egg with double Yolk.
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And loo them at two Hares e'er one be found.
Rupert and *Beaufort*, halloo; ah, there *Rupert*
 Like the Phantastick hunting of St. *Hubert*;
 When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
 Pursues by *Fontainbleau* the witchy Hare.
 Deep providence of State! that could so soon
 Fight *Beaufort* here e'er he had quit *Thoulon*.

So have I seen, e'er Human Quarrels rise,
 Forboding Meteors combate in the Skies.
 But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
 The General meets a more substantial Foe:
Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful Heat,
 Tho' half their number, thinks the odds too great.

The

The Fowler watching, so his watry spot,
 And more the Fowl, hopes for the better Shot:
 Tho such a Limb was from his Navy torn,
 He found no weakness yet, like *Sampson* shorn,
 But swoln with Sense of former Glory wone,
 Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemarle* out-done:
 Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
 How far the Gentleman out cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferior unto none for Art,
 Superior now in Number and in Heart;
 Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,
 To conquer theirs too with a Declaration?
 And threatens, tho he now so poudly Sail,
 He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale*:
 This said, he the short period, e'en it ends,
 With Iron-words from Brazen-mouth extends:
Monk yet prevents him e'er the Navies meet,
 And charges in himself alone a Fleet;
 And with so quick and frequent Motion wound
 His murdering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;
 And the Exchanges of his Circling Fire,
 Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
 Single he doth at their whole Nay aim,
 And shoots them though a Porcupine of Flame.
 In Noise so regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think that Thunder was to maſick set:
 Ah! had the rest but kept a Time as true,
 What Age could such a Martial Consort shew!
 The listning Air unto the distant Shore,
 Through secret Pipes convey the tuned Roar:
 Till as the Eccho's vanishing, abate,
 Men feel a dead Sound like the Pulse of State.
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or die.
 But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*.
Ruyter no less with virtuous Envy burns,
 And Prodigies for Miracles returns!

Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-Balls
 Recoil'd in vain against our Oaken Walls ;
 How the hard Pellets fall away as dead,
 By our enchanted Timber fillipp'd.
 Leave then , said he, th' invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel.
 He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemma's-through our sinew'd Shrowds.
 Forests of Masts fall with their rude embrace;
 Our stiff Sails masht, and netted into Lace ;
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
 Nor any Ship could sail but as the Ark,
 Shot in the Wing, so at the Powder's call,
 The disappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
 Yet *Monk* disabl'd still such Courage shews,
 That none into his mortal Gripe dare close:
 So an old Bustard, maim'd, yet loth to yield,
 Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.
 But since he found it was in vain to Fight,
 He imps his Plumes the best he can for Flight :
 This; Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
 What Indignation his great Breast did swell.

*Nor virtuous Man unworthily abus'd,
 Not constant Lover without cause refus'd,
 Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
 Hift off the Stage, nor Sinner in despair ;
 Not Parents mockt, nor Favourites disgrac'd,
 Not Rump by Monk, or Oliver displac'd ;
 Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e'er they die,
 Feel half the Rage as Gen'als when they fly.*

Ah, rather than transmit the Story to Fame,
 Draw Curtains, gentle Artift, o'er the shame :
 Cashier the Memory of *Dutell*, rais'd up
 To taste instead of Death, his Highness Cup ;
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
 How *Earl* it, as he long deserv'd, was shot ;

Tho others that survey'd the Corps so clear,
 Said he was only petrifi'd for fear :
 If so, th' hard Statue mummi'd without Gum,
 Might the *Dutch* Balm have spar'd, and *English* Tor
 Yet if thou wilt paint *MINN*S turn'd all to So
 And the Great *HARMAN* almost chark'd to Coa
 And *JORDAN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,
 Who all the while held up the Ducal Train :
 But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
 He quit the Prince t' embark in *Lovestein* ;
 And wounded Ships, which we immortal Boast,
 Now first led Captive to an Hostile Coast.
 But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
 Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
 When the large Bullet a large Collop tore
 Out of that Buttock, never turn'd before :
 Fortune (it seems) would give him by that lash,
 Gentle Correction for his Fight so rash.
 But should the Rump perceiv't, they'd say that *M*
 Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* Arse.
 The long Disaster better o'er to vail,
 Paint only *Jonas* three Days in the Whale :
 For no less time did conq'ring *Ruyter* chew
 Our flying Gen'ral in his Spungy Jaw.
 Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in hast,
 From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste ;
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielding at his need ;
 So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George*, himself, and not the Maid ;
 And tho arriving late, he quickly mist
 Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
 Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
 Of the cold Chaos, and half Eternal Night,
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to spy the next Year's Fleet from Shore,
 Hoping yet once within the Oily side
 Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide,

As our glad Fleet with universal Shout
 Salute the Prince, and with the second bout,
 Nor Wind's long Prisoners in Earth's hollow Vault,
 The fallow Seas so eagerly assault,
 As fiery *Rupert* with revengeful Joy,
 Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy ;
 But soon unrigg'd, lay like an useless Board ;
 (As wounded in the Wrist men drop their Sword)
 When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
 And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept.
 Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
 To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.
 Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise ;
 This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.

Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
 And Court-Gazettes our empty Triumphs tell.
 Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd,
 Thy lying Bells shall thro' their Tongues be burn'd ;
 Paper shall want to print that Lie of State,
 And our *false Fires true Fires* shall expiate.

Stay, Painter, here a while, and I will stay ;
 Nor vex the future Times with my survey :
 Seest not the *Monky Dutchess* all undrest ?
 Paint thou but her, and she'll paint all the rest.
 This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
 Nailing up Hangings not of *Persian* Loom :
 Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did Rome,
 But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.
 Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
 She stood with Groom and Coachman for Supporter ;
 And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
 With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought.
 One Tenter drove, to lose no time or place,
 At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
 Whilst thus they her translate from *North* to *East*,
 In posture just of a four-footed Beast,
 She heard the News : but alter'd yet no more,
 Than that which was behind she turn'd before ;

Nor

Not would come down, but with an Handkercher,
 Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer :
 She shed no Tears, for she was too Viraginous,
 But only snuffing her Trunk Cartilaginous,
 From Scaling Ladder she began a Story,
 Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori* ;
 Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
 With a prophetick, if not fiendly Fury.
 Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,
 Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder-bound ;
 Half *Witch*, half *Prophet* ; thus the *Albemarle*,
 Like *Presbyterian Sibyl*, 'gan to snarl :

Traitors both to my Lord, and to the King !
 Nay, now it is beyond all suffering !
 One Valiant Man by Land, and he must be
 Commanded out to stop their Leaks at Sea :
 Yet send him *Rupert*, as an helper meet ;
 First the Commands dividing, then the Fleet :
 One may if they be beat, or both be hit ;
 Or if they overcome, yet Honour split.
 But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knockt o'th' head,
 They cut him out like beef e'er he be dead :
 Each for a Quarter hopes ; the first do skip,
 But shall fall short tho at the Gen'ral-ship.
 Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree ;
 A third the *Cock-pit* begs, not any Me.
 But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,
 That who the *Cock-pit* hath, shall have Me too.
 I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
 If the King brought these o'er, how it would be :
 Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,
 And sell Intelligence to buy a Place.
 That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloaths, nor care,
 'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare.
 O what egregious Loyalty to cheat !
 O what Fidelity it was to Eat !
 Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenbarns* starv'd abroad,
 And here true Roy'lists sink beneath their load.

Men that did there affront; defame; betray
 The King, and so do here; now, who but they !
 What ! say I Men ! nay, rather Monsters; Men
 Only in Bed; nor to my Knowledge then.

See how they home return'd in revel rout;
 With the small Manners that they first went out :
 Not better grown, nor wiser all the while;
 Renew the causes of their first Exile :

As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
 I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.

First, they for fear disband the Army tame,
 And leave good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name :

Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix

With Discontents, to content Twenty six :

The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
 For Bishops Voices silencing the Word.

O *Barthol'mew* ! Saint of their Kelandar !

What's worse, th' *Ejection* or the *Massacre* ?

Then *Culpeper*, *Glouster*, and the *Princess* dy'd ;

Nothing can live that interrupts an *Hyde*.

Q more than Human *G L O S T E R* ! Fate did shew
 Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.

Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think

'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.

Berkly that swore as oft as he had Toes,

Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose ;—

Just as the first *French Card'nal* could restore

Maidenhead to his Widow, Niece and Whore.

For Portion, if she could prove light when weigh'd,

Four *Millions* shall within three years be paid :

To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*,

As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan Tar* !

Abroad all Princes disobliging first,

At home all Parties but the very worst.

To tell of *Ireland*, * *Scotland*, *Dunkirk's* sad ;

Or the King's Marriage : But he thinks I'm mad.

And sweeter Creatures never saw the Sun,

If we the King wish *Monk*, or th' Queen a *Nun*.

But

But a *Dutch War* shall all these Rumours still;
 Bleed out these Humours, and our Purfes fill;
 Yet after four days Fight, they clearly saw
 'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law:
 Hire him to leave, for *Sixscore thousand Pound*;
 So with the *King's Drums Men* for Sleep compound.
 But modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree
 With the State-prudence, to do less than he;
 And to excuse their timorousness and sloth,
 They found how *George* might now do less than both.
 First *Smith* must for *Leghorn*, with force enough
 To venture back again, but not go through.
Beaufort is there, and to their dazzling Eyes
 The distance more the Object magnifies;
 Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,
 And for my Duke too cannot interpose.
 But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak;
 The Secretary, that had never yet
 Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
 Discovers a great Secret, fit to sell,
 And pays himself for't, e'er he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy Thoulon! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
 Herewith assembling the Supreme Divan,
 Where enters none but Devil, *N E D* and *N A N*,
 And upon this pretence they straight design'd,
 The Fleet to sep'rate, and the World to blind:
Munk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the Wench
 Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French*.
 To write the Order, *Bristol's Clerk* is chose;
 One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose:
 For he first brought the News, it is his place;
 He'll see the Fleet divided like his Face;
 And through the cranny in his grisly part,
 To the *Dutch* Chink Intelligence impart.
 The Plot succeeds; the *Dutch* in haste prepar'd,
 And poor Peel-Garlick *George's Arse* they shar'd;
 And

And then presuming of his certain Wrack,
 To help him late they sent for *Rupert* back.
Officious Will seem'd fittest, as afraid,
 Lest *George* should look too far into his Trade.
 At the first Daught they pause with Statesmens care
 They write it foul, then copy it as fair;
 And then compare them, when at last it's sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Soul could find.
 At Night he sends it by the Common Post,
 To save the King of an Express the cost.
 Lord, what ado to pack one Letter hence!
 Some Patents pass with less circumference.

Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride
 Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
 For as to Reputation, this Retreat
 Of thine exceeds the Victories so great:
 Nor shalt thou stir from hence, by my consent,
 Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
 'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,
 But as I oft have done, I'll make a shift;
 Nor will I with vain Pomp accost the Shore,
 To try thy Valour at the *Bouy o' th' Nore*,
 Fall to thy Work there *George*, as I do here;
 Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards cashire:
 See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
 Find out the Cheats of the four Millioneer.
 Out of the very Beer, they sell the Malt;
 Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef they Salt.
 Put thy Hand to the Tub, instead of Ox,
 They victual with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.
 Ne'er such ill *Cotqueans* by small Arts dowering,
 Ne'er such ill *Huswives* in the managing!
 Purfers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
 Marriners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.
 See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
 All their Sea-market, and their Cable coil.
 Look that good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wait,
 Nor the Sea-Diocese be inappropriate:

Look

Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners ; all
Is Prize ; they rob even the Hospital :
Recover back the Prizes too ; in vain
We fight, if all be taken that is ta'en.

Now by our Coast the *Dutchman*, like a *Flight*
Of feeding Ducks, Ev'ning and Morning light ;
How our *Land-Hellors* tremble, void of Sense,
As if they came straight to transport them hence :
Some Sheep are stoll'n ; the Kingdom's all array'd,
And ev'n *Presbyters* now call'd on for aid.
They with ev'n *George* divided to command,
One half of him at Sea, th' other on Land.

What's that I see ! ah, 'tis my *George* agen !
It seems they in sev'n Weeks have rigg'd him then,
The curious Heav'ns with Lightning him surrounds,
To view him, and his Name in *Thunder* sounds.
But with the same shift goes, their Navy's near :
So e'er we hunt the Keeper shoots the Deer.
Stay Heaven a while, and thou shalt see him Sail,
And *George* too, he can Thunder, Lighten, Hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
The Sword of *England* and the *Holland* Scourge.
Avant *Rotterdam* Dog, *Ruyter* avant,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant.
I'll teach thee to shoot Scissors : I'll repair
Each Rope thou lovest *George*, out of this Hair.
'Tis strong and coarse enough ; I'll hem this shift,
Ere thou shalt lack a Sail ; and lie a-drift :
Bring home the old ones, *I again will sew,*
And darn them up, to be as good as new.

What, twice disabled ! Never such a thing !
Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King*.
Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, e'er all be gone,
Tho Jury-Masts, thou'st Jurry-Buttocks none.
Courage ! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter's* Face.
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they discard their *Trump* ; our *Trump* is *Hyde*.
Where

War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire ;
We the War, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire?
 See how Men all like Ghosts, while London burns,
 Wander, and each over his Ashes mourns !
 Curs'd be the *Man* that first begat this War,
 In an ill Hour, under a blazing Star.
 For Others sport, two Nations fight a Prize ;
 Between them both, Religion wounded dies.
 So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid, —
 Raz'd the Foundations which themselves had laid.

(thou bin,
 Welcome, tho late, dear George: here hadst
 We'd scap'd : (let Rupert bring the Navy in.)
 Thou still must help them out when in the mire ;
 Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
 Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,
 And our Fleet angling, as to catch a Roach.
 Gibson farewell, till next we put to Sea :
 Truth is, thou'st drawn her in Effigie.

To the KING. By Sir John Denham.

Great Prince, and so much Greater is more wise ;
 Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes ;
 What Servants will conceal, and Councils spare
 To tell, the Painter and the Pots dare.
 And the assistance of an Heavenly Muse,
 And Pencil, represent the Crimes abstruse.
 Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no Foreign Foe ;
 Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow.
 Shake but, like Jove, thy Locks divine, and frown,
 Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.
 Hark to Cassandra's Song, e'er Fate destroy,
 By thy loud Navy's wooden Horse, thy Troy
 As our Apollo, from the Tumults wave,
 And gentle Calms, tho but in Oars will save

So Philomel her *Jad Embroidery* strung,
 And vocal Silks tun'd with her *Needles Tongue*.
 The *Pictures* dumb in *Colours* loud reveal'd;
 The *Tragedies* at Court so long conceal'd;
 But when restor'd to *Verse* inclos'd with *Wings*,
 To *Woods* and *Groves* what once the *Painter* sings.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham

DRAW *England* ruin'd by what was given before
 Then draw the *Commons* now in giving more
 Too late grown wiser, they their *Treasure* see
 Consum'd by *Fraud*, or lost by *Treachery*;
 And vainly now would some *Account* receive
 Of those vast *Sums* which they so idly gave,
 And trusted to the management of such
 As *Dunkirk* sold, to make *War* with the *Dutch*;
Dunkirk, design'd once to a nobler Use,
 Than to erect a petty *Lawyer's House*.
 But what *Account* could they from those expect,
 Who to grow Rich themselves the *State* neglect?
 Men, who in *England* have no other Lot,
 Than what they by betraying it have got;
 Who can pretend to nothing but *Disgrace*,
 Where neither *Birth* nor *Merit* find a place.
Plague, *Fire*, and *War*, have been the *Nation's Curse*
 But to have these our *Rulers*, is a worse:
 Yet draw these *Causers* of the *Kingdoms Woe*,
 Still urging *Dangers* from our growing *Foe*,
 Asking new *Aid* for *War* with the same *Face*,
 As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make *Peace*.
 Mean while they cheat the *Publick* with such *hast*,
 They will have nothing that may ease it, *past*.
 The *Law* 'gainst *Irish Cattle* they condemn,
 As shew'ng distrust o' th' *King*, that is, of them.

Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
 Or Money want, which was the greater ill.
 And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
 Imperfectly to speak the Chanc'llors Thought ;
 In which, as if no Age could parallel
 A Prince and Council that had rul'd so well,
 He tells the Parliament he cannot brook,
 Whate'er in them like Jealousy doth look ;
 Adds, that no Grievances the Nation load,
 While we're undone at home, despis'd abroad.
 Thus past the *Irish* with the Money-Bill,
 The first not half so good, as th' other ill.
 With these new Millions might we not expect
 Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect ;
 If not to beat them off usurped Seas,
 At last to force an honourable Peace ?
 But tho the angry Fate, or Folly rather,
 Of our perverted State allow us neither ;
 Could we hope less than to defend our Shores,
 Or guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores ?
 We hop'd in vain : Of these remaining are,
 Not what we sav'd, but what the *Dutch* did spare.
 Such was our Rulers generous Stratagem ;
 A Policy worthy of none but them.

After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
 The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation :
 They rise, and now a Treaty is confest,
 Gainst which before these State-cheats did protest :
 A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
 Theirs, not the Kingdom's Int'rest, is their care :
 Statesmen of old, thought *Arms* the way to Peace ;
 Ours scorn such thred-bare Policies as these :
 All that was given for the State's Defence,
 They think too little for their own Expence :
 Or if from that they any thing can spare,
 It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War :
 For which great work Embassadors must go
 With bare Submissions to our arming Foe :

Thus

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

PAinter, where was't thy former Work did cease?
 Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace*.
 Now for a *Cornucopia*: *Peace*, all know,
 Brings *Plenty* with it; wish it be not *Woe*.
 Draw Coats of *Pageanty* and Proclamations
 Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
 Canst thou not on the Change make Merchants grin,
 Look outward smiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?
 Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not feign,
 And counterfeit the counterfeit disdain.

Draw a brave Standard, ruffling at a rate
 Much other than it did for *Chatham's* Fate.
 The *Tow'r* Guns too, thundring their Joy, that they
 Have scap'd the danger of being ta'en away:
 These, as now Mann'd, for Triumph are, not Fight;
 As painted Fire for show, not Heat or Light.

Amongst the roar of these, and the mad shout
 Of a poor nothing understanding Rout,
 That think the *On and Off-Peace* now is true,
 Thou might'st draw Mourners for *Black Barthol'mew*:
 Mourners in *Sim*! Oh 'tis not to be
 Discover'd! draw a Curtain courteously
 To hide them. Now proceed to draw at Night
 A Bonfire here and there; but none too bright,
 Nor lasting; for 'twas Brushwood, as they say,
 Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.
 But stay, I had forgot my Mother; draw
The Church of England 'mong the *Opera*,
 To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will say,
 In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
 At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
 At th' other end draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* singing;
 Between them leave a space for Tears: Remember
 That 'tis not long to th' Second of September.

Now

Now if thou skill'st prospective Landskip, draw
 At distance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw ;
Polyroom, Spicy Islands, Kits, or Guinea :
Surinam, Nova Scotia, or Virginia :
 No, no ; I mean not these, pray hold your Laughter ;
 These things are far off, not worth looking after :
 Give not a hint of these : Draw Highland, Lowland,
 Mountains and Flats : Draw *Scotland* first, then *Holland*.
 See, canst thou ken the Scots frowns ? Then draw those
 That something had to get, but nought to lose.
 Canst thou through Fogs discern the *Dutchmen* drink ?
Bus-Skippers, lately *Capers*, stamps to think
 Their catching craft is over ; some have ta'en,
 Tooke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
 But passing these, their Statesmen view a while,
 In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile :
 Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll see
 One laughing out, *I told you how't would be !*

Draw next a pompous interchange of Seals ;
 But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
 Before he knows them : Now for this take light
 From him that did describe Sir *Edward's* Fight :
 You may perhaps the truth on't doubt ; what tho ?
 You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
 Then draw our Lords-Commissioners advance,
 Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France* ;
 To parly there a while, until they see
 How things in Parliament resented be.

So much for Peace: Now for a Parliament ;
 A petty Session draw, with what content,
 Guess by their Countenance, who came up post,
 And quickly saw they had their Labour lost :
 Like the small Merchants when they Bargains sell ;
 Come hither *Jack* : What say ? Come kifs, Farewel :
 But 'twas abortive, born before its Day ;
 No wonder then it dy'd so soon away ;
 Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a force,
 It blasted Thirty thousand Foot and Horse.

As once *Promethus* Man did sneeze so hard,
 As routed all that new rais'd standing Guard
 Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order : So
 Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
 But if this little one could do so much,
 What will the next ? Give a Prophetick touch,
 If thou know how ; if not, leave a great space,
 For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.

Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
 As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent :
 Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for Shades will fright,
 Especially if't be an *English* Sprite :
 Vermilion this Man's Guilt, cerule his Fears ;
 Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares :
 Another thoughtsome on accounts to see
 How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
 Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
 Cross'd Arms and Legs of such as are suspected,
 Or do suspect what's coming, and foresee
 Themselves must share in this Polutrophy.

Painter, hast travel'd ? Didst thou e'er see *Rome* ?
 That fam'd piece there, *Angelo's* day of Doom ?
 Horror and Anguish of Descenders there,
 May teach thee how to paint Descenders here.
 Canst thou describe the empty Shifts are made,
 Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade*.
 Some shift their Crimes, some Places ; and among
 The rest, some will their Countries too, e'er long.
 Draw in a Corner, Gamester, shuffling, cutting,
 Their little Crafts no Wit together putting :
 How to pack Knaves, 'mong Kings and Queens, to
 A saving Game, whilst Heads are at the Stake. (make
 But cross their Cards, until it be confest,
 Of all the Play fair Dealing is the best.
 Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to *Hide*,
 And some prepar'd to strike a blow on's side.
 Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
 When Potentates must tumble *Helter Skelter*.

The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit,
 Suck Marks as these could not chuse but be hit.
 The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone ; *Bartholomew*-day,
 Of all the Days i'th' Year, they're ta'en way.
 The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
 Mitre, I wish not so, tho to my Brother :
 I care not for Translation to a See,
 Unless they would translate to *Italy*.

Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
 From the *North-West* ; that which it leaves behind,
 Curses or Out-cries, mind them not, till when
 They do appear Realities, and then
 Spare not to paint them in their Colours, tho
 Crimes of a Viceroy ; Deputies have so
 Been serv'd e'er now : But if the Man prove true,
 Let him with *Pharaoh's* Butler have his due.
 Make the same wind blow strong against the Shore
 Of *France*, to hinder some from coming o'er.
 And rather draw the golden Vessel burning,
 E'en there, than hither with her Freight returning.
 'Tis true, the noble Treasurer is gone,
 Wise, Faithful, Loyal, some say th' only one !
 Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
 Can steer our Vessel without Southern wind.
 Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince
 That ever was before, or hath been since ;
 And Grannum *Atbaliah* in that Nation,
 Was a great hinder of Reformation.
 Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezebel*,
 Give't to adorn the Dining room of Hell.
 Hang by her others of the Gang ; for more
 Deserve a place with *Rosamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.

Stay Painter, now look, here's below a space
 I th' bottom of this, what shall we there place ?
 Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun* ?
 Let the resolve be *Nescio*. So have done.

Expose thy Piece now to the World to see,
 Perhaps they'll say of It, of Thee, of Me,

*Poems and Paints can speak sometimes bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are Licentious Youths.*

*Quæ sequuntur, in limine Thalami Regi, à nescio
quo nebulone scripta, reperiebantur.*

*Bella fugis, bellas sequeris, belloque repugnas
Et bellatori, sunt tibi bella Tbori
Imbellis imbellis amas, adæque videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad arma Venus.*

*The last Instructions to a Painter, about the
Dutch Wars, 1667. By A. Marvel, Esq.*

After two sittings now our Lady-State
To end her Picture does the third time wait ;
But e'er thou fall'st to work, first Painter see,
If 't be'nt too slight grown, or too hard for thee.
Canst thou paint without Colours ? then 'tis right :
For so we too without a Fleet can fight.
Or canst thou daub a Sign-post, and that ill ?
'Twill sute our great Debauch and little Skill.
Or hast thou mark'd how antique Masters limn
The Aly-roof with Snuff of Candle dim,
Sketching in shady Smoak, prodigious Tools ?
'Twill serve this Race of Drunkards, Pimps and Fools.
But if to match our Crimes thy Skill presumes,
As the *Indians* draw out Luxury in Plumes.
Or if to score out our compendious Fame,
With *Hook* then through your Microscope take aim ;
Where like the new Comptroller all Men laugh,
To see a tall Louse brandish a white Staff.
Else shalt thou off thy guiltless Pencil curse,
Stamp on thy Palate, nor perhaps the worse.
The Painter so long having vext his Cloth,
Of his Hounds mouth to feign the raging Froth,

His

His desperate Pencil at the Work did dart;
His Anger reacht that Rage which past his Art.
Chance finisht that, which Art could not begin,
And he sat smiling how his Dog did grin.
So may'st thou perfect by a lucky blow,
What all thy softest touches cannot do.

Paint then St. *Albans* full of Soop and Gold,
The new Courts pattern, Stallion of the old.
Him neither Wit nor Courage did exalt,
But Fortune chose him for her pleasure's Salt.
Paint him with Dray-man's Shoulders, Butchers Mein,
Member'd like Mule, with Elephantine Chin.
Well he the Title of St. *Albans* bore;
For never *Bacon* studied Nature more:
But Age allaying now that youthful Heat,
Fits him in *France* to play at Cards and Cheat.

Draw no Commission, lest the Court should lie,
And disavowing Treaty, ask supply;
He needs no Seal but to St. *James's* Lease,
Whose Breaches were the Instruments of Peace.
Who if the *French* dispute his Power, from thence
Can strait produce them a Plenipotence.
Nor fears he the *Most Christian* should trapan:
Two Saints at once, St. *German* and *Alban*;
But thought the Golden Age was now restor'd,
When Men and Women took each others Word.

Paint then again her Highness to the Life,
Philosopher beyond *Newcastle's* Wife:
She naked can *Archimedes* self put down
For an Experiment upon the Crown.
She perfected that Engine oft essay'd,
How after Child-birth to renew a Maid;
And found how Royal Heirs may be matur'd
In fewer Months than Mothers once endur'd.
Hence *Crowder* made the rate Inventress free
Of's Highnesses *Royal Society*.
(Happiest of Women, if she were but able
To make her glassen Duke once malleable.)

Paint her with Oyſter-lip, and Breath of Fame,
 Wide Mouth, that Sparagus may well proclaim;
 With Chancellors Belly, and ſo large a Rump,
 There (not behind the Coach) her Pages jump:
 Exprefs her ſtudying now, if *China* Clay
 Can, without breaking, venom'd Juice convey.
 Or how a mortal Poiſon ſhe may draw
 Out of the Cordial Meal of the *Cocoa*.
 Witneſs the Stars of Night, and thou the pale
 Moon, that o'ercome with the ſick Steam didſt fail.
 Ye Neighbouring Elms that your green Leaves did
 And Fauns that from the Womb abortive fled. (ſhed,
 Not unprovok'd ſhe tries forbidden Arts,
 But in her ſoft Breſt Loves hid Cancer ſmarts,
 While ſhe revolves at once *Sydney's* Diſgrace,
 And her ſelf ſcorn'd for emulous *Denham's* Face,
 And nightly hears the hated Guard away
 Galloping with the Duke to other Prey.
 Paint *Caſtlemain* in Colours that will hold
 Her, not her Picture, for ſhe now grows old.
 She thro' her Lackey's Drawers as he ran,
 Diſcern'd Loves cauſe, and a new flame began:
 Her wonted Joys thenceforth, and Court ſhe ſhuns,
 And ſtill within her mind the Footman runs.
 His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs, (the Face
 She flights) his Feet ſhap'd for a ſmoother Race.
 Poring with her Glaſs, ſhe re-adjusts;
 Her Locks, and oft-tir'd Beauty now diſtruſts;
 Fears leſt he ſcorn'd a Woman once aſſay'd,
 And now firſt wiſht ſhe e'er had been a Maid.
 Great Love! how doſt thou triumph, and how reign,
 That to a Groom could'ſt humble her diſdain!
 Stript to her Skin, ſee how ſhe ſtooping ſtands,
 Nor ſcorns to rub him down with thoſe fair Hands,
 And waſhing (leſt the Scent her Crime diſcloſe)
 His ſweaty Hoofs, tickles him betwixt the Toes.
 But envious Fame too ſoon began to note
 More Gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat;
 And

And he unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his Fortune sweet.
Justly the Rogue was whipt in *Porters Den*,
And *Fernain* streight has leave to come again.
Ah Painter ! now could *Alexander* live,
And this *Campaspe* the *Apelles* give.

Draw next a pair of Tables opening, then
The House of Commons clattering like the Men.
Describe the Court and Country both set right
On opposite Points, the Black against the White.
Those having lost the Nation at Tick Tack,
These now advent'ring how to win it back.
The Dice betwixt them must the fate divide,
(As chance does still in multitudes decide)
But here the Court doth its advantage know,
For the Cheat, *Turner*, for them both must throw ;
As some from Boxes, he so from the Chair
Can strike the Dye, and still with them go share.
Here Painter rest a little, and survey
With what small Arts the publick Game they play ;
For so too, *Rubens* with Affairs of State
His labouring Pencil oft would recreate.

The close Cabal mark'd how the Navy eats,
And thought all lost that goes not to the Cheats.
So therefore secretly for Peace decrees,
Yet as for War the Parliament would squeeze ;
And fix to the Revenue such a Sum
Should *Goodrick* silence, and make *Paston* dumb,
Should pay Land Armies, should dissolve the vain
Commons, and ever such a Court maintain,
Hyde's Avarice, *Bennet's* Luxury should suffice,
And what can these defray but the Excise ?
Excise a Monster, worse than e'er before,
Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
A thousand Hands she has, and thousand Eyes,
Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars pries.
With hundred Rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
And on all Trades like *Casawar* she feeds ;

Chops

Chops off the piece where'er she close the Jaw,
 Else swallows all down her indented Maw.
 She stalks all Day in Streets conceal'd from sight,
 And flies like Batts with Leathern Wings by Night :
 She wafts the Country, and on Cities preys :
 Her of a Female Harpy in Dog-days,
 Black *Birch*, of all the Earth-born Race most hot,
 And most rapacious, like himself begot ;
 And of his Brat enamour'd, as't increast,
 Bugger'd in Incest with the mongrel Beast.

Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight,
 (And, Painter wanting other, draw this Fight)
 Who in an *English* Senate fierce debate
 Could raise so long for this new Whore of State.

Of early Wittals first the Troop march'd in,
 For Diligence renown'd, and Discipline.
 In Loyal hast they left your Wives in Bed,
 And *Denham* these with one consent did Head.

Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
 That sold their Master, led by *Ashburnham*.

To them succeeds a despicable Rout,
 But knew the Word, and well could face about ;
 Expectants pale with hopes of Spoil allur'd,
 Tho yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
 Then damning Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain :
Wood these command, Knight of the Horn, and *Cane*.
 Still his Hook shoulder seems the blow to dread,
 And under's Arm-pit he defends his Head.
 The posture strange Men laugh at, of his Pole,
 Hid with his Elbow like the Spice he stole :
 Headless *St. Dennis* so his Head does bear,
 And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.

Court Officers, as us'd, the next place took,
 And follow'd *F—x*, but with disdainful look,
 His Birth, his Youth, his Brokage all dispraise
 In vain ; for always he commands that pays.

Then the Procurers under *Progers* fill'd,
 Gentlest of Men, and his Lieutenant mild ;

Amulard Love's Squire, through all the Field array'd,
No Troop was better clad, nor so well paid.

Then marcht the Troop of *Clarendon* all full,
Haters of Fowl, to Teal preferring Bull:
Gross Bodies, grosser Minds, and grosser Cheats,
And bloated *Wren* conducts them to their Seats.

Charlton advances next (whose Wife does awe
The Mitred Troop) and with his Looks gives Law.
He march'd with Beaver cockt of Bishop's Brim,
And hid much Fraud under an aspect grim.

Next the Lawyers mercenary Band appear,
Famb in the Front, and *Thurland* in the Rear.

The Troop of Privilege, a Rabble bare
Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawney's* care;
Their Fortunes error they suppli'd in Rage,
Nor any further would than these engage.

Then marcht the Troop, whose valiant Acts before
(Their publick Acts) oblig'd them to do more.
For Chimnies sake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
Or in his absence him that first it laid.

Then came the thrifty Troop of Privateers,
Whose Horses each with other interferes:
Before them *Higgins* rides with Brow compact,
Mourning his Countess anxious for his Act.

Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Salomon* draw Lots,
For the Command of Politicks and Scots:
Thence fell to Words—but Quarrels to adjourn,
Their Friends agreed they should command by turn.

Carteret the Rich did the Accountants guide,
And in ill *English* all the World defi'd.

The Papists (but of those the House had none
Else) *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.

Bold *Duncomb* next of the Projectors chief,
And old *Fitz-Harding* of the Eaters Beef.

Late and disorder'd out the Drunkards drew,
Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew:

Before them enter'd equal in Command,
Ayley and *Brotherick* marching hand in hand.

Last then but one *Powel* that could not ride,
 Left the *French* Standard weltring in his stride;
 He, to excuse his slowness, Truth confest,
 That 'twas so long before he could be drest.
 The Lords Sons last, all these did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd Hobby-Horse.

Never before nor since, an Host so steel'd
 Troop on to Muster in the *Tuttle-Field*.
 Not the first Cock-horse that with Cork was shod
 To rescue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod :
 Nor the late Feather-man whom *Tomkins* fierce
 Shall with one breath like Thistle-Down disperse.
 All the two *Coventries* their Generals chose,
 For one had much, the other nought to lose.
 Not better choice all accidents could hit,
 While *Hector Harry* steers by *Will* the Wit.
 They both accept the charge with merry glee,
 To fight a Battel from all Gun-shot free.
 Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wise,
 They feign'd a Parley, better to Surprize ;
 They that e'er long shall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
 Who in a time of Treaty durst invade.

Thick was the Morning, and the House was thin,
 The Speaker early, when they all fell in.
 Propitious Heavens ! had not you them crost,
 Excise had got the Day, and all been lost :
 For t'other side all in close Quarters lay
 Without Intelligence, Command or Pay.
 A scatter'd Body which the Foe ne'er tri'd,
 But often did among themselves divide.
 And some run o'er each Night, while others sleep,
 And undescri'd return'd 'fore Morning peep.
 But *Strangeways* that all Night still walkt the round,
 For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd ;
 First spi'd the Enemy, and gave th' Alarm,
 Fighting it single till the rest might Arm :
 Such *Roman Cockles* stood before the Foe,
 The failing Bridg behind, the Streams below.

Each ran as Chance him guides to several Post,
And all to pattern his example, boast;
Their former Trophies they recal to mind,
And now to edg their Anger, Courage grind.

First enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
Of *Irish* Cattle, and Solicitor.

Then daring *S——r*, that with Spear and Shield
Had stretch'd the Monster Patent on the Field.

Keen *Whorwood* next in aid of Damsel frail,
That pierc'd the Giant *Mordant* through his Mail:

And surly *Williams* the Accountants bane,
And *Lovelace* young of Chimny-men the Cane.

Old *Waller*, Trumpet-General, swore he'd write
This Combat truer than the Naval Fight.

Of birth, state, wit, strength, courage, *How'd* presumes,
And in his Breast wears many *Montezumes*.

These with some more with single Valour stay
The adverse Troops, and hold them all at bay.

Each thinks his Person represents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his Soul;

Believes himself an Army; theirs one Man,
As easily conquer'd, and believing can

With heart of Bees so full and head of Mites,
That each, tho Duelling, a Battel fights.

Such once *Orlando* famous in Romance,
Broacht whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.

But strength at last still under number bows,
And the faint Sweat trickl'd down *Temple's* Brows;

Even Iron *Strangeway's* chafing yet gave back,
Spent with Fatigue, to breath a while Toback——

When marching in, a seasonable Recruit
Of Citizens, and Merchants held dispute,

And charging all their Pikes, a fullen Band
Of *Presbyterian* *Switzers* made a stand.

Nor could all these the Field have long maintain'd,
But for th' unknown Reserve that still remain'd;

A gross of *English* Gentry nobly born,
Of clear Estates, and to no Faction sworn,

Dear

Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet
 For Country's Cause, that glorious thing and sweet
 To speak not forward, but in Action brave,
 In giving generous, but In Council grave;
 Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;
 But sure the Devil can't cheat them thrice.
 The Van and Battel, tho retiring, falls
 Without disorder in their Intervals;
 Then closing all in equal Front, fall on,
 Led by Great *Garraway*, and Great *Littleton*.
Lee equal to obey, or to command,
 Adjutant-General was still at hand.
 The Marshal-Standard *Sands* displaying shows
 St. *Dunstan* in it, tweaking Satan's Nose.
 See sudden chance of War to paint, or write,
 Is longer Work, and harder than to fight:
 At the first Charge the Enemy give out,
 And the *Excise* receives a total Rout.

Broken in Courage, yet the Men the same,
 Resolve henceforth upon their other Game;
 Where Force had fail'd, with Stratagem to play,
 And what haste lost, recover by delay.
 St. *Albans* strait is sent to, to forbear,
 Lest the sure Peace (forsooth) too soon appear.
 The Seamen's clamours to three ends they use,
 To cheat they pay, feign want, and th' House accuse
 Each day they bring the Tale, and that too true,
 How strong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.
 Mean time through all the Yards their Orders run,
 To lay the Ships up, cease the Keels begun.
 The Timber rots, the useless Ax does rust;
 Th' unpractis'd Saw lies buried in its Dust;
 The busy Hammer sleeps, the Ropes untwine,
 The Store and Wages all are mine and thine.
 Along the Coasts and Harbours they take care
 That Money lacks, nor Forts be in repair.
 Long thus they cou'd against the House conspire,
 Load them with Envy, and with sitting tire:

And the lov'd King, that's never yet deni'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide :
But when this fail'd, and Months enough were spent,
They with the first days profer seem content ;
And to Land-Tax from the Excise turn round,
Bought off with Eighteen hundred thousand pound.
Thus like fair Thieves, the Commons Purse they share,
But all the Members Lives consulting spare.

Blither than Hare that hath escap'd the Hounds,
The House prorogu'd, the Chancellor rebounds.
Not so decrepid *Aesop*, hasht and stew'd
With Magick Herbs, rose from the Pot renew'd ;
And with fresh Age felt his glad Limbs unite,
His Gout (yet still he curst) had left him quite.
What Frosts to Fruits, what Arsnick to the Rat,
What to fair *Denham* mortal Chocolat :
What an Account to *Carteret*, that and more
A Parliament is to the Chancellor.

So the sad Tree shrinks from the Morning's Eye,
But blooms all Night and shoots its Branches high.
So at the Sons recess, again returns
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.

Now *Mordant* may within his Castle Tower
Imprison Parents, and their Child deflower.

The *Irish* Herd is now let loose, and comes
By Millions over, not by Hecatombs :
And now, now the *Canary* Patent may
Be broach'd again for the great *Holy-day*.
See how he reigns in his new Palace culminant,
And sits in State Divine like *Jove* the Fulminant.
First *Buckingham* that durst 'gainst him rebel,
Blasted with Lightning, struck with Thunder, fell.
Next the twelve Commons are condemn'd to groan,
And roll in vain at *Sisyphus's* Stone.
But still he car'd, whilst in revenge he brav'd
That Peace secur'd, and Money might be sav'd :
Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are sweet,
United most, when most by turns they meet.

France

France had *St. Albans* promis'd (so they sing)
St. Albans promis'd him, and he the King.
 The Court forthwith is order'd all to close,
 To play for *Flanders*, and the Stake to lose;
 While chain'd together, two Embassadors
 Like Slaves shall beg for Peace at *Holland's* Doors.
 This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires
 To forge new Thunder, and inspect their Fires.

The Court as once of War, now fond of Peace,
 All to new Sports their wanton Fears release.
 From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold),
 Comes news of Pastime martial and old.
 A Punishment invented first to awe
 Masculine Wives transgressing Natures Law ;
 Where when the brawny Female disobeys,
 And beats the Husband, till for Peace he prays,
 No concern'd Jury damage for him finds,
 Nor partial Justice her behaviour binds ;
 But the just Street does the next House invade,
 Mounting the Neighbour couple on lean Jade ;
 The Distaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
 And Boys and Girls in Troops run hooting by.
 Prudent Antiquity ! that knew by shame,
 Better than Law, domestick Broils to tame ;
 And taught Youth by Spectual innocent,
 So thou and I dear Painter represent
 In quick Effigie, others faults ; and feign,
 By making them ridic'lous, to restrain :
 With homely sight they chose thus to relax
 The Joys of State for the new Peace and Tax.
 So *Holland* with us had the Mastery tri'd,
 And our next Neighbours, *France* and *Flanders* ride.

But a fresh News the great Designment nips
 Off, at the Isle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships.
Bab May, and *Arlington* did wisely scoff,
 And thought all safe, if they were so far off ;
 Modern Geographers ! 'Twas there they thought
 Where *Venice* twenty years the *Turks* had fought.
 (While

(While the first year our Navy is but shewn,
 The next divided, and the third we've none.)
 They by the Name mistook it for that Isle
 Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travell'd in Exile,
 With the Bull's horn to measure his own head,
 And on *Pasiphae's* Tomb to drop a Bead.
 But *Morrice* learn'd demonstrates by the Post,
 This Isle of *Candy* was on *Essex* Coast.

Fresh Messengers still the sad news assure,
 More tim'rous now we are than first secure.
 False terrors our believing fear devise,
 And the *French* Army one from *Calais* spies:
Rome and *May*, and those of shorter reach,
 Change all for Guineas, and a Crown for each;
 But wiser Men, and Men foreseen in chance,
 In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*:
Whitehall's unsafe, the Court all meditates
 To fly to *Windsor* and mure up the Gates.
 Each doth the other blame, and all distrust.
 (But *Mordant* new oblig'd would sure be just.)
 Not such a fatal stupefaction reign'd
 At *London's* Flames, nor to the Court complain'd:
 The *Bloodworth* Chanc'lor gives, (then does recal)
 Orders, amaz'd, at last gives none at all.

St. Albans writ too, that he may bewail
 To Monsieur *Lewis*, and tell Coward tale,
 How that the *Hollanders* do make a noise,
 Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.
 Now *Doleman's* disobedient, and they still
 Uncivil, his unkindness would us kill.
 Tell him our Ships unrigg'd, our Forts unmann'd,
 Our Money's spent, else 'twere at his command;
 Summon him therefore of his word, and prove
 To move him out of pity, if not love:
 Pray him to make *De Wit* and *Ruyter* cease,
 And whip the *Dutch*, unless they'll hold their peace.
 But *Lewis* was of memory but dull,
 And to *St. Albans* too undutiful:

Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere,
 But ask'd him bluntly for his Character.
 The gravell'd Count did with this answer faint,
 (His Character was that which thou didst Paint)
 And so enforc'd like Enemy or Spy,
 Trusses his Baggage, and the Camp does fly :
 Yet *Lewis* writes, and lest our heart should break,
 Condoles us morally out of *Seneca*.

Two Letters next unto *Breda* are sent,
 In Cypher one to *Harry* Excellent :
 The first entrusts (our Verse that Name abhors)
 Plenipotentiary Embassadors ;
 To prove by Scripture, Treaty does imply
 Cessation, as the Look Adultery ;
 And that by Law of Arms, in Martial strife,
 Who yields his Sword, has title to his Life.
 Presbyter *Hollis* the first point should clear,
 The second *Covenent* the Cavalier :
 But would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
 Then to return home straight *infectâ re*.
 But *Harry's* order'd, if they won't recall
 Their Fleet, to threaten—we'll give them all.
 The *Dutch* are then in Proclamation sent,
 For sin against the 'leventh Commandment.
Hyde's flippant style there pleasantly curvets,
 Still his sharp wit on States and Princes whets :
 So *Spain* could not escape his laughter's spleen,
 None but himself must chuse the King a Queen.
 But when he came the odious Clause to pen,
 That summons up the Parliament agen,
 His Writing-master many times he bann'd,
 And wisht himself the Gout to seize his hand ;
 Never old Lecher more repugnant felt,
 Consenting for his Rupture to be gelt.
 But still in hope he solac'd e'er they come
 To work the Peace, and so to send them home ;
 Or in their hasty Call to find a flaw
 Their Acts to vitiate, and them over-aw :

But more rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
To raise a two-edg'd Army for's defence.

First then he march'd our whole *Militia's* force,
(As if alas we Ships, or *Dutch* had Horse,) ✱
Then from the usual common place he blames
These, and in standing Armies praise declaims :
And the wise Court, that alway lov'd it dear,
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hide stamps, and straight upon the ground the swarms
Of cottant *Myrmidons* appear in Arms ;
And for their Pay he writes as from the King,
With that curs'd Quill pluckt from a Vultures wing,
- Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan ;
(The Eighteen hundred thousand pounds are gone.)
This done, he pens a Proclamation stout
In rescue of the Bankers Banquet out.
His *Minion*-Imps that in his secret part
Lie nuzzling at the Sacramental Wart ;
Horse-leeches sucking at the Hæm'roy'd Vein,
He sucks the King, they him, he them again.
The Kingdoms Farm he lets to them bids least ;
(Greater the Bribe) and cheats at Interest.
Here Men induc'd by safety, gain, and ease,
Their Money lodge, confiscate when he please :
These can at need, at instant with a Scrip
(This lik'd him best) his Cash beyond Sea whip :
When *Dutch* invade, and Parliament prepare ;
How can he Engines so convenient spare ?
Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of displeasure of great *Clarendon*.
The State affairs thus marshall'd, for the rest,
Monk in his Shirt against the *Dutch* is prest.
Often (dear Painter) have I sate and mus'd
Why he should still b' on all Adventures us'd :
Do they for nothing ill, like *Ashen-wood*,
Or think him like *Herb-John* for nothing good ?
Whether his Valour they so much admire,
Or that for Cowardise they all retire.

As, Heaven in Storms they call, in gusts of State
 On *Monk* and Parliament, yet both do hate.
 All Causes sure concur, but must they think
 Under *Herculian* labours he may sink.

Soon then the *Independent* Troops would close,
 And *Hyde's* last project of his place dispose.

Ruyter the while that had our Ocean curb'd,
 Sail'd now amongst our Rivers undisturb'd ;
 Servey'd their Chrystal Streams and Banks so green,
 And Beauties e'er this never naked seen :

Through the vain Sedge the bashful Nymphs he ey'd
 Bosoms, and all which from themselves they hide.

The Sun much brighter, and the Sky more clear
 He finds, the Air and all things sweeter here :

The sudden change, and such a tempting sight,
 Swells his old veins with fresh blood, fresh delight.

Like am'rous Victors he begins to shave,

And his new face looks in the *English* Wave.

His sporting Navy all about him swim,

And witness their complacence in their trim.

Their streaming Silks play through the weather fair

And with inveigling Colours court the Air.

While the Red Flags breath on their Top-masts high
 Terror and War, but want an Enemy.

Among the Shrouds the Seamen sit and sing,

And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling :

Old *Neptune* springs the Tydes, and Waters lent,

(The Gods themselves do help the provident)

And where the deep Keel on the shallow cleaves

With Trident's Leaver and great Shoulder heaves.

Aeolus their Sails inspires with Eastern Wind,

Puffs them along, and breaths upon them kind.

With pearly Shell, the *Tritons* all the while

Sound the Sca-match, and guide to *Sheppy* Isle.

So have I seen in *April's* bud arise,

A Fleet of Clouds sailing along the Skies.

The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,

Their airy Sterns the Sun behind does guild,

And gentle Gales them steer, and Heaven drives,
 When all on sudden their calm Bosom rives,
 With Thund'r and Lightning from each armed Cloud,
 Shepherds themselves in vain in Bushes shroud;
 So up the Stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
 And at *Sheerness* unloads its stormy Sides.

Sprag there, tho practis'd in the Sea command,
 With panting heart, lay like a fish on land,
 And quickly judg'd the Fort was not tenable;
 Which if a House, yet were not tenantable.
 No man can sit there safe, the Cannon pours
 Through th' Walls untight, and Bullets showers.
 The Neighbourhood ill, and an unwholsome feat,
 So at the first salute resolves retreat;
 And swore that he would never more dwell there,
 Until the City put it in repair.

So he in Front, his Garison in rear,
 March'd streight to *Chatham* to increase the fear.
 There our sick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
 Like moulting Fowl, a weak and easy Prey:
 For whose strong bulk Earth scarce could Timber find,
 The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind.

Those Oaken Giants of the ancient Race,
 That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
 The conscious Stag, tho once the Forest's dread,
 Flies to the Wood, and hides his armless Head:

~~Any~~ forthwith a Squadron does untack,
 They sail securely through the River's track.
 And *English* Pilot too (Oh shame! Oh sin!)
 Cheated of's Pay, was he that shew'd them in.

Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
 And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend;
 (Engine so slight to guard us from the Sea,
 It fitter seem'd to Captivate a Flea;)

A Skipper rude shocks it without respect,
 Filling his Sails more force to recollect.

Th' *English* from shore the Iron deaf invoke
 For its last aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke!

But with her failing weight the *Holland Keel*,
Snapping the brittle Links, does thorough reel,
And to the rest the opening passage shew :

Monk from the Bank that dismal fight does view.
Our feather'd Gallants which came down that day
To be Spectators safe of the New Play,
Leave him alone when first they hear the Gun,
(*Cornb'ry* the fleetest) and to *London* run.

Our Seamen, whom no dangers shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount our Ships for spight :
Or to their Fellows Swim on board the *Dutch*,
Who shew the tempting Metal in their clutch.
Oft had he sent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to begg ;
And *Upnor* Castle's ill deserted Wall,
Now needful does for Ammunition call,
He finds, where'ere he succour might expect,
Confusion, Folly, Treachery, Fear, Neglect.

But when the *Royal Charles* (what rage ! what grief !)
He saw seiz'd, and could give her no relief ;
That Sacred Keel that had, as he, restor'd
Its exil'd Sov'reign on its happy board,
And thence the *British* Admiral became,
Crown'd for that merit with his Master's Name :
That pleasure-boat of War, in whose dear side
Secure, so oft he had this Foe defy'd,
Now a cheap Spoil, and the mean Victors slave,
Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its Top to wave,
Of former Glories the reproachful thought
With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.

Such from *Euphrates* bank a Tigress fell
After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell ;
But sees enrag'd the River flow between,
Frustrate Revenge, and Love by loss more keen ;
At her own Breast her useless Claws does arm,
She tears her self, 'cause him she cannot harm.

The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence
Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence.

Dani

Daniel had there adventur'd, Man of might,
Sweet *Painter* draw his Picture while I write.

Paint him of Person tall, and big of Bone,
Large Limbs like Ox, not to be kill'd but shown;
Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a hair so black,
Or Face so red, thine Oker and thy Lack,
Mix a vain terror in his Martial look,
And all those lines by which men are mistook;
But when by shame constrain'd to go on Board,
He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
And saw himself confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lions Den:
But when the frightful Fire-Ships he saw,
Pregnant with Sulphur nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make haste,
E'er in the fiery Furnace they be cast;
Three Children tall unsing'd, away they row:
Like *Shadrach*, *Meshech* and *Abednego*.
Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns,
The *Loyal London* now a third time burns.
And the true *Royal Oak*, and *Royal James*,
Ally'd in Fate, increase with theirs her flames.
Of all our Navy none should now survive,
But that the Ships themselves were taught to dive;
And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced Keels with Ouzy sides;
Up to the Bridg contagious Terror struck,
The *Tow'r* it self with the near danger shook;
And were not *Ruyter's* Maw with ravage cloy'd,
Ev'n *London's* ashes had been then destroy'd;
Officious fear, however to prevent
Our loss, does so much more our loss augment.
The *Dutch* had robb'd those Jewels of the Crown,
Our Merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown:
So when the Fire did not enough devour,
The Houses were demonish'd near the *Tow'r*,
Those Ships that yearly from their teeming hole
Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole,

Fir from the North, and Silver from the West,
 From the South Perfumes, Spices from the East;
 From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Jems,
 Take a short Voyage underneath the *Thames* :
 Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
 And shrunk, less Navigable, to a Ford.

Now nothing more at *Chatbam's* left to burn,
 The *Holland* Squadron leisurely return ;
 And spight of *Ruperts* and of *Albermarles*,
 To *Ruyter's* Triumph led the Captive *Charles*.
 The pleasing sight he often does prolong,
 Her Mast erect, tough Cordage, Timber strong,
 Her moving shape, all these he doth survey,
 And all admires, but most his easy Prey.
 The *Seamen* search her all within, without,
 Viewing her strength, they yet their Conquest doubt.
 Then with rude shouts secure, the Air they vex,
 With gamson joy insulting on her Decks ;
 Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, shorn,
 Was led about in sport, the publick scorn.

Black day accurst ! on thee let no man hale
 Out of the Port, or dare to hoise a Sail,
 Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour,
 Thee, the Years Monster, let thy Dam devour ;
 And constant time to keep his course yet right,
 Fill up thy space with a redoubled Night.
 When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters base,
 And *Medway* chaste ravisht before his face,
 And their dear Off-spring murder'd in their sight,
 Thou and thy fellows held'st the odious light.
 Sad chance since first that happy Pair was wed,
 When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial bed,
 And Father *Neptune* promis'd to resign
 His Empire old to their Immortal line ;
 Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
 Themselves dishonour'd, and the Gods untrue ;
 And to each other helpless couple mourn,
 As the sad Tortoise for the Sea does groan :

But most they for their darling *Charles* complain,
 And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.
 To see that fatal pledge of Sea command,
 Now in the Ravisher *de Ruyter's* hand;
 The *Thames* roar'd, swooning *Medway* turn'd her tyde,
 And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.

The Court in Farthering yet it self does please,
 (And female *Steward* there rules the four *Seas*,)
 But fate does still accumulate our woes,
 And *Richmond* her commands, as *Ruyter* those.

After this loss, to relish discontent,
 Some one must be accus'd by punishment;
 All our Miscarriages on *Pett* must fall,
 His Name alone seems fit to answer all.
 Whose counsel first did this mad War beget?
 Who all Commands sold through the Navy? *Pett*.
 Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat?
 Who treated out the Time at *Bergen*? *Pett*.
 Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms disabled met?
 And rifling Prizes them neglected? *Pett*.
 Who with false News prevented the Gazette,
 The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett*.
 Who all our Seamen cheated of their debt,
 And all our Prizes who did swallow? *Pett*.
 Who did advise no Navy out to Set?
 And who the Forts left unprepared? *Pett*.
 Who to supply with Powder did forget
Languard, *Sheerness*, *Gravesend* and *Upnor*? *Pett*.
 Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chattham* Nett?
 Who should it be but the Fanatick *Pett*?
Pett, the Sea-architect in making *Ships*,
 Was the first cause of all these Naval slips.
 Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
 If no Creation, there had been no sin;
 But his great Crime, one Boat away he sent,
 That lost our Fleet, and did our flight prevent.

Then that reward might in its turn take place,
 And march with punishment in equal pace;

Southampton

Southampton dead, much of the *Treasure's* care
 And place in Council fell to *Duncomb's* share.
 All men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly,
 Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
 But sure his late good husbandry in *Peeter*,
 Shew'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meet; ;
 And who the Forts would not vouchsafe a Corn,
 To lavish the King's Money more would scorn.
 Who hath no Chimneys, to give all, is best,
 And ablest Speaker, who of Law hath least.
 Who less Estate for Treasurer most fit,
 And for a Chanc'llor he that has least wit.
 But the true Cause was that in's Brother *May*,
 Th' *Exchequer* might the Privy-Purse obey.
 And now draws near the Parliaments return,
Hide and the Court again begin to mourn ;
 Frequent in Council, earnest in debate,
 All Arts they try how to prolong its date,
 Grave Primate *Skelden* (much in preaching there)
 Blames the last Session, and this more does fear ;
 With *Boynton* or with *Middleton* 'twere sweet,
 But with a Parliament abhorrs to meet ;
 And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this Nation,
 Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.

But in the *Thames*-mouth still *de Ruyter* laid,
 The Peace not sure, new Army must be paid ;
Hide saith he hourly waits for a Dispatch,
Harry came Post just as he shew'd his Watch :
 All to agree the Articles were clear,
 The *Holland* Fleet and Parliament so near.
 Yet *Harry* must jobb back and all mature,
 Binding e'er th' Houses meet the Treaty sure ;
 And 'twixt necessity and spight, till then
 Let them come up so to go down again.
 Up ambles Country Justice on his Pad,
 And Vest bespeaks to be more seemly clad :
 Plain Gentlemen are in Stage-Coach o'erthrown,
 And Deputy-Lieutenants in their own ;

The portly Bargees through the weather hot
Does for his Corporation sweat and trot :
And all with Sun and Choller come adust,
And threaten *Hyde* to raise a greater dust.

But fresh, as from the Mint, the Courtiers fine
Salute them, smiling at their vain design ;
And *Turner* gay up to his Perch doth march,
With Face new bleacht, smoothed and stiff with Starch,
Tells them he at *Whitehall* had took a turn,
And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
Not so, quoth *Tomkins*, and straight drew his Tongue,
Trusty as Steel that always ready hung ;
And so proceeding in his motion warm,
Th' Army soon rais'd he doth as soon disarm.
True *Trojan* ! whilst this Town can Girls afford,
And long as Cyder lasts in *Mereford*,
The Girls shall always kiss thee, tho grown old,
And in eternal Healths thy Name be troul'd.

Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives
At Court, and so reprieves their guilty Lives.

Hyde orders *Turner* that he should come late,
Lest some new *Tomkins* spring a fresh Debate :
The King that early rais'd was from his rest,
Expects, as at a Play, till *Turner's* drest.
At last together *Eaton* came and he,
No Dial more could with the Sun agree :
The Speaker summon'd to the Lords repairs,
Nor gave the Commons leave to say their Pray'rs,
But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,
Where mute, they stand to hear their Sentence read ;
Trembling with joy and fear, *Hyde* them prorogues,
And had almost mistook, and call'd them Rogues.

Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the Foot,
Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen shall do't.
That may his Body, this his Mind explain ;
Paint him in Golden Gown with Maces train ;
Bright Hair, fair Face, obscure, and dull of Head,
Like Knife with Iv'ry Haft, and edge of Lead :

At

At Prayers his eyes turn up the pious white,
 But all the while his private Bill's in sight :
 In Chair he smoking sits like Master Cook,
 And a Poll-bill does like his Apron look!
 Well was he Skill'd to Season any Question,
 And make a *Sawce* fit for *White-hall's* digestion,
 Whence every day the Palate more to tickle,
 Court-Mushrooms ready are sent in to pickle.
 When Grievances urg'd he swells like squatted Toad,
 Frisks like a Frog to croak a Taxes load :
 His patient Piss he could hold longer than
 An Urinal, and sit like any Hen ;
 At Table jolly as a Country Host,
 And soaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toast ;
 At Night then *Chanticleer* more brisk and hot,
 And Serjeants Wife serves him for *Portelott*.

Paint last the King, and a dead shade of Night,
 Only dispers'd by a weak Tapers light :
 And those bright gleams that dart along and glare
 From his clear Eyes (yet these too dart with care)
 There, as in the calm horror all alone,
 He wakes and muses of th' uneasy Throne :
 Raise up a sudden shape with Virgins face,
 Tho ill agree her posture, hour or place ;
 Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
 With her own Tresses interwove and twin'd :
 Her Mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,
 Yet from beneath her Veil her blushes rise,
 And silent tears her secret anguish speak ;
 Her Heart throbs, and with very shame would break.
 The object strange in him no terror mov'd,
 He wondred first, then pitied, then he lov'd ;
 And with kind hand does the coy Vision press,
 Whose beauty greater seem'd by her distress :
 But soon shrunk back, chill'd with a touch so cold,
 And th' airy Picture vanisht from his hold.
 In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
 And he divin'd 'twas *England*, or the Peace.

Express him startling next, with list'ning Ear,
As one that some unusual noise doth hear ;
With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums, his Door surround,
But let some other Painter draw the sound :
Thrice he did rise, thrice the vain tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lies in bed.
His mind secure does the vain stroke repeat,
And finds the Drums *Lewis's* March did bear.

Shake then the Room, and all his Curtains tear,
And with blue streaks infect the Taper clear,
While the pale Ghost his Eyes doth fix admire
Of Grandfire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry sits down, and in his open Side
The grisly Wound reveals of which he dy'd :
And Ghostly *Charles*, turning his Coller low,
The purple Thred about his Neck doth show :
Then whisp'ring to his Son in words unheard,
Through the lockt Door, both of them disappear'd :
The wondrous Night the pensive King revolves,
And rising streight on *Hyde's* disgrace resolves.

At his first step he *Castlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry* as 'twere design'd ;
And they not knowing the same thing propose,
Which his hid Mind did in his depths inclose :
Through their feign'd speech their secret Hearts he
To her own Husband *Castlemain* untrue ; (knew,
False to his Master, *Bristol*, *Arlington*,
And *Coventry* falser than any one,
Who to his Brother, Brother would betray ;
Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.
His Father's Ghost too wisper'd him one Note,
That who does cut his Purse will his Throat :
But in wise anger he their Crimes forbear,
As Thieves repriv'd from Executioner :
While *Hyde* provok'd, his foaming Tusk does whet,
To prove them Traytors, and himself the *Pett*.

Painter, adieu : How well our Arts agree !
Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry !

But

But this great Work is for our Monarch fit,
 And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* shall sit.
 His Master-hand the Ancients shall out-do,
 Himself, the Painter, and the Poet too.

To the KING.

SO his bold Tube Man to the Sun apply'd,
 And Spots unknown in the bright Star descry'd,
 Shew'd they obscure him, while too near they please,
 And seem his Courtiers are but his Disease.
 Through Optick Trunk the Planet seem'd to hear,
 And hurls them off e'er since in his career.

And you (*Great Sir*) that with him Empire share,
 Seen of our World, as he the *Charles* is there;
 Blame not the Muse that brought those Spots to light,
 Which in your Splendor hid, corrode your Light;
 (Kings in the Country oft have gone astray,
 Nor of a Peasant scorn'd to learn the way,)
 Would she the unattended Throne reduce,
 Banishing Love, Trust, Ornament and Use;
 Better it were to live in Cloyster's lock,
 Or in fair Fields to rule the easy Flock;
 She blames them only who the Court restrain,
 And where all *England* serves themselves would reign.

Bold and accurst are they that all this while
 Have strove to lse this Monarch from this Isle;
 And to improve themselves by false Pretence,
 About the common Prince have rais'd a Fence:
 The Kingdom from the Crown distinct would see,
 And peel the Bark to burn at last the Tree.
 But *Ceres* Corn, and *Flora* is the Spring,
Bacchus is Wine, the Country is the King.

Not so does Rust insinuating wear,
 Nor Powder so the vaulted Bastion tear:
 Nor Earthquakes so an hollow Isle o'erwhelm,
 As scratching Courtiers undermine a Realm.

And

And through the Palaces Foundations bore,
Burrowing themselves to hoard their guilty Store.
The smallest Vermin make the greatest waste,
And a poor Warren once a City rac't.

But they whom born to Vertue and to Wealth,
Nor Guilt to Flattery binds, nor Want to Stealth;
Whose gen'rous Conscience, and whose Courage high,
Does with clear Councils their large Souls supply;
That serve the King with their Estates and Care,
And as in Love on Parliaments can stare;
Where Few the number, Choice is there less hard;
Give us this Court, and rule without a Guard.

By A. M.

The Royal SCOT.

By *Cleaveland's Ghost*, upon the Death of Captain Douglas, burnt on his Ship at Chatham.

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
Saw Douglas marching on the *Elysium* Glades,
They all consulting gather'd in a Ring,
Which of their Poets should his Welcome sing:
And as a favourable Penance chose
Cleaveland, on whom they would that task impose:
He understood, but willingly address'd
His ready Muse to court that noble Guest.
Much had he cur'd the tumour of his Vein,
He judg'd more clearly now, and saw more plain;
For those soft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
And of wise *Lethe* he had drunk a Draught,
Abruptly he began, disguising Art,
As of his Satyr this had been a part.

Not

Not so, brave *Douglas*, on whose lovely Chin,
 The early Down but newly did begin :
 And modest Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
 While envious Virgins hopes he is a Male.
 His yellow Locks curl'd back themselves to seek,
 Nor other Courtship knew but to his Cheek.
 Oft as he in chill *Esk* or *Seyn* by Night,
 Hardned and cool'd, his Limbs so soft, so white,
 Among the Reeds to be espy'd by him :
 The Nymphs would rustle, he would forwards swim
 They sigh'd, and said, Fond Boy, why so untame
 That fly'st Loves fires, reserv'd for other flame?
 First on his Ship he fac'd that horrid Day,
 And wond'ring much at those that run away :
 No other fear himself could comprehend,
 Than lest Heaven fall e'er thither he ascend ;
 But entertains the while his time too short,
 With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in sport,
 Or waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
 Within his Circle, knows himself secure.
 The fatal Bark him boards with grappling Fire,
 And safely through its Port the *Dutch* retire.
 That precious Life he yet disdains to save,
 Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave ;
 Much him the honour of his ancient Race
 Inspir'd, nor would he his own Deeds deface ;
 And secret Joy in his calm Soul does rise,
 That *Monk* looks on to see how *Douglas* dies.
 Like a glad Lover the fierce flames he meets,
 And tries his first Embraces in their Sheets :
 His Shape exact, which the bright flames infold,
 Like the Sun's Statue stands of burnisht Gold.
 Round the transparent Fire about him glows,
 As the clear Amber on the Bees does close ;
 And as on Angels heads their Glories shine,
 His burning Locks adorn his Face divine.
 But when in his immortal Mind he felt
 His alt'ring Form, and soder'd Limbs to melt ;

Down on the Deck he laid himself, and dy'd;
 With his dear Sword reposing by his side,
 And on the flaming Plank so rests his Head,
 As one that warm'd himself, and went to Bed.
 His Ship burns down, and with his Reliques sinks;
 And the sad Stream beneath his Ashes drinks.
 Fortunate Boy! If either Pencil's Fame,
 Or if my Verse can propagate thy Name;
 When *Aita* and *Alcides* are forgot,
 Our *English* Youth shall sing the valiant Scot.

Skip Saddles *Pegasus*, thou needst not brag,
 Sometimes the *Galloway* proves the better Nag:
 Shall not a Death so generous, when told,
 Unite our distance, fill our Breaches old?
 Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave
 Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
 Nor more discourse of *Scotch* and *English* Race;
 No chaunt the fabulous Hunt of *Cbevy Chase*.
 Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal at thy Flame
 Our Nations melting, thy *Colossus* frame:
 Prick down the Point, whoever has the art,
 Where Nature *Scotland* does from *England* part:
Anatomists may sooner fix the Cells
 Where Life resides, and Understanding dwells:
 But this we know, tho that exceeds our Skill,
 That whosoever sep'rates them does ill.
 Will you the *Tweed* that sullen Bounder call
 Of Soyl, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
 Why draw you not as well the thrifty Line
 From *Thames*, from *Humber*, or at least the *Tine*?
 So may we the State Corpulence redress,
 And little *England*, when we please make less.

What *Erbic* River is this wond'rous *Tweed*,
 Whose one Bank Vertue, t'other Vice does breed?
 Or what new Perpendicular does rise
 Up from her Streams, continu'd to the Skies;
 That between us the common Air should bar,
 And split the Influence of every Star?

But who considers right, will find, indeed,
 'Tis *Holy Island* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
 Nothing but Clergy could us two seclude,
 No *Scotch* was ever like a Bishop's Foe,
 All Litanies in this have wanted Faith;
 There's no Deliver us, from a Bishop's Wrath.
 Never shall *Calvin* pardon'd be for Sales,
 Never for *Barnes's* sake, the *Lauderdale's*?
 For *Becket's* sake *Kent* always shall have Taxes.
 Who Sermons e'er can pacifie and Prayers?
 Or to the Joynt-stools reconcile the Chairs?
 Tho Kingdoms Join, yet Church will Kirk oppose,
 The Mitre still divides, the Crown does close;
 As in *Rogation-Week* they whip us round,
 To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *English* Bound.
 What th' Ocean binds, is by the Bishops rent,
 Then Seas make Islands in our Continent.
 Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
 If the Cathedral still shall have its Miles.
 Nothing, not Bogs, nor Sands, nor Seas, nor *Alps*,
 Separate the World so as the Bishops Scalps.
 Stretch for the Line, their Circingle alone,
 'Twill make a more unhabitable Zone,
 Tho friendly Load-stone has not more combin'd,
 Than Bishops cramp the Commerce of Mankind.
 Had it not been for such a Bias strong,
 Two Nations had ne'er miss'd the Mark so long.
 The World in all doth but two Nations bear,
 The Good; the Bad, and these mixt every where:
 Under each Pole place either of these two;
 The Bad will basely, Good will bravely do.
 And few, indeed, can parallel our Climes,
 For Worth Heroick, or Heroick Crimes:
 The trial would, however, be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a *Scotch* or *English* Vice:
 Or whether the same Virtue would reflect
 From *Scotch* or *English* Heart the same effect.

Nation is all but Name, a *Shiboleth*,
 Where a mistaken Accent causes Death.
 In Paradise Names only Nature show'd;
 At *Babel* Names from Pride and Discord flow'd;
 And ever since Men with a Female Spight,
 First call each other Names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England*, cause of just uproar,
 Do Man and Wife signifie, Rogue and Whore.
 Say but a *Scot*, and straight we fall to Sides;
 That Syllable, like a *Piſs*'s Wall, divides,
 Rational Mens Words, Pledges are of Peace,
 Perverted, serve Dissention to increase.

For shame extirpate from each Loyal Breast,
 That fenceless Rancour against Interest.
 One King, one Faith, one Language, and one *He*;
English and *Scotch*, 'tis all but Cross and Pile.
Charles, our Great Soul, this only understands,
 He our Affections both, and Wills commands.
 And where twin-Sympathies cannot atone,
 Knows the last Secret, how to make us one.

Just so the prudent Husbandman that sees
 The idle Tumult of his factious Bees;
 The Morning Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
 The Hive a Comb-Case, every Bee a Drone;
 Powders them o'er, till none discerns his Foes,
 And all themselves in Meal and Friendship lose.
 The Insect Kingdom straight begins to thrive,
 And all work Honey for the common Hive.

Pardon, young Hero, this so long Transport,
 Thy Death more Noble did the same extort.
 My former Satyr for this Verse forget;
 My Fault against my Recantation set.
 I single did against a Nation write,
 Against a Nation thou didst singly fight.
 My differing Crimes does more thy Virtue raise,
 And such my Rashness best thy Valour praise.

Here *Douglas* smiling said, He did intend,
 After such Frankness shewn, to be his Friend.

Forewarn'd him therefore, lest in time he were
Metempsychos'd to some Scotch Presbyter.

By A. M.

Britannia and Raleigh. By A. Marvell, Esq.

Br. **A** H Raleigh, when thou didst thy Breath resign
To trembling James, would I had quitted
(mine.

Cubs didst thou call them? Hadst thou seen this Broad,
Of Earls, and Dukes, and Princes of the Blood;
No more of Scottish Race thou wouldst complain,
These would be Blessings in this spurious Reign.
Awake, arise from thy long blest repose,
Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.

Ra. What mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my
Oh mighty Queen, why so untimely drest? (rest?

Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,
Whilst the Lewd Court in drunken slumber lies,
I stole away; and never will return,
Till England knows who did her City burn:
Till Cavaliers shall Favourites be deem'd,
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd:
Till Leigh and Galloway shall Bribes reject:
Thus O——ns Golden Cheat I shall detect:
Till Atheist Lauderdale shall leave this Land,
And Commons Votes shall Cut-Nose Guards disband:
Till Kate a happy Mother shall become,
Till Charles loves Parliaments, and James hates Rome.

Ra. What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
Your once lov'd Court, and Martyr's Progeny?

Brit. A Colony of French possess the Court;
Pimps, Priests, Buffoons, in Privy-Chamber sport.
Such slimy Monsters ne'er approacht a Throne
Since Pharaoh's Days, nor so defil'd a Crown.

In sacred Ear *Tyrannick* Arts they croak,
 Pervert his Mind, and good Intention choak :
 Tell him of *Golden Indies*, *Fairy Lands*,
Leviathan, and absolute Commands.
 Thus *Fairy-like* the *King* they steal away,
 And in his room a *Changling Lewis* lay.
 How oft have i him to himself restor'd,
 In's Left the Scale, in's Right-hand plac'd the Sword?
 Taught him their use, what Dangers would ensue
 To them who strive to separate these two ?
 The bloody *Scotish Chronicle* read o'er
 Shew'd him how many Kings in purple Gore
 Were hurk'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Lore*.

}
}

The other day sam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
 In lofty Notes, *Tudor's* blest Race to sing ;
 How *Spain's* proud powers her *Virgin Arms* control'd,
 And golden Days in peaceful Order rould :
 How like ripe Fruit she drop from off her Throne,
 Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds and great Renown.
 As the *Jessean Hero* did appease
Sau's stormy Rage, and stop't his black Disease ;
 So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song suppress't
 The swelling Passion of his canker'd Breast ;
 And in his Heart kind Influences shed
 Of *Countrys* Love, by *Truth* and *Justice* bred :
 Then to perform the Cure so well begun,
 To him I shew'd this glorious setting Sun,
 How by her Peoples Looks pursu'd from far,
 So mounted on a bright Celestial Car
 Out-shinning *Virgo*, or the *Julian* Star.
 Whilst in *Truth's* Mirror this good Scene he spy'd,
 Enter'd a *Dame* bedeck'd with spotted Pride,
 Fair *Flower-de-Luce* within an Azure Field,
 Her left-hand Bears the ancient *Gallick* Shield,
 By her usurp'd ; her Right a bloody Sword,
 Inscrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord ;
 Her tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
 An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears ;

}
}

Around her *Jove's* lewd rav'nous Curs complain,
 Pale Death, Lust, Tortures, fill her pompons Train:
 She from the easy King Truth's Mirrour took,
 And on the ground in spiteful Fall it broke;
 Then frowning, thus, with Proud Disdain, she spoke:
 Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for Kings?
 Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings
 Do *Monarchs* rise by Virtue, or by Sword?
 Who e'er grew Great by keeping of his Word?
 Virtue's a faint *Green-sickness* to brave Souls,
 Dastards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls:
 The Rival God, Monarchs of t'other World,
 This mortal poyson among Princes hurl'd;
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the Great,
 Shall drive them from their proud Celestial Seat,
 If not o'er-aw'd: This new found holy Cheat.
 Those pious Frauds too slight t'insnare the Brave,
 Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t'inslave.
 Bribe hungry Priests, to deify your Might,
 To teach your Will's your only Rule to Right,
 And sound Damnation to all dare deny't.
 Thus Heavens designs 'gainst Heaven you shall turn
 And make them feel those Powers they once did scorn.
 When all the goblin Interest of Mankind,
 By Hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd;
 And by Impostures God and Man betray'd,
 The Church and State you safely may invade:
 So boundless *Lewis* in full Glory shines,
 Whilst your starv'd Power in Legal Fetters pines.
 Shake off those Baby-bands from your strong Arms,
 Henceforth be deaf to that old Witches Charms:
 Taste the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,
 'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
 Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
 A Sacrifice to you their God and King;
 As these grow stale, we'll harrafs Human kind,
 Rack Nature, till new Pleasures you shall find,
 Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind.

Whe

When she had spoke a confus'd Murmur rose,
 Of French, Scotch, Irish, all my mortal Foes:
 Some English too, O shame! disguis'd I spy'd,
 Led all by the wise Son-in-Law of *Hide*:
 With Fury drunk, like *Bacchanals*, they roar,
 Down with that common *Magna Charta* Whore.
 With Joynt Consent, on helpless me they flew,
 And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew,
 My reverend Age expos'd the Scorn and Shame,
 To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick-
 Frequent Addresles to my *Charles* I send, (Game.
 And my sad State did to his Care commend;
 But his fair Soul transform'd by that French Dame,
 Had lost a Sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.
 Like a tame Spinster in's *Seraglio* he sits,
 Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Bastards Chits;
 Lull'd in security, rowling in Lust,
 Resigns his Crown to Angel *Carwell's* Trust,
 Her Creature O — the Revenue steals,
 False *F—b*, Knave *Ang—cy*, misguide the Scales,
Mac-James the Irish Biggots does adore;
 His French and Teague commands on Sea and Shore:
 The Scotch *Sealade* of our Court two Isles,
 False *Lauderdale* with Ordure all defiles.
 Thus the States Night marr'd by this hellish Rout,
 And no one left these Furies to cast out.
 Ah! *Vindex* come, and purge the poyson'd State;
 Descend, descend, e'er the Cure's desperate. (save,
Ral. Once more Great Queen thy Darling strive to
 Snatch him again from Scandal and the Grave:
 Present to's Thoughts his long scorn'd *Parliament*,
 The Basis of his Throne and Government.
 In his deaf Ears sound his dead Father's Name;
 Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim.
 Who knows what good Effects from thence may
 'Tis God-like good to save a falling King. (spring?
Brit. Rawleigh, no more; for long in vain I've try'd,
 The *Stewart* from the Tyrant to divide;

As easily Learn'd *Vertuso's* may
 With the Dogs Blood his gentle Kind convey
 Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn,
 T' the bleating Flock, by him so lately torn.
 If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
 'Tis by no potent Antidote withstood.
Tyrants, like Lep'rous Kings, for publick Weal
 Should be immur'd, lest the Contagion steal
 Over the whole. Th' Elect of th' *Jessean* Line,
 To this firm Law their Scepter did resign:
 And shall this base Tyrannick Brood invade
 Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made?

To the serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
 From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know:
 With her the Prudence of the Ancients read,
 To teach my People in their steps to tread.
 By their great Pattern such a State I'll frame,
 Shall Eternize a glorious lasting Name.
 Till then, my *Raleigh*, teach our noble Youth
 To love Sobriety, and holy Truth.
 Watch and preside over their tender Age,
 Lest Court-Corruption should their Soul engage.
 Teach them how *Arts* and *Arms* in thy young Days
 Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays.
 Tell them the generous Scorn their rise does owe
 To Flattery, Pimping, and a Gawdy Show.
 Teach them to scorn the *Carwells*, *Portsmouths*, *Nells*,
 The *Clevelands*, O——ns, *Berties*, *Lauderdale*s,
Poppea, *Tegoline*, and *Arteria's* Name,
 Who yield to these in Lewdness, Lust and Fame.
 Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sidneys*, *Veros*,
Drake, *Car'dish*, *Blake*; Men void of slavish Fears,
 True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
 On whose fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait:
 When with fierce Ardour their bright Souls do burn,
 Back to my dearest Country I'll return.
Tarquin's just Judge, and *Cesar's* equal Peers,
 With them I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.

Publics with healing Hands shall pour
 Balm in their Wounds, and shall their Life restore:
Greek Arts, and *Roman* Arms, in her conjoyn'd
 Shall *England* raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind.
 As *Yove's* great Son th' infested Globe did free
 From noxious Monsters, hell-born Tyranny:
 So shall my *England* in a Holy War,
 In Triumph lead chain'd Tyrants from a far:
 Her true *Crusado* shall at last pull down
 The *Turk's* Crescent, and the *Persian* Sun.
 Freed by thy Labours, Fortunate, Blest Isle,
 The Earth shall rest, the Heav'n shall on thee smile;
 And this kind Secret for Reward shall give,
 No poyson'd Tyrants on thy Earth shall live.

Advice to a Painter. By A. Marvel, Esq.

Spread a large Canvas, *Painter*, to contain
 The great *Assembly*, and the num'rous Train;
 Where all about him shall in Triumph sit
 Abhorring *Wisdom*, and despising *Wit*;
 Hating all *Justice*, and resolv'd to Fight,
 To rob their native Country of their Right.
 First draw his *Higness* prostrate to the South,
 Adoring *Rome*, this Label in his Mouth,
 Most holy *Father*! being joyn'd in League
 With *Father Patrick*, *D—by*, and with *Teague*;
 Thrown at your Sacred Feet, *I humbly bow*,
 I, and the wise *Associates* of my Vow;
 A Vow, nor *Fire*, nor *Sword* shall ever end,
 Till all this *Nation* to your *Foot-stool* bend.
 Thus arm'd with Zeal and Blessing from your Hands,
 I'll raise my *Papists*, and my *Irish* Bands,
 And by a noble well-contriv'd Plot,
 Manag'd by wise *Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scot*;

Prove

Prove to the World, I'll make old *England* know,
 That *common Sense* is my *eternal Foe*,
 I ne'er can *fight* in a more *glorious Cause*,
 Than to destroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*;
 Their *House of Commons* and their *House of Lords*;
 Their *Parliament Presidents*, and dull *Records*,
 Shall *these* e'er dare to contradict my *Will*,
 And think a *Prince o' th' Blood* can e'er do ill?
 It is our *Birth-right* to have *Power* to kill.
 Shall they e'er dare to think they shall decide
 The way to *Heaven*? And who shall be my *Guide*?
 Shall they pretend to say, That *Bread* is *Bread*,
 If we affirm it is a *God* indeed?
 Or there's no *Purgatory* for the *Dead*?
 That *Extreme Unction* is but common *Oyl*,
 And not infallible the *Roman Soil*.
 I'll have these *Villains* in our *Notions* rest?
 And I do say it, therefore it's the best.

Next, *Painter*, draw his *Mordant* by his *Side*,
 Conveying his *Religion*, and his *Bride*:
 He who long since abjur'd the *Royal-Line*,
 Does now in *Popery* with his *Master* join:
 Then draw the *Princess* with her *Golden Locks*,
 Hastning to be envenom'd with the *P——x*.
 And in her youthful *Veins* receive a *Wound*;
 Which sent *N. H.* before her under *Ground*;
 The *Wound* of which the tainted *C——ret* fades,
 Laid up in store for a new *Set* of *Maids*.
 Poor *Princess*! born under a fullen *Star*;
 To find such *Welcome* when you came so far.
 Better some jealous *Neighbour* of your own
 Had call'd you to a sound tho' petty *Throne*:
 Where 'twixt a wholesome *Husband* and a *Page*,
 You might have linger'd out a lazy *Age*,
 That on dull *Hopes* of being here a *Queen*;
 E're *Twenty* die, and rot before *Fifteen*.

Now, *Painter*, shew us in the blackest *Dye*,
 The *Counsellors* of all this *Villany*.

State-Affairs

91

Clifford, who first appear'd in humble Guise,
Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wise;
But when he came to act upon the Stage,
He prov'd the mad *Catharine* of our Age.
He, and his *Duke*, had both too great a Mind,
To be by *Justice*, or by *Law*, confin'd:
Their doiling Heads can bear no other Sounds,
Then Fleets and Armies, Battles, Blood and Wounds;
And to destroy our Liberty, they hope
By Irish Fools, and an old doting Pope.

Next, *Tallot*, must by his good Master stand,
Laden with Folly, Fleth, and all good Land:
He's of a fine indeet to fill a *Punch*,
But never can make a *Pillar* of the Church;
His Sword is all his Arg'ment, not his Book,
Altho no Scholar, he can act the Quack;
And will cut Throats again, if he be paid;
In th' Irish Shambles he first learn'd the Trade.

Then *Painter* shew thy Skill, and in fit place
Let's see the *Nuncio* *Arundel's* sweet Face;
Let the Beholders by thy Art espy
His *Sense* and *Soul*, as squinting at his Eye.

Let *Bellaf's* autumnal Face be seen,
Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*;
Who trusting in him, was by him betray'd,
And so shall we when his Advic's obey'd.
The *Hero* once got Honour by his Sword,
He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word;
And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
And Pimps to have his Family defil'd.

Next *Painter* draw the Rabble of the Blot,
German, *Fitz-Gerald*, *Loftus*, *Porter*, *Scot*:
These are fit Heads indeed, to turn a State,
And change the Order of a Nation's Fate;
Ten Thousand such as these shall ne'er controul
The smallest Atom of an *English* Soul.

Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands,
Defying all their Heads, and all their Hands.

Its

Its steady Basis never could be shook,
 When wiser Men her Ruin undertook ;
 And can her Guardian-Angel let her stoop
 At last, to Mad-men, Fools and to the Pope ?
 No Painter, no ; close up this Piece, and see
 This Crowd of Traytors hang'd in Effigie.

To the KING.

Great Charles, who full of Mercy would'st command
 In Peace and Pleasure this thy Native Land ;
 At last take Pity of thy tottering Throne,
 Shook by the Faults of others, not thine down.
 Let not thy Life and Crown together end ;
 Destroy'd by a false Brother, and a Friend.
 Observe the Danger that appears so near,
 That all your Subjects do each Minute fear :
 One drop of Poyson, or a Popish Knife,
 Ends all the Joys of England with thy Life.
 Brothers, 'tis true, by Nature, should be kind ;
 But a too zealous and ambitious Mind,
 Bribe'd with a Crown on Earth, and one above,
 Harbours no Friendship, Tenderness, or Love :
 See in all Ages what Examples are
 Of Monarchs murder'd by th' impatient *Heir*.
 Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'er believe,
 Till the Stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve.

Nostradamus's Prophecy. By A. Marvel, Esq;.

FOR Faults and Follies London's Doom shall fix
 And she must sink in Flames in Sixty-six ;
 Fire-Balls shall fly, but few shall see the Train,
 As far as from Whitehall to Pudding-Lane ;
 To burn the City which again shall rise,
 Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the Skies,

Where

Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
 (Tho its Walls stand) shall bring the City low'r :
 When Legislators shall the Trust betray,
 Saving their own, shall give the rest away ;
 And those false Men by th' easy People sent,
 Give Taxes to the King by *Parliament* ;
 When barefac'd Villains shall not blush to cheat,
 And Chequer Doors shall shut up *Lombard-street* :
 When Players come to Act the part of *Queens*,
 Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
 When *Sodomy* shall be prime Min'sters Sport,
 And *Whoring* shall be the least Crime at Court ;
 When Boys shall take their Sisters for their Mate,
 And practise *Incest* between seven and Eight :
 When no Man knows in whom to put his trust,
 And e'en to rob the Chequer shall be just :
 When Declarations, Lies, and every Oath
 Shall be in use at Court, but Faith and Truth.
 When two good Kings shall be at *Brentford Town*,
 And when in *London* there shall be not one ;
 When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,
 Whom wise Men laugh at, and whom Women rule ;
 A Min'ster able only in his Tongue,
 To make harsh empty Speeches two hours long :
 When an old *Scotch* Covenanter shall be
 The Champion for th' *English* Hierarchy :
 When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,
 And strive by Law t'establish Tyranny :
 When a lean Treasurer shall in one Year
 Make himself fat, his King and People bare :
 When th' *English* Prince shall *English* men despise,
 And think *French* only Loyal, *Irish* Wise :
 When *Wooden Shoon* shall be the *English* wear,
 And *Magna Charta* shall no more appear ;
 Then th' *English* shall a greater Tyrant know,
 Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story show ;
 Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's spoil,
 With Groans to fill his Treasury they toil ;

But

But like the *Bellides*, must sigh in vain;
 For that still fill'd, flows out as fast again:
 Then they with envious Eyes shall *Belgium* see,
 And wish in vain *Venetian* Liberty.

The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,
 Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's Ghost.

IT happen'd in the twy-light of the Day,
 As *England's* Monarch in his Closet lay,
 And *Chiffinch* step'd to fetch the Female Prey,
 The bloody shape of *Godfrey* did appear,
 And in sad Vocal sounds these things declare.
 ' Behold, Great Sir, I from the Shades am sent,
 ' To shew these Wounds that did your Fall prevent,
 ' My panting Ghost, as Envoy, comes to call,
 ' And warn you, lest, like me, y^e untimely fall;
 ' Who against Law your Subjects Lives pursue,
 ' By the same Rule may dare to murder you.
 ' I, for *Religion, Laws, and Liberties*,
 ' Am mangled thus, and made a Sacrifice.
 ' Think what befel Great *Egypt's* hardened King,
 ' Who scorn'd the Prophets oft admonishing.
 ' Shake off your Brandy-slumbers; for my Words
 ' More Truth than all your close Cabal affords;
 ' A Court you have with Luxury o'er-grown,
 ' And all the Vices e'er in Nature known;
 ' Where Pimps and Pandors in their Coaches ride,
 ' And in Lampoons and Songs your Lust deride.
 ' Old Bawds & slighted Whores, there tell with shame
 ' The dull Romance of our Lascivious Flame.
 ' Players and Scaramoches are your Joy;
 ' Priests and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy:
 ' Still so profuse, you are insolvent grown,
 ' A mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne.

' Your nauseous Palate the worst Food doth crave ;
 ' No wholsom Viands can an Entrance have :
 ' Each Night you lodge in that *French Syren's* Arms,
 ' She straight betrays you with her wanton Charms ;
 ' Works on your Heart,softned with Love and Wine,
 ' And then betrays you to some *Philistine*.
 ' Imperial Lust does o'er your Scepter sway ;
 ' And tho a *Sovereign*, makes you to obey.
 ' She that from *Lisbon* came with such Renown,
 ' And to enrich you with the *Africk* Town ;
 ' In nature mild, and gentle as a Dove ;
 ' Yet for Religion can a *Serpent* prove :
 ' Priest-rid with Zeal, she plots, and did design
 ' To cut your Thread of Life, as well as mine ;
 ' Yet Thoughts so stupid have your *Soul* possess'd,
 ' As if enchanted by some Magick Priest :
 ' There's no Example urge you to relent,
 ' You pardon guilty, punish innocent.
 ' Next he who 'gainst the *Senate's* Vote did wed,
 ' Took defil'd *H.* and *Este* to his Bed.
 ' Fiend in his Face, Apostate in his Name,
 ' Contriv'd to Wars to your eternal shame.
 ' He ancient Laws and Liberties defies ;
 ' On standing Guards and new rais'd Force relies.
 ' The *Teague* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,
 ' And fain he would be mounted one step higher.
 ' All this by you must needs be plainly seen,
 ' And yet he awes you with his daring *Spleen*.
 ' Th' unhappy Kingdom suffer'd much of old,
 ' When *Spencer* and loose *Gaveston* controul'd ;
 ' Yet they by just Decrees were timely sent
 ' To suffer a perpetual Banishment.
 ' But your bold *Statesmen* nothing can restrain,
 ' Their most enormous Courses you maintain.
 ' They like those head-strong Horses of the Sun,
 ' Guided by the unskilful *Phaeton* :
 ' Your tottering Chariot bears through uncouth ways,
 ' Till the next World's inflamed with your Rays.
 ' Witness

' Witness that Man, who had for divers Years
 ' Pay'd the *brib'd Commons Pensions* and *Arrears* ;
 ' Tho your Exchequer was at his Command,
 ' Durst not before his just Accusers stand :
 ' His Crimes and Treasons of so black a hue,
 ' None dare to prove his Advocote but you.
 ' Who e'er within your Palace Walls remain,
 ' Abhor your Actions, serve you but but for Gain
 ' The *Assyrians* (as Histories relate)
 ' Had once a King grown so Effeminate ;
 ' All State-Affairs seem'd irksome in his sight,
 ' In Spinning-Wheels he plac'd his whole delight :
 ' With his lewd *Strumpet-Crew* he did retire,
 ' Condemn'd and loath'd, he set himself on fire,
 ' And only in this Act the World did own,
 ' The greatest Manhood of his Life was shown.
 ' Rome ne'er to such a glorious State had grown,
 ' Had not Luxurious *Traquin* there been known,
 ' A single Rape was deem'd such a Disgrace,
 ' They Extirpate his odious Name and Race :
 ' Tho he from *Tuscan* Kings did succour crave,
 ' Yet they with Arms pursu'd him to the Grave :
 ' Ingenuous People always have withstood,
 ' What stains their Honour, or the publick Good.
 ' Trust not in Prelates false Divinity,
 ' Who wrong their Prince, and shame their Deity,
 ' Making their God so partial in their Cause,
 ' Exempting Kings alone from human Laws ;
 ' These lying Oracles they did infuse
 ' Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuse.
 ' Their strong Delusions did him so inthral,
 ' No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.
 ' Repent in time, and banish from your sight
 ' The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, Church-Parasite
 ' Let Innocence deck your remaining Days,
 ' That after-Ages may unfold your Praise :
 ' So may Historians in new methods write,
 ' And draw a Curtain 'twixt your black and white.

' The Ghost spake thus, groan'd thrice, & said no more ;
 ' Straight in came *Chiffinch*, hand in hand, with Whore ;
 ' The King, tho much concern'd 'twixt Joy and Fear,
 ' Starts from the Couch, and bids the Dame draw near.

An Historical Poem. By A. Marvel, Esq;

OF a Tall Stature and of Sable Hue ;
 Much like the Son of *Kish*, that lofty Jew :
 Twelve years compleat he suffered in Exile,
 And kept his Fathers Asses all the while.
 At length by wonderful impulse of Fate,
 The People call him home to help the State ;
 And what is more, they send him Money too,
 And clothe him all from Head to Foot, anew.
 Nor did he such small Favours then disdain,
 But in his Thirtieth year began his Reign :
 In a flash Doublet then he came ashore,
 And dubb'd poor *Palmer's* Wife his Royal Wh——.
 Bishops and Deans, Peers, Pimps, and Knights he made,
 Things highly fitting for a Monarch's trade ;
 With Women, Wine and Viands of Delight,
 His Jolly Vassals feast him Day and Night :
 But the best times have ever some allay,
 His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.
 Bold *James* survives, no Dangers make him flinch ;
 He marries Seignior *Fal——b's* Pregnant Wench :
 The pious Mother Queen hearing her Son
 Was thus enamour'd on a Butter'd Bun ;
 And that the Fleet was gone in Pomp and State
 To fetch for *Charles*, the Flow'ry *Lisbon Kate*,
 She chaunts *Te Deum*, and so comes away,
 To wish her hopeful Issue timely Joy ;
 Her most Uxorious Mate she rul'd of old,
 Why not with easy Youngsters make as Bold ?
 From the *French* Court she haughty Topicks brings,
 Deludes their Pliant Nature with vain things ;

H

Her

Her Mischief-breeding Breast did so prevail,
 The new-got Flemish Town was set to sale;
 For these and *German*s Sins she founds a Church,
 So slips away, and leaves us in the Lurch.
 Now the Court-sins did every Place defile,
 And Plagues and War fell heavy on the Isle.
 Pride nourish'd Folly, Folly a Delight
 With the *Batavian* Commonwealth to fight:
 But the *Dutch* Fleet fled suddenly with Fear,
 Death and the Duke so dreadful did appear.
 The dreadful Victor took his soft Repose,
 Scorning pursuit of such Mechanick Foes.

But now *T—k's* Genitals grew over-hot,
 With *D—bam* and *Carneig's* infected Plot;
 Which with Religions so inflam'd his Ire,
 He left the City when 'twas got on Fire:
 So *Philip's* Son, inflamed with a Miss,
 Burnt down the Palace of *Persopolis*.
 Foil'd thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* woos,
 And with the *Dutch* a second War renews.
 But here his *French*-bred Prowess prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole-Bay* again.

This Isle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
 Whilst the brave *Tudors* wore th' Imperial Crown;
 But since the Royal Race of *St—s* came,
 It has recoil'd to Popery, and Shame.
 Misguided Monarchs, rarely Wise and Just;
 Tainted with Pride and with impetuous Lust.

Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
 Or count the various Blemishes of State,
 My Muse would on the Reader's Patience grate.

The poor *Priapus* King led by the Nose,
 Looks as a thing set up to scare the Crows;
 Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinstrian sport,
 Outdoes *Tiberius*, and his Goatish Court.
 In Loves Delight none did em e'er excel,
 Not *Terens* with his Sister *Philomel*.

As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
And gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutchess treat.
What sad Event attended on the same,
We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.

The *Senate*, which should head-strong Princes stay,
Lets loose the Reins, and gives the Realm away;
With lavish *Manels* they constant Tributes give,
And Annual Stipends for their Guilt receive;
Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
To the Black Idol for an Offering.
All but Religious Cheats might justly swear,
He true Vicegerent to old *Moloch* were.

Priests were the first Deluders of Mankind,
Who with vain Faith made all their Reason blind;
Not *Lacifer* himself more proud than they,
And yet perswade the World they must obey;
'Gainst Avarice and Luxury complain,
And practise all the Vices they arraign.
Riches and Honour they from Lay-men reap,
And with dull *Crambo* feed the silly Sheep.
As *Kilgrew* buffoons his Master, they
Droll on their God, but a much duller way;
With *Hocus Pocus*, and their Heavenly Sight
They gain on tender Consciences at Night.
Whoever has an over zealous Wife,
Becomes the Priest's *Amphitrio*, during Life.
Who would such Men Heaven's Messengers believe;
Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive?
Asa's wretched Corates Legerdemain'd it so,
And never durst their Tricks above-board show.

When our first Parents Paradise did grace,
The *Serpent* was the Prelate of the Place.
Fond *Eve* did for this subtil Tempter's sake;
From the forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
His God and Lord this Preacher did betray,
To have the weaker Vessel made his Prey;
Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
The chiefest Blessings *Adam's* Chaplain got.

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws detest,
And trace the ways fantastick of a Priest;
Till native Reasons basely forc'd to yield,
And Hosts of upstart Errors gain the Field.

My Muse presum'd a little to digress,
And touch their holy Function with my Verse;
Now to the State again she tends direct,
And does on Giant *Lauderdale* reflect.

This haughty Monster, with his ugly Claws,
First temper'd Poyson to destroy our Laws;
Declares the Council's Edicts are beyond
The most Authentick Statues of the Land:
Sets up in *Scotland* A-la-mode *de France*;
Taxes, Excise, and Armies does advance.
This *Saracen* his Country's Freedom broke,
To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke:
This is the Savage Pimp without dispute,
First brought his Mother for a Prostitute.
Of all the Miscreants e'er went to Hell,
This Villain Rampant bears away the Bell.
Now must my Muse deplore the Nation's Fate,
Like a true Lover, for her dying Mate.

The Royal Evil so malignant grows,
Nothing the dire Contagion can oppose.
In our Weal publick scarce one thing succeeds,
For one man's weakness a whole Nation bleeds,
Ill-luck starts up, and thrives like evil weeds,
Let *Cromwell's* Ghost smile with contempt to see
Old *England* struggling under Slavery.

His meager Highness now has got astride,
Does on *Britannia*, as on *Churchil*, ride.

White-liver'd D—— for his swift Jack-all,
To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to master all.

Clifford and *Hide* before had lost the Day;
One hang'd himself, the other ran away.
'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail,
But O——ne and the D——ke must needs prevail.

The Duke now vaunts with *Papish* Mirmidons ;
 Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,
 Are *Man'd* by him, or by his *Holiness*,
 Bold *Irish* Ruffians to his Court address :
 This is the Colony to plant his Knaves,
 From hence he picks and culls his Murdering Braves.
 Here for an Ensign, or Lieutenant's place,
 They'll kill a Judg or Justice of the Peace.
 At his Command *Mac* will do any thing ;
 He'll burn a City, or destroy a King.
 From *Tiber* came th' Advice-Boat monthly home,
 And brought new Lessons to the Duke from *Rome*.
 Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Counsels dire,
 The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inspire:
 Heaven had him Chieftain of *Great Britain* made,
 Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid ;
 Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
 His Brother, sneaking Heretick, should die.
 A Priest should do it, from whose sacred stroke,
 All *England* strait should fall beneath his Yoke.
 God did renounce him, and his Cause disown,
 And in his stead had plac'd him on his Throne.
 From *Saul* the Land of promise thus was rent,
 And *Jesse's* Son plac'd in the Government.
 The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cause,
 And Monarchs are above all Human Laws.

Thus said the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
 Who straight design'd his Brother to supplant :
 Fiends of Ambition here his Soul possess'd,
 And thirst of Empire calentur'd his Breast.

Hence Ruin and Destruction had ensu'd,
 And all the People been in Blood imbru'd,
 Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
 And stop't his Malice in its full career.

Be wise, you Sons of Men, tempt God no more,
 To give you Kings in's wrath to vex you sore :
 If a King's Brother can such mischiefs bring,
 Then how much greater mischiefs such a King ?

*Hodge's Vision from the Monument, December
1675. By A. Marvell, Esq.*

*A Country Clown call'd Hodge, went up to view
The Pyramid; pray mark what did ensue.*

WHen Hodge had numbred up how many score
The airy Pyramid contain'd, he swore,
No Mortal Wight e'er climb'd so high before:
To the best vantage plac'd he views around
Th' Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets crown'd;
That wealthy Storehouse of the bounteous Flood,
Whose peaceful Tides o'reflow our Land with Good:
Confused Forms flit by his wandring Eyes,
And his rapt Soul's o'erwhelm'd with Extracies:
Some God it seems has enter'd his plain Breast,
And with's Abode the rustick *Mansion* blest;
Almighty Change he feels in every part,
Light shines in's Eyes, and Wisdom rules his Heart:
So when her pious Son fair *Venus* shew'd
His flaming *Troy*, with slaughter'd *Dardans* strew'd;
She purg'd his Opticks, fill'd with mortal Night,
And *Troy's* sad Doom he read by Heaven's Light.
Such Light Divine broke on the clouded Eyes
Of humble *Hodge*.

Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policies,
The circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries:
He Views, Discerns, Uncyphers, Penetrates,
From *Charles's* Dukes, to *Europe's* armed States.
First he beholds proud *Rome* and *France* combin'd,
By double Vassalage t' enslave Mankind;
That wou'd the Soul, this wou'd the Body sway,
Their Bulls and Edicts none must disobey.
For these with War sad *Europe* they inflame,
Rome says for God, and *France* declares for Fame:
See Sons of *Satan*, know Religion's force:
Is Gentleness, Fame bought with Blood a Curse.

He whom all stil'd Delight of humane Kind,
 Justice and Mercy, Truth with Honour join'd ;
 His kindly Rays cherish the teeming Earth,
 And struggling Virtue blest with prosperous Birth ;
 Like Chaos you the tott'ring Globe invade,
 Religion cheat, and War ye make a Trade.
 Next the lewd Palace of the Plotting King,
 To's Eyes new Scenes of Frantick Folly bring ;
 Behold (says he) the Fountain of our Woe,
 From whence our Vices and our Ruin flow :
 Here Parents their own Off-spring prostitute,
 By such vile Arts t'obtain some viler Suit ;
 Here blooming Youth adore *Priapus* Shrine,
 And Priests pronounce him Sacred and Divine.
 The *Gamist* God behold in his *Alcove*,
 (The secret Scene of Damn'd incestuous Love)
 Melting in Lust, and drunk like *Lot* he lies
 Betwixt two bright Daughter-Divinities :
 Oh ! that like *Saturn* he had eat his Brood,
 And had been thus stain'd with their impious Blood,
 He had in that less Ill, more Manhood shew'd.
 Cease, cease, (O C——) thus to pollute our Isle,
 Return, return to thy long wish'd Exile ;
 There with thy Court defile thy Neighbour-States,
 And with their Crimes precipitate their Fates.
 See where the Duke in damn'd Divan does sit,
 To's vast Designs wracking his Pigmy Wit ;
 Whilst a Choice Senate of th' *Ignatian* Crew,
 The ways to Murder, Treason, Conquest shew.
 Dissenters they oppress with Laws severe,
 That whilst to wound those Innocents, we fear,
 Their cursed Sect we may be forc'd to spare.
 Twice the Reform'd must fight a Bloody Prize,
 That *Rome* and *France* may on their Ruin rise.
 Old *Banner* single *Hereticks* did burn,
 These Reform'd Cities into Ashes turn,
 And every Year new Fires make us mourn.

Ireland stands ready for his Crpel Reign ;
 Well fatned once, she gapes for Blood again,
 For Blood of *English* Martyrs basely slain.
 Our valiant Youth abroad must learn the Trade
 Of unjust War, their Country to invade,
 Whilst others here do guard us, to prepare
 Our galled Necks his Iron Yoke to bear.
 Lo how the Wight already is betray'd,
 And *Bashaw Holmes* does the poor Isle invade ;
 T'ensure the Plot, *France* must her Legions lend
Rome to restore, and to enthrone *Rome's* Friend :
 'Tis in return, *James* does our Fleet betray ;
 (That Fleet whose Thunder made the World obey ;)
 Ships once our safety, and our glorious might,
 Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenness to fight ;
 Whilst *France* rides Sovereign o'er the *British Main*,
 Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen ta'ne.
 Thus this rash *Phaeton* with fury hurl'd,
 And rapid Rage consumes our *British* World.
 Blast him, Oh Heavens ! in his mad Career,
 And let this Isle no more his Frenzy fear.
 C——J——, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,
 False to thy self, but to thy Friend much more ;
 To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope, [*Coleman*.
 Whilst with pretended Joy he kiss'd the Rope :
 O'whelm'd with Guilt, and gasping out a Lie,
 Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou let'st him Die,
 With equal Gratitude and Charity.
 In spite of *Jermin*, and of Black-mouth'd Fame,
 This S—— Trick legitimates thy Name.
 With one consent we all her Death desire,
 Who durst her Husband's and her King's conspire ;
 And now just Heaven's prepar'd to set us free,
 Heaven and our Hopes are both oppos'd by thee.
 Thus fondly thou do'st *Hide's* old Treason own,
 Thus mak'st thy new suspected Treason known.
 Bless me ! What's that at *Westminster* I see ?
 That piece of Legislative Pageantry !

To our dear *James*, has *Rome* her Conclave lent ?
 Or has *Charles* bought the *Paris Parliament* ?
 None else would promote *James* with so much Zeal,
 Who by Proviso hopes the Crown to steal :
 See how in humble guise the Slaves advance,
 To tell a Tale of Army, and of *France*.
 Whilst proud Prerogative in scornful Guise,
 Their Fear, Love, Duty, Danger does despise ;
 There in a brib'd Committee they contrive
 To give our Birth-rights to Prerogative :
 Give, did I say ? They sell, and sell so dear,
 That half each Tax *D——y* distributes there.
D——y, 'tis fit the price so great should be,
 They sell Religion, sell their Liberty.
 These Vipers have their Mothers Entrails torn,
 And wou'd by force a second time be born ;
 They haunt the place to which you once were sent,
 This Ghost of a departed Parliament. *Octob. the*
Gibbets and Halters Countrymen prepare, 15th. 76.
 Let none, let none, their Renegadoes spare.
 When that Day comes, we'll part the Sheep and Goats,
 The spruce brib'd *Monsieurs* from the true Grey Coats.
 New Parliaments, like *Manna*, all Tastes please,
 But kept too long, our Food turns our Disease ;
 From that loath'd sight, *Hodge* turn'd his weeping Eyes,
 And *London* thus alarms with Loyal Cries.
 The common Danger does approach so nigh,
 This stupid Town sleeps in Security :
 Out of your Golden dream awake, awake,
 Your All, your All, tho you see't not's at Stake ;
 More dreadful Fires approach your falling Town,
 Than those that burnt your stately Structures down,
 Such fatal Fires as once in *Smithfield* shone. }
 If then ye stay till *Edwards* Orders give, *Mayer.*
 No mortal Arm your Safety can retrieve ;
 See how with Golden Baits the crafty *Gaul*
 Has brib'd our Geese to yield the Capitol ;

And

And will ye tamely see your selves betray'd ?
 Will none stand up in our dear Country's Aid ?
 Self-preservation, Nature's first great Law;
 All the Creation, except Man, does awe ;
 'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Priests defac'd
 His Heav'n-born Mind, and Nature's Tablets raz'd.
 Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd
 By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* seal'd :
 If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,
 It is the grand Prerogative of all :
 If to do ill unpunish'd be their Right,
 Such Powers not granted that great King of Night,
 Man's Life moves on the Poles of hope and fear,
 Reward and Pain all Orders do revere.
 But if your dear Lord Sov'raign you would spare,
 Admonish him in his Blood-thirsty Heir :
 So when the Royal Lion does offend,
 The beaten Curs example makes him mend.
 This said poor *Hodge*, then in a broken tone,
 Cry'd out, Oh *Charles* ! thy Life, thy Life, thy Crown ;
 Ambitious *James*, and Bloody Priests conspire,
 Plots, Papiſts, Murders, Massacre, and Fire ;
 Poor Protestants ! With that his Eyes did roll,
 His Body fell, out fled his frightened Soul.

*A Dialogue between two Horses. By Andrew
 Marvell, Esq ; 1674.*

The Introduction.

WE read in profane and sacred Records
 Of Beasts, that have utter'd *Articulate Words* ;
 When *Maggies* and *Parrots* cry, *Walk Knaves, walk*,
 It 'tis a clear proof that Birds too may talk.
 And Statues without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
 Have spoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues :

Livy

Livy tells a strange Story, can hardly be fellow'd,
 That a sacrific'd Ox when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which as grave Authors tell you,
 Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Frier Bacon had a Head that spake, made of Brasse;
 And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Ass.
 At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones now and then
 Have to Questions return'd Articulate Answers. (Sirs,
 All *Papists* Believers think something divine,
 When Images speak, possesseth the Shrine:
 But they that *Faith Catholick* ne'er understood,
 When Shrines give Answer, as Knaves, on the Rood;
 Those Idols ne'er spoke, but are Miracles done
 By the Devil, a Priest, a Fryer or a Nun.
 If the *Roman* Church, good Christians, oblige ye
 To believe Man and Beast have spoke in Effigie,
 Why should we not credit the publick Discourses
 In a Dialogue between two Inanimate Horses?
 The Horses, I mean of *Wool-Church* and *Charing*——
 Who told many Truths worth any Man's hearing.
 Since *Viner* and *Osborn* did buy, and provide 'em,
 For the two mighty Monarchs that now do bestride 'em.
 The stately brass Stallion, and the white Marble Steed,
 One Night came together, by all 'tis agreed;
 When both Kings being weary of sitting all Day,
 Were stollen off *Incognito* each his own way.
 And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes,
 Not only discours'd, but fell to Disputes.

The Dialogue.

W. Quoth marble Horse, it would make a Stone speak,
 To see a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lombard-street* break:
 Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
 When both Knaves agreed to be each others Brother.
C. Here *Charing* broke forth, and thus he went on,
 My Brass is provoked as much as thy Stone,

To

To see Church and State bow down to a Whore,
 And the Kings chief *Minister* holding the Door;
 The Money of Widows and Orphans imploy'd,
 And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whores
W. To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne, (Pride.
 And the K—s wicked Life say, God there is none.
C. That he should be stil'd Defender of the Faith,
 Who believes not a jot what the Word of God saith.
W. That the D— should turn Papist, & that Church defy,
 For which his own Father a Martyr did die.
C. Tho he chang'd his Religion, I hope he's so civil,
 Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.
W. That Bondage and Beggary sho'd be in a Nation,
 By a curst House of Commons, and a blest Restoration.
C. To see a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
 And scarce a wise Man at a long Council-board.
W. That the Bank sho'd be seiz'd, yet the Cheq. so poor,
Lord ha' Mercy, and a *Cross* might be set on the door.
C. That a Million and half should be the Revenue,
 Yet the King of his Debts pay no man a Penny.
W. That a K— should consume three Kingdoms Estates,
 And yet all the Court be as poor as Church-Rats.
C. That of four Seas Dominion and of their guarding,
 No token sho'd appear but a poor Copper Farthing,
W. Our Worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatham*,
 Not our Trade to secure, but for Fools to come at 'em.
C. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli's* scorn,
 By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Leghorn*.
W. That making us Slaves by Horse and Foot-Guard,
 For restoring the King shall be all our reward.
C. The basest ingratitude ever was heard,
 But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.
W. On *Harry* the VII's Head, he that placed the Crown,
 Was after rewarded by losing his own.
C. That Parliament-men should rail at the Court,
 And get good Preferments immediately for't.
 To see them that suffer both for Father and Son,
 And helped to bring the latter to the Throne:
 That

That with their Lives and Estates did loyally serve,
And yet for all this, can nothing deserve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferments deni'd 'em,
The *Roundheads* insult, and the *Courtiers* deride 'em.
And none get Preferments; but who will betray
Their Country to ruin, 'tis that ope's the way
Of the bold talking Members.——

W.—— If the Bastards you add,

What a number of rascally Lords have been made.

C. That Traitors roth' Country in a brib'd House of C.
Should give away Millions at every Summons.

W. Yet some of those Givers, such beggarly Villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty Shillings.

C. No wonder that Beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what's given, do get a good living.

W. Four Knights & a Knave, who were Burgesses made,
For selling their Consciences were liberally paid.

C. How base are the Souls of such low prized Sinners,
Who vote with the Country for Drink & for Dinners.

W. 'Tis they that brought on us this scandalous Yoke,
Of excising our Cups, and taxing our Smoak.

C. But thanks to the Whores who made the K- dogged,
For giving no more the R—— are prorogued.

W. That a King should endeavour to make a War cease,
Which augments and secures his own Profit & Peace.

C. And Plenipotentiaries sent into *France*, (Brains.
With an addle-headed Knight, and a Lord without

W. That the King should send for another *French* Whore,
When one already had made him so poor:

C. The Misses take place, and advance to be Dutcheßs,
With Pomp great as Queens in their Coach and six
Horses:

Their Bastards made Dukes, Earls, Viscounts & Lords,
And all the High Titles that Honour affords.

W. While these Brats and their Mothers do live in such
plenty,

The Nation's empoverisht, and the Chequer quite
empty:

And

And tho War was pretended when the Money was
lent,

More on Whores than in Ships, or in War, hath
been spent.

C. Enough, dear Brother, altho we speak Reason ;
Yet truth many times being punish'd for Treason,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongue,
Bold speaking hath done both Men and Beasts wrong.
When the Ass so boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knowest what danger was like to come of it ;
Tho the Beast gave his Master ne'er an ill' word,
Instead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wish'd for a Sword.

W. Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have said :
Our Riders are absent, who is't that can hear ?
Let's be true to our selves, who then need we fear ?
Where is thy K—gone ? (Ch.) To see Bishop *Land*.

W. To cuckold a Scriv'ner, mine's in Masquerade ;
On such Occasions he oft strays away,
And returns to remount me about break.. of Day.
In very dark Nights sometimes you may find him
With a Harlot got up on my Crupper behind him.

C. Pause Brother a while, and calmly consider
What thou hast to say against my *Royal Rider*.

W. Thy Priest-ridden King turn'd desperate fighter
For the *Surplice*, *Lawn-sleeves*, the *Cross* & the *Mitre* ;
Till at last on the Scaffold he was left in the lurch
By Knaves, that cry'd up themselves for the Church,
Arch-Bishops and Bishops, Arch-Deacons and Deans.

C. Thy King will ne'er fight unless't be for *Quakers*.

W. He that dies for Ceremonies, dies like a Fool ;

C. The K—on thy back is a lamentable Tool.

W. The Goat and the Lyon I equally hate,
And Freeman alike value Life and Estate :
Tho the Father and Son be different Rods,
Between the two Scourges we find little odds ;
Both infamous stand in three Kingdoms Votes,
This for Picking our Pockets, that for Cutting our
Throats :
C.

C. More tolerable are the Lion King's Slaughters,
Than the Goat-making Whores of our Wives, and
our Daughters.

The Debauched and Cruel since they equally gall us,
I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus*.

W. One of the two Tyrants must still be our Case,
Under all that shall reign of the false S ——— *Rage*,
De Witt and *Cromwell* had each a brave Soul,
I freely declare it, I am for old *Nell*;

Tho his Government did a Tyrant resemble,
He made *England* great, and his Enemies tremble.

C. Thy Rider puts no man to Death in his Wrath,
But is bury'd alive in Lust and in Sloth.

W. What is thy Opinion of *James Duke of York*?

C. The same that the Frogs had of *Jupiter's* Stork,
With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick's* Disciples will make *England* smart.
If e'er he be King, I know *Bryan's* Doom,
We must all to a Stake, or be Conquerors to *Rome*.
Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, we have had *Stuart* enough;
None ever reign'd like old *Bess* in the *Ruff*.

Her *Walsingham* could dark Counsels unriddle,
And our Sir J ——— write New-Books, and fiddle.

W. Truth Brother, well said, but that's som what bitter,
His perfum'd Predecessor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one Secretary Honest and Wise;
For that very Reason, he's never to rise.

But can'st thou devise when things will be mended?

C. When the Reign of the Line of the S ——— is ended.

Conclusion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Rome's* first Age,
Prodigious Events did surely presage,
That should come to pass; all Mankind may swear,
That which two Inanimate Horses declare,
But I should have told you before the Jades parted,
Both gallop'd to *Whitchell*, and there humbly farted;
Which

Which Tyranny's downfall portended much more
 Than all that the Beasts had spoken before.
 If the *Delpbick Sybil's* Oracular Speeches
 (As learned Men say) came out of their Breeches,
 Why might not our Horses, since Words are but Wind,
 Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewise behind?
 Tho Tyrants make Laws, which they strictly proclaim,
 To conceal their own Faults & cover their own Shame;
 Yet the Beasts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wall,
 Will publish their Faults and prophesy their Fall;
 When they take from the People the Freedom of words,
 They teach them the sooner to fall to their Swords.
 Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan,
 (They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to the
 Son)

For Wine and strong Drink make Tumults encrease,
 Chocolate, Tea and Coffee, are Liquors of Peace;
 No Quarrel or Oaths among those that drink 'em,
 'Tis *Bacchus* & the Brewer, swear damn 'em & sink 'em.
 Then C——s thy late Edict against Coffee recal,
 There's ten times more Treason in Brandy and Ale.

*On the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen,
 presenting the late King and Duke of
 York each with a Copy of their Freedom,
 Anno Dom. 1674.*

By *A. Marvel*, Esq;

I.

THE *Londoners* Gent: to the King do present
 In a Box the City Maggot;
 'Tis a thing full of Weight that requires the Might
 Of whole *Guild-Hall* Team to drag it.

Whilst

II.

Whilst their Churches unbuilt, & their Houses undwelt,
And their Orphans want Bread to feed 'em ;
Themselves they've bereft of the little Wealth they
To make an Offering of their Freedom. (had left.

III.

O ye addle-brain'd Cits ! who henceforth in their wits
Would intrust their Youth to your heading ?
When in Diamonds and Gold you have him thus inrol'd,
You know both his Friends and his Breeding ?

IV.

Beyond Sea he began, where such a Riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him ;
And now he's come o'er ten times worse than before,
When none but such Fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he, how to serve or be free,
Tho he has past through so many Adventures ;
But e'er since he was bound, (that is, he was crown'd)
He has every Day broke his Indentures.

VI.

He spends all his Days in running to Plays,
When he should in the Shop be poring ;
And he wastes all his Nights in his constant Delights
Of Revelling, Drinking, and Whoring.

VII.

Throughout *Lambard-street* each Man he did meet,
He would run on the Score and Borrow ;
When they ask'd for their own, he was broke & gone,
And his Creditors left to sorrow.

VIII.

Tho oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would cease
To vex his poor Neighbours with Quarrels ;
And when he was beat, he still made his Retreat
To his *Cleavelands*, his *Nets*, and his *Carpets*.

IX.

His Company lewd, were twice grown so rude,
That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,

And the House being well bar'd with guard upon guard
They'd rob'd us of all our Propriety.

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Ashley* betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former Disasters; (Trumpets,
And your Wives had been Strumpets to his Highness;
And Foot-boys had all been your Masters.

XI.

So many are the Debts, and the Bastards he gets,
Which must all be defray'd by *London*,
That notwithstanding the Care of Sir *Thomas Player*
The Chamber must needs be undone.

XII.

His Words nor his Oath cannot bind him to Troth,
And he values not Credit or History;
And tho he has serv'd thro two Prenticeships now,
He knows not his Trade nor his Mystery.

XIII.

Then *London* rejoice in thy fortunate Choice,
To have made him free of thy Spices;
And do not mistrust he may once grow more just,
When he's worn off his Follies and Vices.

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the Kingdom's Darling?
Ye hug it and draw, like Ants at a Straw,
Tho too small for the Gristle of Sterling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the Duke's Ills?
(He is too far gone to begin it)
Or that your fine Show in Processioning go,
With the Pix and the Host within it.

XVI.

The very first Head of the Oath you him read
Shew you all how fit he's to govern,
When in Heart (you all knew) he ne'er was nor wi
To his Country or to his Sovereign. (be tr

XVII.

And who could swear, that he would forbear
To cull out the good of an Alien,
Who still doth advance the Government of *France*
With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian*?

XVIII.

And now, Worshipful Sirs, go fold up your Furs,
And *Vynets* turn again, turn again;
I see who e'er's freed, you for Slaves are decreed,
Until you *burn again, burn again*.

On Blood's Stealing the Crown. By A. Marvel Esq;

When daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd,
Upon the *English* Diadem distrain'd,
He chose the Cassock, Surlingle and Gown,
The fittest Mask for one that robs the Crown;
But his Lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
And whilst he sav'd the Keeper's Life he fail'd;
With the Priest's Vestment had he but put on
The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

A. Marvel.

*Farther Instructions to a Painter, 1670.
By A. Marvel, Esq;*

Painter, once more thy Pencil re-assume,
And draw me in one Scene *London* and *Rome*;
Here holy *Charles*, there good *Aurelius* sat,
Weeping to see their Sons degenerate:
His *Romans* taking up the Teemer's Trade,
The *Britons* jiggling it in Masquerade;
I 2 While

Whilst the brave Youths tir'd with the Toil of State,
 Their wearied Minds, and Limbs to recreate,
 Do to their more belov'd Delights repair,
 One to his——, the other to his Player.

Then change the Scene, and let the next present
 A Landskip of our Motly Parliament ;
 And place hard by the Bar on the Left-hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming Wand:
 Our Pig-ey'd on his Fashion,
 Set by the worst Attorney of our Nation :
 This great Triumvirate that can divide
 The Spoils of *England* ; and along that side
 Place *Falstaff's* Regiment of thred-bare Coats,
 All looking this way, how to give their Votes.
 And of his dear Reward let none despair,
 For Mony comes when *Sey——r* leaves the Chair :
 Change once again, and let the next afford
 The Figure of a Motly Council-Board
 At *Arlington's*, and round about it sat
 Our mighty *Masters* in a warm Debate :
 Full Bowls, and lusty Wine repeat,
 To make them t'other Council-board forget :
 That while the King of *France* with powerful Arms,
 Gives all his fearful Neighbours strange Alarms ;
 We in our glorious Bacchanals dispose
 The humbled Fate of a *Plebean* Nose.
 Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,
 Draw me a Champion mounted on a Steed,
 And after him a brave Brigade of Horse,
 Arm'd at all points ready to reinforce,
 His, this Assault upon a single Man ;
 'Tis this must make *Obryon* great in Story,
 And add more Beams to *Sandy's* former Glory.

Draw our *Olympia*, next in Council fate,
 With *Cupid*, *S——r*, and the Tool of State.
 Two of the first Recanters of the House,
 That aim at Mountains, and bring forth a Mouse ;

Who

Who make it by their mean Retreat appear,
 Five Members need not be demanded here :
 These must assist her in her Countermines,
 To overthrow the *Derby-House* Designs.
 Whilst Positive walks, like *Woodcock* in the *Park*,
 Contriving Projects with a Brewer's Clark :
 Thus all employ themselves, and without pity,
 Leave *Temple* singly to be beat i'th' City.

A. Marvel.

Oceana & Britannia. - By *A. Marvel* Esq;

Non ego sum Vates, sed prisca conscius ævi.

Oceana. **W**Hither, O whither wander I forlorn?
 Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a scorn.

My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
 Thy Off-spring *Archon*, Heir to thy just worth.

Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries!

Lucina help, assuage my Miseries.

Saturnian Spite pursues me thro the Earth,

No Corner's left to hide my long-wisht Birth.

Great Queen o'th' Isles yield me a safe Retreat

From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.

To me, O *Delos*, on my Childbed smile,

My happy Seed shall fix thy floating Isle :

I feel fierce Pangs assault my Teeming Womb,

Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother come.

Brit. What doleful Shrieks pierce my affrighted Ear!

Shall I ne'er rest from this lewd Ravisher?

Rapes, Burnings, Murders are his Royal Sport,

These *Modish Monsters* haunt his perjur'd Court.

No tumbling Player so oft e'er chang'd his Shape,

As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timorous *French Ape*.

rue Protestants in *Roman* Habits dress,
 With Scrogs he baits, that rav'nous Butchers Beast ;
Tresilian Jones, that fair-fac'd Crocodile,
 Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and smile :
Neronian Flames at *London* do him please,
 At *Oxford* plots to act *Agathocles*.

His Plots reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
 And's fatal Hour shall know no Foe nor Friend.

Last *Martyr's* Day I saw a Cherub stand
 Across my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
 The other on the enthrall'd *Gallick* Shore,
 Aloud proclaim their time shall be no more.
 This mighty Power Heav'n's equal Ballance sway'd,
 And in one Scale Crowns, Crosiers, Scepters laid ;
 I'th' other a sweet smiling Babe did lie,
 Circled with Glories, deck'd with Majesty.
 With steady Hand he pois'd the Golden Pair,
 The gilded Gew-gaws mounted in the Air,
 The ponderous Babe descending in its Scale,
 Leapt on my Shore —

Nature triumph'd, Joy eccho'd thro the Earth,
 The Heav'ns bow'd down to see the blessed Birth.
 What's that I hear ? A new-born Babe's soft Cries,
 And joyful Mother's tender Lullabies !

'Tis so, behold my Daughter's past all harms,
 Cradling an Infant in her fruitful Arms ;
 The very same th' Angelick Vision shew'd
 In Mien, in Majesty how like a God.

What a firm Health does on her Visage dwell ?
 Her sparkling Eyes immortal Youth foretel.

Rome, *Sparta*, *Venice*, could not all bring forth
 So strong, so temperate, such lasting Worth.

Marpesia, from the North with speed advance,
 Thy Sister's Birth brings thy Deliverance ;

Fergusian Founders this just Babe exceeds,
 I'th' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial Deeds.

Ye *Panoperians* kneel unto your equal Queen,
 Safe from the foreign Sword, and barbarous Skeen.

Transports

Transports of Joy divert my yearning Heart,
 From my dear Child, my Soul, my better part.
 Heav'n show'r her choicest Blessings on thy VVomb,
 Our present help, our stay in time to come.
 Thou best of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons, say
 VVhat forc'd thy Birth, and got this glorious Day?
 Once Scap'd the slow Jaws o'th' grinding Penitentiaries,
 I fell i'th' Traps of Rome's dire Murderers;
 Twice rescu'd by my Loyal Senate's Power,
 Twice I expected my Babe's happy Hour.
 Malignant Forces twice check'd their pious Aid,
 And to my Foes as oft my State betray'd.
 Great, full of pain, in a dark Winters-night,
 Threatned, pursu'd, escap'd by sudden flight.
 Pale Fear gave Speed to my weak trembling Feet,
 And far I fled e'er Day our World could greet.
 That dear lov'd Light which the whole Globe doth
 Spur'd on my Flight, and added to my Fear; (cheer
 Whilst black Conspiracy, that Child of Night,
 In Royal Purple clad, out-dares the Light.
 By Day her self the Faiths Defender stiles;
 By Night digs Pits, and spreads her Papal Toils.
 By Day he to the pompous Chappel goes,
 By Night with York adores Rome's Idol-shows.
 Witness ye Stars and silent Powers of Night,
 Her Treacheries have forc'd my inn'cent Flight.
 With the broad Day my danger too drew near;
 Of Help, of Council void, how shall I steer?
 Pth' Pulpit damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd;
 Where should I hide, where should I rest defend?
 Tortur'd in Thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
 And sobbing Voice to the all-helping Skies;
 As by Heaven sent, a Reverend Sire appears,
 Charming my Grief, stopping my Flood of Tears:
 His busy circling Orbs (two restless Spies)
 Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging Argos Eyes.
 Like fleeting Time, on's Front one lock did grow,
 From his glib Tongue Torrents of Words did flow,
 I 4 Propose,

Propose, Refolve, *Agrippa* Forty one, in a long list
Lycurgus, Brutus, Solon, Harrington...
 He said he knew me in my Swaddling Bands,
 Had often danc'd me in his careful Hands,
 He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and swore,
 Enshrin'd in me, his Fane he did adore.
 His Name I ask'd, he said, *Politian*,
 Descended from the Divine *Nicholas*...
 My State he knew, my Danger seem'd to dread,
 And to my Safety vow'd Hand, Heart, and Head.
 Grateful Returns I up to Heaven send,
 That in distress had sent me such a Friend.
 I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he shew'd
Oxford's old Towers, once the learn'd Arts abode.
 (Once great in Fame, now a pyratick Port,
 Where *Romish Priests* and *English Monks* resort)
 He add'd, Near a new-built College stood,
 Endow'd by *Plato* for the publick Good.
 Thither call'd by learned honest Men,
Plato vouchsaf'd once more to live again.
 Securely there I might my self repose,
 From my fierce Griefs, and my more cruel Foes.
 Tir'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear,
 The welcome News my drooping Soul did cheer.
 His pleasing Words short'ned the Time and Way,
 And me beguil'd at *Plato's* House to stay.
 When we came in, he told me (after rest)
 He'd shew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Guest,
 I scarce reply'd, with Weariness oppress'd.
 To my debt'd Apartment I repair'd,
 Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
 My waking Cares and stabbing Frights recede,
 And nodding Sleep drops on my drowsy head.
 At last the Summons of a busy Bell,
 And glimmering Lights did Sleep's kind Mists dispel.
 From Bed I stole, and creeping by the Wall,
 Thro a small Chink I spy'd a spacious Hall;

Tapers as thick as Stars did shed their Light
 Around the Place, and made a Day of Night.
 The curious Art of some great Master's hand
 Adorn'd the Room — *Hide, Clifford, D—y*, stand
 In one large Piece, next them the two *Dutch Wars*,
 In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
 Here *London* Flames in Clouds of Smoke aspire,
 Done to the life, I'd almost cry'd out Fire.
 But living Figures did my Eyes divert
 From those, and many more of wondrous Art.
 There entered in three Mercenary Bands ;
 (The different Captains had distinct Commands)
 The Beggar's desperate Troop did first appear,
Littleton led, proud *S—* had the Rear.
 The disguis'd *Rapists* under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better pay)
 Next greedy *Lee* led Party-colour'd Slaves,
 Deaf Fools, i'th' right, i'th' wrong sagacious Knaves,
 Brought up by *M—*, then a nobler Train,
 (In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
 The *Pope's* Solicitors brought into th' Hall,
 Not guilty Lay, much guilty Spiritual.
 I also spy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colebert and *Portsmouth*, *Tork* and *Mazarine*.
 Immediately in close Cabal they join,
 And all applaud the glorious Design.
 'Gainst me and my lov'd Senates free-born Breath,
 Dire Threats I heard, the Hall did eccho Death.
 A Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
 A tinkling Bell, a mumbling Priest I heard.
 At Elevation every Knee ador'd
 The Baker's Craft, Infallible's vain Lord.
 When *Catiline* with Vipers did conspire
 To murder *Rome*, and bury it in Fire,
 A Sacramental Bowl of humane Gore
 Each Villain took, and as he drank he swore.
 The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
 These *Catilines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.

Whilst

Whilst to their Breatden Whimsies they did meet,
 I crept away, and to the Door did steal;
 As I got out, by Providence I flew
 To this close Wood, too late they did pursue.
 That dreadful night my childbed Throws brought on,
 My Cries mov'd yours and Heaven's Compassion.

Britannia. O happy Day! A Jubilee proclaim,
 Daughter adore th' unutterable Name.
 With grateful Heart breathe out thy selfish Prayer,
 In the mean time thy Babe shall be my Care.
 There is a Man, my Island's Hope and Grace,
 The chief Delight of Joy and humane Race;
 Expos'd himself to War, in tender Age,
 To free his Country from the Gallick Rage;
 With all the Graces blest his riper Years,
 And full blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's fears.
 By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven he's call'd
 To break my Yoke, and rescue the Enthrall'd.
 This, this is he who with a stretch'd-out Hand,
 And matchless Might shall free my groaning Land.
 On Earth's proud *Bastards* he'll justly fall,
 Like *Moses* Rod, and prey upon them all.
 He'll guide my People through the raging Seas,
 To Holy Wars and certain Victories.
 His spotless Fame, and his immense Desert,
 Shall plead Love's Cause, and storm this Virgin's Heart.
 She like *Egeria* shall his Breast inspire
 With Justice, Wisdom, and Celestial Fire.
 Like *Numa* he her Dictates shall obey,
 And by her Oracles the World shall sway.

On his Excellent Friend Mr. Andrew Mar-
vell, 1677.

WHile lazy Prelates lean'd their Mitred Heads
 On downy Pillows, lull'd with Wealth and Pride,
 (Pre-

(Pretending Prophecy, yet nought foresee)
Marvell, this Island's watchful Centinel
 Stood in the gap, and bravely kept his Post,
 When Courtiers too in Wine and Riot slept :
 'Twas he th' approach of *Rome* did first explore,
 And the grim Monster, Arbitrary Power,
 The ugliest Giant ever trod the Earth,
 Who like *Goliath* marcht before the Host :
 Truth, Wit, and Eloquence, his constant Friends,
 With swift Dispatch he to the Main-guard sends.
 The Alarm strait their Courage did excite,
 Which check'd the haughty Foes bold Enterprize,
 And left them halting between Hope and Fear ;
 He like the Sacred *Hebrew* Leader stood,
 The Peoples surest Guide and Prophet too.
Athens may boast of *Virtuous Socrates*,
 The Chief among the *Greeks* for moral Good ;
Rome of her Orator, whose fam'd Harangues
 Foil'd the debauched *Antony's* Designs.
 We him, and with deep Sorrows wail his Loss ;
 But whether Fate or Art untwin'd his Thread,
 Remains in doubt. Fame's lasting Register
 Shall leave his Name enroll'd as great as theirs,
 Who in *Philippi* for their Country fell.

*An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax. By the D.
 of Buckingham.*

L

UNder this Stone does lie
 One born for Victory.
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
 Who e'er for that alone a Conqueror would be.
 Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd :
 He had the Fierceness of the manliest Mind,
 And eke the Meekness too of Womankind.

3
 He

He never knew what Envy was, or Hate :
 His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honesty,
 And with another thing quite out of date,
 Call'd Modesty.

II.

He ne'er seem'd impudent, but in the Field ; a Place
 Where Impudence it self dares seldom shew her Face :
 Had any Stranger spy'd him in the Room
 With some of those whom he had overcome,
 And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
 Their Gesture and their Mien,
 They would have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been ;
 For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
 While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
 His Modesty still made him blush to hear
 How often he had them defeated.

III.

Through his whole Life the part he bore
 Was Wonderful and Great ;
 And yet, it so appear'd in nothing more,
 Than in his private last Retreat :
 For it's a stranger thing to find
 One Man of such a glorious Mind,
 As can dismiss the Pow'r h' has got,
 Than Millions of the Polls and Braves,
 Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
 Who such a Pother make,
 Through Dulness and Mistake,
 In seeking after Power, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
 And with Expence of Blood had bought
 Store great enough he thought,
 Of Fame and of Renown ;
 He then his Arms laid down,

With

With full as little Pride,
 As if he had been of his Enemy's side,
 Or one of them cou'd do that were undone :
 He neither Wealth nor Places sought ;
 For others, not himself he fought.
 He was content to know,
 For he had found it so,
 That when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,
 And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble :
 He might have been a King,
 But that he understood
 How much it is a meaner thing
 To be unjustly Great, than honourably Good.

V.

This from the World did Admiration draw,
 And from his Friends both Love and Awe,
 Remembring what in Fight he did before :
 And his Foes lov'd him too,
 As they were bound to do,
 Because he was resolv'd to fight no more,
 So blest of all, he dy'd ; but far more blest were we,
 If we were sure to live, till we could see
 A Man as great in War, in Peace as just as he.

An Essay upon the Earl of Shaftsbury's Death.

When ever Tyrants fall, the Air
 And other Elements prepare,
 To combat in a Civil War,
 Large Oaks up by the Roots are torn,
 The savage Train
 Upon the Forest or the Plain
 To a Procession through the Sky are born :
 Sulphureous Fire displays
 Its baneful Rays.

Then

Then from the hollow Womb
 Of some rent Cloud does come
 The blazing Meteor or destructive Stone;
 Distant below the grumbling Wind
 Pent up in Earth, a vent would find;
 But failing, roars
 Like broken Waves upon the rocky Shoars.
 The Earth with Motion rolls,
 Those Buildings which did brave the Sky,
 Now in an humble Posture lie;
 While here and there
 A subtle Priest and Soothsayer
 The fatal Dirges howl.
 Thus when the first twelve *Cæsars* fell,
 A Jubilee was kept in Hell;
 But when that Heaven designs the Brave
 Shall quit a Life to fill a Grave,
 The Sun turns pale, and courts a Cloud;
 From Mortals sight his Grief to shroud,
 Shakes from his Face a Shower of Rain,
 And faintly views the World again.
 The Tombs of ancient Heroes weep,
 Hard Marble Tears let fall;
 The *Genii*, who possess the Deep,
 And seems the Island's Fate to keep,
 Lament the Funeral.
 Silence denotes the greatest Woe,
 So Calms precede a Storm,
 Deep Waters smoothest are we know,
 And bear the evenest Form.
 So 'tis when Patriots cease to be,
 And haste to Immortality;
 Their noble Souls blest Angels bear
 To the Ethereal Palace there,
 Mounting upon the ambient Air,
 While wounded Atoms press the Ear
 Of Mortals who far distant are.

Hence sudden Grief does seize the Mind,
 For good and brave agree ;
 Each Being moves unto his Kind
 By Native Sympathy.
 So 'twas when mighty *Cooper* dy'd,
 The *Fabius* of the Isle,
 A sullen Look the Great o'er-spread,
 The Common People lookt as dead,
 And Nature droopt the while.
 Living ; Religion, Liberty,
 A mighty Fence he stood,
 Peers Rights and Subjects Property.
 None stronglier did maintain than he,
 For which *Rome* fought his Blood.
 Deep Politician, *English* Peer,
 That quash'd the Power of *Rome* ;
 The change of State they brought so near,
 In bringing *Romish Worship* here,
 Was by thy Skill o'er-thrown.
 'Less Heaven a Miracle design'd
 Sure it could never be,
 One so Gygantic in his Mind,
 That soar'd a pitch 'bove Humane kind,
 So small a Corps should be.
 Time was the Court admir'd thy Shrine,
 And did the Homage pay :
 But wisely thou didst countermine,
 And having found the black Design,
 Scorn'd the ignoble way.
 Having thus strongly stem'd the Tide,
 And set thy Country free,
 Thou *Cato*-like in Exile prid'st,
 'Mongst Enemies belov'd reld'st,
 Whilst good Men envy thee.
 And as the Sacred *Hebrew* Seer
Canaan to view desir'd,
 So Heaven did shew this Noble Peer
 The end of *Papish Malice* here,
 Which done, his Soul expir'd.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend, 1682.

TIS strange that you, to whom I've long been known,
 Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town: a
 As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
 With double Eagerness is heard to Bay:
 So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
 To ease my Spleen, I strait go home and write:
 I love to bring Vice ill-conceal'd to Light:
 And I have found that they that Satyr write,
 Alone can season th' useful with the sweet:
 Should I write Songs, and to cool Shades confin'd,
 Expire with Love, who hate all Womenkind!
 Then in my Closet, like some fighting Sparks,
 Thinking on *Phillis* Love upon my Works!
 I grant I might with bolder Muse inspir'd,
 Some *Hero* sing worthy to be admir'd.
 Our King hath Qualities might entertain,
 With noblest Subjects *Waller's* lofty Pen.
 But then you'll own no Man is thought his Friend,
 That doth not love the *Pope*, and *York* commend.
 He who his evil Counsellors dislikes,
 Say what he will, still like a Traytor speaks.
 Now I Dissimulation cannot bear,
 Truth and good Sense my Lines alike must share.
 I love to call each Creature by his Name,
H — a Knave, & — an honest Man.
 With equal Scorn I always did abhor
 Th' Effeminate Fops, and bustling Men of War:
 The careful Face of Ministers of State,
 I always judg'd to be a downright Cheat.
 The smiling Courtier, and the Counsellor grave,
 I always thought two different Marks of Knave.
 They that talk loud, and they that draw i'th' Pit,
 These want of Courage shew, those want of Wit.
 Thus all the World endeavours to appear,
 What they'd be thought to be, not what they are.

if

If any then by most unhappy Choice,
 Seek for Content in *London's* Crowd and Noise,
 Must form his Words and Manners to the place :
 If he'll see Ladies, must like *Villers* dress,
 In a soft Tone without one word of Sense,
 Must talk of Dancing and the Court of *France*;
 Must praise alike the Ugly and the Fair,
Buckley's good Nature, *Felton's* Shape and Hair,
 Exalt my Lady *Portsmouth's* Birth and Wit;
 And vow she's only for a Monarch fit ;
 Altho the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
 She's lain with *Beaufort* and the Count *de Lean*.
 This Method, with some Ends of Plays
 Basely apply'd, and drest in a *French* Phrase,
 To Ladies favour, can e'en *Hewit* raise.

He that from Business would Preferment get,
 Plung'd in the Toils and Infamies of State,
 All Sense of Honour from his Breast must drive,
 And in a course of Villanies resolve to live ;
 Must cringe and flatter the King's *Owls* and *Curs* ;
 Nay worse, must be obsequious to his Whores :
 Must always seem t' approve what they commend ;
 What they dislike, by him must be condemn'd.
 And when at last by a thousand different Crimes,
 The Monster to his wish for Greatness climbs,
 He must in his continu'd Greatness wait,
 With Guilt and Fears, th' imprison'd *Danby's* Fate.
 This Road has *H—x* and *S—r* gone,
 And thus must answer for the Ills they've done.
 Who then would live in so depriv'd a Town,
 Where Pleasure is but Folly, Power alone
 By Infamy obtain'd ? —————

Wise *Heraclitus* all his life-time griev'd ;
Democritus in endless Laughter liv'd ;
 Yet to the first no Fears of Plots were known,
 Nor Parliaments remov'd to *Ropish* Town,
 Murders not favour'd, Virtues not suppress'd,
 Laws not derided, Commons not oppress'd ;

Nor King, who *Claudius* like, expels his Son,
 To make th' Imperious *Nero* Prince of Rome;
 Nor yet to move the others merry Wein,
 Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i'th' street could name)
 Most learned Proof in publick daily give,
 That they themselves do their own shame contrive;
 While their lewd Wives, scouring from place to place
 T' expose their secret Members, hide their Face.

But lo! how would this Sage have burst his Spleen,
 Had he seen Whore and Fool with merry King;
 And Ministers of State at Supper sit,
 Mistaking bawdy Ribaldry for Wit;
 Whilst C—— with tottering Crown and empty Purse,
 (Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curse);
 Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
 Delights himself with any he can get;
 Pimps, Fools, and Parasites, make up the Rout,
 For want of Wedding-Garments none's left out.

But I shall weary both my self and you,
 To tell you all the Follies that I know:
 How a great Lord, in numbers soft, thought fit
 (Tho void of Sense) to set up for a Wit;
 And how with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
 An Epitaph to cruel *Cloris* pen'd;
 His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
 For who sho'd't be but the Lord *Ar——*?
 But should I here waste Paper to declare
 The senseless Tricks of every silly Peer,
 I'd as good tell how many several ways
 The trusty Duke his Country still betrays;
 How full the World is stuff'd of Knave and Fool,
 How to be very Honest is counted dull:
 How to speak plain, and Greatness to despise,
 Is thought a Madness, but Flattery is wise;
 Dissimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend.
 A very Trifle, provided still our End
 Be but the Snare we call our Interest,
 Then nothing is so bad; but that is best.

Therefore end this vain Satyrick Rage,
And leave the Bishops to reform the Age.

*A Character of the English. In Allusion
to Tacit. de Vit. Agric.*

THE Freeborn *English*, Generous and Wise,
Hate Chains, but do not Government despise:
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes, they,
When lawfully exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and Wrong they scorn to bear,
More guided by their Judgment than their Fear;
Justice with them is never held severe. }
Here Power by Tyranny was never got;
Laws may perhaps ensnare them, Force cannot:
Rash Councils here have still the same Effect;
The surest way to reign, is to protect.
Kings are least safe in their unbounded Will,
Join'd with the wretched Power of doing ill;
Forsoaken most when they're most Absolute,
Laws guard the Man, and only bind the Brute.
To force that Guard, and with the worst to join, }
Can never be a prudent King's Design;
What King would chuse to be a *Catiline*?
Break his own Laws, stake an unquestion'd Throne,
Conspire with Vassals to usurp his own?
'Tis rather some base Favourites vile Pretence,
To tyrannize at the wrong'd King's Expence.
Let *Franks* grow proud, beneath the Tyrant's Lust,
While the rackt People crawl and lick the Dust.
The mighty Genius of this Isle disdains
Ambitious Slavery and Golden Chains,
England to servile Yoke did never bow,
What Conquerors ne'er presum'd, who dares do now?
Roman nor Norman ever could pretend
To have enslav'd, but made this Isle their Friend.

Cullen with his Flock of Misses, 1679.

AS *Cullen* drove his Sheep along
 By *Whitehall*, there was such a throng
 Of Earls Coaches at the Gate,
 The silly Swain was forc'd to wait.
 Chance threw him on Sir *Edward S——ton*,
 The silly Knight that rhimes to Mutton :
Cullen (said he) this is the Day,
 For which poor *England* once did pray ;
 The Day that sets our Monarch free
 From butter'd Buns and Slavery.
 This Hour from *French* Intrigues ('tis said)
 He'll clear his Council and his Bed.
Portsmouth he vouchsafes to know,
 Was the cast Whore of Count *de Loe*.
 She must return and sell her Place ;
 Buyers (you see) flock in apace.
 Silence i'th' Court being once proclaim'd,
 In steps fair *Richmond* once so fam'd :
 She offers much, but was refus'd,
 And of Miscarriages accus'd.
 Nor would his Majesty accept her
 At Thirty, who at Fifteen left her ;
 She blusht, and modestly withdrew.
 Next *Middleton* appear'd in view,
 Who straight was told of *M——gue*,
 Of Cates from *Hide*, of Clothes from *France*,
 Of Armpits, Toes of Nauseance ;
 At which the Court set up a Laughter,
 She never pleads but for her Daughter ;
 A buxom Lass fit for the place,
 Were not her Father in disgrace :
 Besides some strange incestuous Stories
 Of *Harvey* and her long *C——ies* :

With these Exceptions she's dismiss,
 And *Moreland* Fair enters the List :
 Husband in hand most decently,
 And begs at any rate to buy :
 She offer'd Jewels of great price,
 And dear Sir *Samuel's* next Device ;
 Whether it be a Pump or Table,
 Glass-house, or any other Bauble.
 But she was told she had been try'd,
 And for good Reason laid aside.

Next in steps pretty Lady *Gray*,
 Offers her Lord should nothing say
 'Gainst the next Treasurer accused,
 So her Pretence was not refused.
 R—— in rage bid her be gone,
 And play her Game out with her Son :
 Or if she lik'd an aged Carcase,
 For L—— get a Noble Marquess.

Shrew——ry offered for the Place,
 All she had gotten from his Grace ;
 She knew his Wants, and could comply
 With all his Wants of Letchery.
 She was dismiss with Scorn, and told
 Where a tall P—— was to be sold.

Then in came dowdy M——rine,
 That Foreign antiquated Quean ;
 Who soon was told the King no more
 Would deal with an Intriguing Whore :
 That she already had about her
 Too good an Equipage *de Foutre*.
 Her Grace at these Rebukes lookt blank,
 And sneakt away to Villain *Frank*.

Fair *Lawson* too her Claim put in,
 'Twas urg'd she was too much a-kin :
 She modestly reply'd, No more
 A-kin than S——sex was before :
 Besides she had often heard her Mother
 Call her the Daughter of another :

She did not drivel, and had Sense,
 To which all his had no Pretence;
 Yet for the present he's put off,
 And told, she was not Whore enough.

L——s smil'd at that Exception,
 And doubted not of good Reception;
 Put in her Claim, vowing she'd steal
 All that her Husband got of *Neal*;
 To buy the Place all she could get
 By his long Suit with Mr. *Pitt*:
 But from *Goliath's* Size of *Gath*,
 Down to the Pitch of little *Wrath*,
 The Court was told she lay with all
 The roaring Roysters of *White-ball*.
 For which old *R*——y lest she'd grudge,
 Gave her the making of a Judg:
 She bow'd, and streight went her way,
 To haunt the Court, Park, and Play.

In stept stately *Carry F*——zier,
 Straight the whole Court began to praise her:
 As fine as Chains and Point could make her,
 She vow'd the King or Goal must take her.
R——y reply'd, he was retrenching,
 And vow'd no more of costly wenching:
 That she was proud, and went too gaudy,
 Nor could she swear, drink, or talk bawdy,
 Virtues requisite for that place,
 More than Youth, Wit, or a good Face.

C——land offered down a Million,
 But she was soon told of *Castillion*;
 At that name she fell a weeping,
 And swore she was undone with keeping:
 That *C*——l, *G*——n, had so drain'd her,
 She could not live on the Remainder.
 The Court said there was no Record
 Of any to that place restor'd:
 Nor might the King at these Years venture,
 Who in his Prime could not content her.

Young Lady J——, stept up, and urg'd,
 She'd give the Deed her Father forg'd :
 But she was told her Family
 Was tainted with *Presbytery*.
 She said her Mother with clean Heart
 And Hand had lately done her part,
 In bringing M——rins to bed,
 Nor was't her Fault the Babe was dead.
 For her R——y own'd his Passion,
 But said he staid for Declaration :
 Ingaged, no matter of great weight,
 To pass till after some Debate
 In his great Council ; so they adjourn'd,
 And Cullen with his Flocks return'd,
 Swearing there was at every Fair
 Blither Girls than any there.

Sir Tho. Armstrong's Ghost.

THe Groans, dear *Armstrong*, which the world employ,
 Would please thy Ghost, to see transform'd to joy :
 Hadst thou abroad found Safety in thy flight,
 Thy 'mmortal Honour had not shin'd so bright ;
 Thou still hadst been a worthy Patriot thought :
 But now thy Glory's to perfection brought.
 In Exile and in Death to *England* true,
 What more could *Brutus* or just *Cato* do ?
 What can the Villains spread to blast thy Fame,
 Unless thy former Loyalty they blame ?
 To be concern'd the *Stuarts* to restore,
 Is a Reproach that hardly can be bore,
 The utmost Plague a Nation could befall,
 Like the forbidden Fruit, it curst us all,
 Yet thou in Season a brave Convert grew,
 Abhorr'd their Counsels and their Int'rest too :
 And Death at last before their Smiles preferr'd ;
 So Holy *Cromwell* burnt the Hand that err'd.

Let 'em now place thy Quarters in the Air,
 'Twill please thy Soul to think they flourish there :
 Thou scorn'st to hope for Freedom in the Grave,
 And slumbring lie, whilst *England* was a Slave :
 Thy Carcase stands a Monument to all,
 Till the whole Progeny a Victim fall ;
 And like their Father, tread that Stage, which some
 In a blasphemous Strain call Martyrdom ;
 For they in Guilt transcendently excel
 All that e'er Poets or Historians tell.
 To act fresh Murders, and by Flames devour,
 Is but the Recreation of their Power :
 For they alone are for Destruction chose,
 Who either *Rome* or Tyranny oppose.
Tarquin and *Nero* were but Types of these,
 In whom all Crimes are in their last Degrees,
 Swelling like *Nile* in a prodigious Flood
 Of execrable Villanies and Blood :
 Yet how the Age their Lives and Peace betray,
 And those they ought to sacrifice th' obey.
 They lick up Poison, and to Tortures run,
 And madly hug all *Egypt's* Plagues in one.
 Degenerous Slaves, such Monsters to adore !
 Was ever *Sodom* so caress'd before ?
 Quick Vengeance put a period to their Breath,
 By their Destruction ease the groaning Earth ;
 For Mortals attempt the righteous Work in vain ;
 Heaven it self does th' immediate Glory claim,
 For they're reserv'd by Thunder to be slain.

*The Royal Game ; or, a Princely new Play
 found in a Dream, &c. 1672.*

P R O L O G U E.

WHoever looks about and minds things well,
 And on Affairs abroad doth take a view,

May think the Story which I here do tell
 Was never dream't, it falleth out so true.
 I do confess it's something hard to find,
 A crooked Path directly in the dark;
 And while a Man's asleep, you know he's blind,
 And cannot easily hit on a Mark.
 Well, be it so, yet this you know is right,
 What's seen i'th' Day is dreamt again at Night.
 A Dream I hope will no wise Man offend,
 Nor will it Treason be (I trow) to lend
 A Copy of my Dream unto my Friend.
Cabal, beware your Shins,
 For thus my Tale begins.

The Dream of the Cabal: A Prophetick Satyr.
 Anno 1672.

A St'other Night in Bed I thinking lay,
 How I my Rent shou'd to my Landlord pay,
 Since Corn, nor Wool, nor Beast would Mony make;
 Tumbling perplex'd, these Thoughts kept me awake.
 What will become of this mad World, quoth I?
 What's its Disease? what is its Remedy?
 Where will it issue? whereto does it tend?
 Some ease to Misery 'tis to know its End.
 Till Servants dreaming, as they us'd to do,
 Snor'd me asleep, I fell a dreaming too.
 Methought there met the Grand Cabal of Seven,
 (Odd Numbers some Men say do best please Heaven)
 When sate they were, and Doors were all fast shut,
 I secret was behind the Hangings put:
 Both here and see I could; but he that there
 Had plac'd me, bad me have as great a care
 Of stirring, as my Life; and e'er that out
 From thence I came, resolv'd shou'd be my Doubt;
 What would become of this mad World, unless
 Present Designs were cross'd with ill Success.

An awful Silence there was held some space,
 Till trembling, thus began one call'd his Grace.
 Great Sir, - your Government for first twelve Years
 Has spoil'd the Monarchy, and made our Fears [Buck,
 So potent on us, that we must change quite
 The old Foundations, make new, wrong or right.
 For too great mixture of Democracy
 Within this Government allay'd must be;
 And no allay like nulling Parliaments,
 O'th' Peoples Pride and Arrogance the vents;
 Factionous and Saucy, disputing Royal Pleasure,
 Who your Commands by their own Humours measure.
 For King in Barnacles (to th' Rack-staves ty'd)
 You must remain, if these you will abide.
 So spake the long blue Ribbon; then a Second,
 Tho' not so tall, yet quite as wise is reckon'd, [O'm.
 Did thus begin: Great Sir, you are now on
 A tender Point much to be thought upon,
 And thought on only; for by antient Law,
 'Twas Death to mention what my Lord foresaw;
 His trembling flew'd it, wherefore I'm so bold
 To advise its standing, lest it should be told
 We did attempt to change it; for so much
 Our Ancestors secur'd it, that to touch,
 Like Sacred Mount, 'tis Death; and such a Trick,
 In no ways like my Tongue should break my Neck.
 Thus said, he sate. Then Lord of Northern Tone,
 In Gall and Guile a second unto none, [Lauderd.
 Inraged rose, and Col'rick, thus began.
 Dread Majesty, Male Beam of Fame, a Son
 Of th' hundred and tenth Monarch of the Nore;
 De'l split the Weam of th' Loon that spoke afore;
 Shame saw the Crag of that ill-manner'd Lord,
 That ment his King durst speak so faw a Word:
 And aw my Saul, right weel the first Man meant,
 De'l hoop his Lugs that loves a Parliament.
 Twa Houses aw my Saul are too too mickle,
 They'll gar the Leard shall ne'er have more a Prickle;
 Ne

Ne Mony get to gee the bonny Lais,
But full as good be born without a T——
Ten thousand Plagues light on his Crag that gang
To make you be but third part of a King.
De'take my Saul, I'll ne'er the Matter mince,
I'd rather Subject be than like a Prince.
To Hang, and Burn, and Sley, and Draw, and Kill,
And measure aw things by my awn gude Will,
Is gay Dominion ; a Checkmate I hate
Of Men or Laws, it looks so like a State.
This eager well-meant Zeal some Laughter stirr'd ;
Till Nose half Plush, half Flesh, the Inkhorn Lord
Crav'd Audience thus. Grave Majesty Divine, [*Arline*]
(Pardon that *Cambridg* Title, I make mine)
We now are enter'd on the great'st Debate
That can concern your Throne and Royal State.
His Grace hath so spoke all, that we who next
Speak after, can but comment on his Text :
Only 'tis wonder at this Sacred Board,
Shou'd sit 'mongst us a *Magna Charta* Lord,
A Peer of old Rebellious Barons breed,
Worst, and great'st Enemies to Royal Seed.
But to proceed ; well was it urg'd by's Grace,
Such Liberty was giv'n for twelve Years space
That are by-past, there's no necessity
Of new Foundations, if safe you'll be.
What Travel, Charge, and Art, before was set
This Parliament, we had, you can't forget ;
Now force, cajole and court, and bribe for fear
They wrong should run, e'er since they have been here.
What Diligence, what Study, day and night
Was on us, and what Care to keep them right :
Wherefore if good you can't make Parliament,
On whom such Costs, such Art and Pains were spent,
And Monies, all we had for them to do ;
Since we miss that, 'tis best dismiss them too.
'Tis true, this House the best is you can call,
But in my Judgment best is none at all :

Well

Well mov'd, the whole Cabal cry'd, Parliaments
 Are Clogs to Princes, and their brave Intent.
 One did object, 'twas against Majesty
 To obey the Peoples pleasure. Another he
 Their Inconvenience argues, and that neither
 Close their Designs were, nor yet speedy either.
 Whilst thus confused chatter'd the Cabal,
 And many mov'd, none heard, but speak did all;
 A little bobtail'd Lord, Urchin of State, [*Chan. Shaf. f.*
 A *Praise-God-bare-bone* Peer whom all men hate;
 Amphibious Animal, half Fool, half Knave,
 Begg'd silence, and this purblind Counsel gave:
 Blest and best Monarch that e'er Scepter bore,
 Renown'd for Vertue, but for Honour more;
 That Lord spake last, has well and wisely shown,
 That Parliaments, nor new, nor old, nor none
 Can well be trusted longer; for the State
 And Glory of the Crown hate all checkmate.
 That Monarchy may from its Childhood grow
 To man's Estate; *France* has taught us how
 Monarchy's Divine: Divinity it shows,
 That he goes backward that not forward goes.
 Therefore go on, let other Kingdoms see
 Your Will's your Law, that's absolute Monarchy;
 A mixt hodge-podge will now no longer do,
Cesar or nothing you are brought unto:
 Strike then, Great Sir, 'fore these Debates take wind,
 Remember that Occasion's bald behind.
 Our Game is sure in this if wisely play'd,
 And sacred Votes to th' Vulgar not betray'd;
 But if the Rumour shou'd once get on Wing,
 That we consult to make you abs'lute King,
 The Plebeians head, the Gentry forsooth,
 They straight would snort, and have an aking Tooth.
 Lest they, I say, should your great Secrets scent,
 And you oppose in nulling *Parliament*,
 I think it safer, and a greater Skill
 To obviate, than to o'ercome an ill:

For those that head the Herd are full as rude,
When th' humour takes, as th' following Multitude;
Therefore be quick in your Resolves, and when
Resolv'd you have, execute quicker then.
Remember your great Father lost the Game
By slow Proceedings, mayn't you do the same?
And unexpected, unregarded blow
Wounds more than ten made by an open Foe.
Delays do Dangers breed; the Sword is yours.
By Law declar'd, what need of other Powers?
We may unpolitick be judg'd, or worse,
If we can't make the Sword command the Purse;
No Art or Courtship can the Rule so shape
Without a Force, it must be done by Rape.
And when 'tis done, to say you cannot help,
Will satisfy enough the gentle Whelp.
Phanaticks they'll to Providence impute
Their Thraldom, and immediately grow mute;
For they, poor pious Fools, think the Decree
Of Heaven falls on them, tho from Hell it be.
And when their Reason is abas'd to it,
They forthwith think t's Religion to submit;
And vainly glorying in a passive Shame,
They'll put off Man to wear the Christian Name:
Wherefore to lull 'em, do their Hopes fulfil
With Liberty, they're halter'd at your Will;
Give them but Conventicle-room, and they
Will let you steal their Englishman away,
And heedless be, till you your Nets have spread,
And pull'd down Conventicles on their Head.
Militia then and Parliaments cashier,
A formidable standing Army rear;
They'll mount you up, and up soon you will be,
They'll fear, who ne'er did love your Monarchy:
And if they fear, no matter for their hate;
To rule by Law becomes a sneaking State.
Lay by all Fear, care not what People say,
Regard to them will your Designs betray:

When bite they cannot, what hurt can barking do?
 And, Sir, in time we'll spoil their barking too,
 Make Coffee-Clubs talk of more humble things
 Than State Affairs, and Interest of Kings.
 Thus spake the rigling Peer: when one more grave,
 That had much less of Fool, but more of Knave,
 Began: Great Sir, it gives no small Content, [Cliff.
 To hear such Zeal (for you) 'gainst Parliament;
 Wherefore, tho I an Enemy no less
 To Parliaments than you your selves profess;
 Yet I must also enter my protest
 'Gainst these rude rumbling Counsels indigest;
 And, Great Sir, tell you, 'tis an harder thing
 Than they suggest, to make you abs'lute King.
 Old Buildings to pull down, believe it true,
 More danger in it hath, than building New.
 And what shall prop your Superstructure till
 Another you have built that suits your Will?
 An Army shall, say they; (Content) but stay,
 From whence shall this new Army have its pay?
 For easie gentle Government a while
 Must first appear ith' Kingdom, to beguile
 The Peoples Minds, and make them cry up you,
 For razing old, and making better new.
 For Taxes with new Government all will blame,
 And put the Kingdom soon into a flame:
 For Tyranny has no such lovely Look
 To catch Men with, unless you hide the Hook:
 And no bait hides it more than present ease;
 Ease but their Taxes, then do what you please.
 Wherefore, all wild Debates laid by, from whence
 Shall Money rise to bear this vast expence?
 For our first Thoughts thus well resolved, we
 In other things much sooner shall agree:
 Join then with Mother-Church, whose Bosom stands
 Ope to receive us, stretching forth her Hands:
 Close but this Breach, and she will let you see
 Her Parse as open as her Arms shall be.

For, Sacred Sir, (by guess I do not speak)
 Of poor she'll make you rich, and strong of weak.
 At home, abroad, no Money, nor no Men,
 She'll let you lack, turn but to her agen.
 The Scot con'd here no longer hold, but try'd, [Land
 De'l take the Pape, and all that's on his side;
 The Whore of Rome, that mickle Man of Sin,
 Plague take the Mother, Bearn, and aw the Kin.
 What racks my Saul! must we the holy Rood
 Place in God's Kirk again? troth 'tis not gude.
 I defy the Loon, the Dee'l and all his Works,
 The Pape shall lig no mare in God's good Kirk.
 The Scot with laughter check'd they all agreed,
 The Lord spoke last shou'd in his Speech proceed, [Cliff
 Which thus he did: Great Sir, You know 'tis Season
 Salts all the Motions that we make with Reason;
 And now a season is afforded us,
 The best e'er came, and most propitious.
 Besides the Sum the Cath'licks will advance,
 You know the Offers we are made from France;
 And to have Money and no Parliament,
 Must fully answer your design'd intent.
 And thus without tumultuous noise, or huff
 Of Parliaments, you may have Money enough;
 Which if neglected now, there's none knows when
 Like Opportunities may be had agen,
 For all to extirpate, now combin'd be,
 Both civil and religious Liberty.
 Thus Money you will have t' exalt the Crown,
 Withont stooping Majesty to Country Clown.
 The triple League, I know, will be objected;
 As if that ought by us to be respected:
 But who to Hereticks, or Rebel pay'th?
 The Truth ingaged to by solemn Faith,
 Debaucheth Virtue, by those very things
 The Church profaneth and debaseth Kings.
 As you your self have admirably shown
 By burning solemn Cov'nant, tho your own;

Faith, Justice, Truth, Plebeian Virtues be,
 Look well in them, and not in Majesty.
 For publick Faith is but a publick Thief,
 The greatest Cheat in Nature's vain Belief.
 The second Lord tho check'd yet did not fear,
 Impatient grew, and could no longer bear,
 But rose in heat, and that a little rude,
 The Lord's Voice interrupts, and for Audience su'd :
 Great Majesty, Authentick Authors say,
 When hand was lifted up *Cressus* to slay,
 The Father's danger on th' Dumb Son did make
 Such deep Impressions that he forthwith spake.
 Pardon, Great Sir, if I, in imitation,
 Seeing the danger to your Land and Nation,
 Do my resolv'd-on Silence also break,
 Altho I see the matter I shall speak
 Under such Disadvantages will fall,
 That it, as well as I, exploded shall.
 But vainly do they boast they Loyal are,
 That can't for Princes good, Reflections bear ;
 Nor will I call Compurgators to prove,
 What honour to the Crown I've born, with Love ;
 My Acts have spoken and sufficient are,
 Above what e'er Detractors did or dare.
 Wherefore, Great Sir, 'tis Ignorance, or Hate,
 Dictates these Counsels, you to precipitate.
 For say't again I will, not eat my Word,
 No Council's Power, no, nor yet the Sword
 Can old Foundations alter, or make new :
 Let time interpret who hath spoken true.
 Those Country Gentry with their Beef and Bacon,
 Will shew how much you Courtiers are mistaken ;
 For Parliaments are not of that cheap rate,
 That they will down without a broken Pate ;
 And then I doubt you'll find those worthy Lords
 More Brave and Champions with their Tongues than
 Wherefore, Dread Sir, incline not Royal Ear (Swords
 To their Advice; but safer Counsels hear ;

Stay till these Lords have got a Crown to lose,
And then consult with them which way they'll chuse.
Will you all hazard for their humours sake,
Who nothing have to lose, nothing to stake;
And at one Game your Royal Crown expose,
To gratify the foolish Lusts of those
Who hardly have subsistence how to live,
But what your Crown and Grace to them does give?
And one of those (Bagpudding) Gentlemen,
(Except their Places) wou'd buy nine or ten:
Then, why they should thus slight the Gentlemen,
I see no reason nor think how they can;
For had not Gentlemen done more than Lord,
I'll boldly say't, you ne'er had been restor'd.
But why of Armies now, Great Sir, must we
So fond (just now) all on the sudden be?
What faithful Guardians have they been to Pow'rs
That have employ'd 'em, that you'd make 'em yours?
Enough our Age, we need not seek the glory
Of Armies Faith in old, or doubtful Story:
Your Father 'gainst the Scots an Army rear'd,
But soon that Army more than Scot he fear'd:
He was in hast to raise them, as we are,
But to disband them was far more his care.
How *Scotish* Army after did betray
His Trust and Person both, I need not say.
Ramp-Parliament an Army rear'd, and they
The Parliament that rais'd them, did betray;
The Lord Protector they set up one hour,
The next pull'd down the Protectorian Pow'r:
Your Father's Block and Judges the same Troops
Did guard, some Tongues at Death of both made hoops?
And will you suffer Armies to beguile,
And give your Crown and them to Cross and Pile?
What if, as *Monks*, both shou'd swear, lye and feign;
That he does both your Trust and Army gain,
But you believe his Oath and Faith is true,
That serves himself instead of serving you?

Pardon, Great Sir, if Zeal transports my Tongue
 T' express what e'en your Greatness don't become.
 Expose I can't your Crown and sacred Throat
 To the false Faith of a common Red-coat.
 Your Law, your All does fence secure from Fears;
 That kept, what trouble needs of Bandileers?
 Consider, Sir, 'tis Law that makes you King,
 The Sword another to the Crown may bring;
 For Force knows no distinction, longest Sword
 Makes Peasant Prince, Lacquey above his Lord.
 If that be all that we must have for Laws,
 Your Will inferior may be to *Jack Straw's*,
 If greater Force him follow; there's no Right
 Where Law is failing, and for Will men fight.
 Best Man is he alone, whose Steel's most strong;
 Where no Law is, there's neither right nor wrong.
 That Fence broke down, and all in common laid,
 Subjects may Prince, and Prince may them invade.
 See, greatest Sir, how these your Throne lay down,
 Instead of making great your Royal Crown;
 How they divest you of your Majesty,
 For Law destroy'd, you are no more than we.
 And very vain would be the Plea of Crown,
 When Statute-Laws, and Parliaments are down.
 This Peer proceeded on to shew how vain
 An Holy League would be with *Rome* again,
 And what dishonour 'twould be to our Crowns,
 If unto *France* give cautionary Towns.
 He's interrupted, and bid speak no more,
 By's enraged Majesty, who deeply swore,
 His Tongue had so run over, that he'd take
 Such Vengeance on him, and example make
 To after-Ages, all which heard shou'd fear,
 To speak what wou'd displease the Royal Ear;
 And bid the Lord that spoke before, go on,
 And silence all should keep till he had done;
 Who thus his Speech resum'd. If Lord spake last,
 To interrupt me had not made such hast,

I soon had done ; for I was come, Great Sir,
 T'advise your sending *Dutch* Embassador ;
 But much it does concern you whom to trust
 With this Embassy : for none true, or just,
 Wise, Stout, or Honourable, nor a Friend,
 Should you in any wise resolve to send,
 Lest any unseen, or unlucky Chance
 Should in this War befall to us or *France*.

We may that loathed Wretch give to the hate
 Of th' Peoples fury, them to satiate.
 And when all's done that can be done by Man,
 Much must be left to Chance, do what we can.
 And if you'll make all Christendom your Friend,
 And put to *Dutchland-League* an utter end ;
 Then surely you may have of Men and Treasure
 Enough of both to execute your Pleasure.

This Speech being ended, five or six agree,
France shall be lov'd, and *Holland* hated be.
 All gone, I wak'd, and wondred what should mean,
 All I had heard, methought 'twas more than Dream.
 And if Cabal thus serve us *Englishmen*,
 'Tis ten to one but I shall dream again.

*On the Three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday
 Morning, Feb. the 26th, 1671.*

NE A R *Holborne* lies a Park of great Renown,
 The place, I do suppose, is not unknown ;
 For brevity sake the Name I shall not tell,
 Because most genteel Readers know it well.
 Since middle Park near *Charing-Cross* was made,
 They say there is a great decay of Trade,
 'Twas there a Gleek of Dukes by Fury brought,
 With bloody mind a sickly Damsel fought,
 And against Law her Castle did invade,
 To take from her her instrument of Trade.

'Tis strange (but sure they thought not on't before)
 Three Bastard Dukes should come t'undo one Whore.
 Murder was cry'd (truth is; her Case was sad)
 When she was like to lose e'en all she had :
 In came the Watch disturb'd with Sleep and Ale,
 By shrill Noises, but they could not prevail,
 T' appease their Graces ; straight rose Mortal Jars
 Betwixt the Night Black-Guard and Silver Stars ;
 Then fell the Beadle by a Ducal Hand,
 For daring to pronounce the sawcy Stand.
 The way in Blood certain Renown to win,
 Is first with bloody Noses to begin.
 The high-born Youths their hasty Errand tell,
 Dam ye you Rogue, we'll send your Soul to Hell.
 They need not send a Messenger before,
 They're too well known there to stay long at Door.
 See what mishaps dare e'en invade *Whitehall* ;
 This silly Fellow's death puts off the Ball,
 And disappoints the Queen, poor little Chuck;
 I warrant 'twould have danc'd it like a Duck.
 The Fiddlers, Voices, Entries, all the sport,
 And the gay show put off, where the brisk Court
 Anticipates in rich subsidy-Coats
 All that is got by mercenary Votes :
 Yet shall *Whitehall* the Innocent, the Good,
 See these men dance all daub'd with Lace and Blood ?
 Near t'other Park there stands an aged Tree,
 As fit as if 'twere made o'th' once for Three ;
 Where that no Ceremony may be lost,
 Each Duke for State may have a several Post.
 What Storms may rise out of so black a Cause,
 If such Turd-Flies shall break through Cobweb Laws.

*The History of Infipids: A Lampoon, 1676.
By the Lord Roch—r.*

1.

CHaft, pious, prudent, C—— the Second,
The Miracle of thy Restoration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation ;
The wish'd for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
Became their Curse and Punishment.

2.

The Vertues in thee, C——inherent,
Altho thy Count'nance be an odd-piece,
Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent
As e'er was *Harry* with a Codpiece :
For Chastity and pious Deeds,
His Granfire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

3.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Espoused half a dozen Wives ;
C—— only one resolv'd to marry,
And other Mens he never——
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e'er had *Harry* by threescore.

4.

Never was such a Faith's Defender,
He like a politick Prince and pious,
Gives liberty to Conscience tender,
And doth to no Religion tye us.
Turks, Christians, Jews, Papists, he'll please us,
With *Moses, Mahomet*, or J——s.

5.

In all Affairs of Church or State,
He very Zealous is, and able,
Devout at Prayers, and sits up late
At the Cabal and Council-Table ;

His very Dog at Council-Board,
Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

6.

Let C ——— his Policy no man flout,
The wisest Kings have all some Folly ;
Nor let his Piety any doubt ;

C ——— like a Sovereign wise and holy,
Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
And Bishops those that love a Wench.

7.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preserving those that cut off's Head ;
Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,
He let's them starve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endow'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

8.

Blood that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown ?
Since Loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the King and out-do *Blood*.

9.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you must not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes ;
Here with a Place, there with a Pension.
When to give Money he can't cologne 'um,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

10.

But they long since, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd and sold the Nation ;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give thee C ——— a Resolution,
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
 Tho Victories were *Caesar's* Glory;
 Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
 But left them stiled great in Story.
 Malicious Fate doth oft devise
 To beat the Brave, and fool the Wise.

12.

Charles in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
 To have been Sovereign of the Deep;
 When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
 Had not his Highness gone to sleep,
 Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
 The *Dutch* else had been in sad taking.

13.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
 Tho we paid dear for that Design:
 Had we not three days parling staid
 The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles* had been Thine.
 Tho the false *Dane* agreed to sell 'um,
 He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

14.

Had not *Charles* sweetly chous'd the States,
 By *Bergen* baffle grown more wise,
 And made them shite as small as Rats,
 By their rich *Smyrna* Fleets surprize.
 Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

15.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
 And once the Natives wise Division,
 Defeated *Charles* his best designs.
 Till he became his Foes Derision.
 But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chattam*,
 Had he had Ships but to come at 'um.

16.

Our *Blackbeath* Host without dispute,
 Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no man knows)

Must *Charles* have render'd absolute
 Over his Subjects, or his Foes.
 Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
 By taking *Maestricht* with our Tools ?

17.

But *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
 To run so many sad Disasters ;
 To join thy Fleet with false *D'Estree*,
 To make the *French* of *Holland* Masters ?
 Was't *Carwell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
 That made thee break the Triple League ?

18.

Could *Robin Finer* have foreseen
 The glorious Triumphs of his Master,
 The *Wool-Church* Statue Gold had been,
 Which now is made of Alabaster :
 But wise Men think, had it been Wood,
 'Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

19.

Those that the Fabrick well consider,
 Do of it diversly discourse ;
 Some pass their Censure of the Rider.
 Others their Judgment of the Horse :
 Most say the *Steed's* a goodly thing,
 But all agree 'tis a Lewd K—;

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
 Free-man of *London Charles* is made ;
 Then to *Whitehall* a Rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was bestow'd on the *French* Jade.
 But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers.

21.

Cringe, scrape no more, ye City Fops,
 Leave off your Feasting and fine Speeches,
 Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiss your Breeches.

Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,
You're Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

22.

New Upstarts, Pimps, Bastards, Whores,
That Locust-like devour the Land,
By shutting up th' Exchequer Doors,
When thither our Money was trepann'd,
Have render'd C—— his Restoration
But a small Blessing to the Nation.

23.

Then C—— beware of thy Brother *Turk*,
Who to thy Government gives Law ;
If once we fall to the old Sport,
You must again both to *Breda* :
Where 'spight of all that would restore you,
Grown wise by wrongs, we shall abhor you.

24.

If of all Christian Blood the guilt
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven ;
That Sea by Treacherous *Lewis* spilt,
Can never be by God forgiven :
Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Pest'lence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

25.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curse,
Who at his Subjects cry does dance,
And studies how to make them worse.
To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

26.

Such know no Laws but their own Lust,
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute due and just,
Still spent and spilt for Subjects good.
If such Kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.

27.

Such Kings, curst be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em ;
Monsters which Knaves Sacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine ?
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

28.

Then farewell Sacred Majesty,
Let's pull all Brutish Tyrants down ;
Where Men are born, and still live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
Mankind like miserable Frogs,
Prove wretched, King'd by Storks and Logs.

ROCHESTER's Farewel, 1680.

Tir'd with the noysom Follies of the Age,
And weary of my part, I quit the Stage ;
For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are ?
Long I with charitable Malice strove,
Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove ;
But thriving-Vice under the Rod still grew,
As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Lust renew.
Yet tho my Life hath unsuccessful been,
(For who can this *Augcan* Stable clean ?)
My gen'rous End I will pursue in Death,
And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.
First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear :
Mulg—s their Head ; but Gen'ral have a care,
Tho skill'd in all those Arts that cheat the Fair,
The undiscerning and Impartial *Moor*
Spare not the Lover on the Ladies score.
Think how many perish by one fatal shot,
The Conquests all thy Ogling ever got.

Think

Think then (as I presume you do) how all
 The *English* Beauties will lament your fall ;
 Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry heart,
 Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
 Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 To stay and tye the Cravat-string at home ?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Hewit*, *Damme*, there's no Action there.
 Had'st thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,
 To hinder this thy eagerness to fight ?
 That without danger thou a Brave might'st be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Sbrews*——y.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
 But who such Courage could suspect in you ?
 For say, what reason could with you prevail,
 To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail ?
 Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord*——t go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant but desperate.
 For who would not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Mony, or has got a Wife ?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazar*,
 One flies from's Creditors, the other from *Frazier* ;
 'Twere cruelty to make too sharp Remarks
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.
 Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
 When all the pert young Volunteers I see ;
 Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
 As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State :
 Their Names shall equal, or exceed in Story,
 Chit *Sund*——d, Chit *Godo*——n, and Chit *L*——y.
 When thou let'st *Plimouth* go, 'twas such a jest,
 As when the Brother made the same request ;
 Had *Richmond* but got leave as well as he,
 The jest had been complete and worthy thee.
 Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
 It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance.
 First, at her Highness's Ball he must appear,
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
 With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War ;

What is of Soldier seen in all the heap,
 Besides the flut'ring Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
 From Gen'ral *Mulg—e*, down to little *Wroth*?
 But now they're all embark'd, and curse their Fate,
 Curse *Charles* that gave 'em leave, & much more *Kate*,
 Who than *Tangier* to *England* and the King
 No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring;
 And with the *Moors*, since now their hand was in,
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
 Whereby the wiser Sparks that stay at home,
 In safe Ideas by their fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maestrich*) is at *Windsor* storm'd.
 But now we talk'd of *Maestrich*; where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
 He with his thick impenetrable Scull,
 The solid hard'ned Armour of a Fool:
 Well might himself to all Wars ill expose,
 Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to lose:
 Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
 Who must (forfooth) our future Monarch be.
 This Fool by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Ven—n*) led,
 Dream that a Crown will drop upon his head;
 By great Example, he this Path doth tread.
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,
 (For *Saul* sought Asses when he found a Crown.)
 But *Rose* is risen as *Samuel* at his call,
 To tell that God hath left th' ambitious *Saul*.
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun
 See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.
 So Heaven says, but *Bran—n* says he shall,
 But who e'er he protects is sure to fall.
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he?
 What good can come from him who *Tork* forsook,
 T' espouse the Interest of this booby Duke?

But who the best of Masters could desert,
 Is the most fit to take a Traytor's part.
 Ungrateful! This thy Master-piece of sin,
 Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didst begin,
 Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
 Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excel:
 The very top of Villany we seize,
 By steps in order, and by just degrees.
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way;
 But when degrees of Villany we name,
 How can we chuse but think on *Buckingham*?
 He who through all of them hath boldly ran,
 Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
 His treasur'd Sins of Supererogation,
 Swell to a sum enough to damn a Nation:
 But he must here *per force* be let alone,
 His Acts require a Volume of their own:
 Where rank'd in dreadful order shall appear,
 All his Exploits from *Sbrews*---y to *Le Meer*.
 But stay, methinks I on a sudden find
 My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd:
 But where in all this choice shall I begin?
 Where, but with the renowned *Mararine*?
 For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear,
 And Bawds and Statesmen grow in plenty there,
 To thee submit and yield, should we be just
 To thy experienc'd and well-travel'd Lust:
 Thy well known Merits claim that thou should'st be
 First in the glorious Roll of Infamy.
 To thee they all give place, and Homage pay,
 Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey;
 Thou Queen of Lust, the Bawdy Subjects they.
 While *Sussex*, *Brughill*, *Betty Felton* come,
 Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne;
 For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
 Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore?

For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,
 That is not conscious of thy Lewd desert.
 The great *Pedalion* Youth, whose Conquests run
 O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,
 Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust have shown.
 All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come;
 (Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb:
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never ebb dost know,
 Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
 Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,
 Thou highest, last degree of Letchery:
 For in all Ages, except her and you,
 Who ever sin'd so high, and stoop'd so low?
 She to the Imperial Bed each Night did use
 To bring the stink of the exhausted Stews;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.
 But thou to our admiring Age dost show
 More sin than innocent *Rome* did ever know;
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
 Tak'st up with Devil, having tir'd Man.
 For what is else that loathsome ugly Black,
 Which you and *Sussex* in your Arms do take?
 Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast,
 Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past:
 Tho on thy Head, Grey Hairs, like *Etna's* Snow,
 Are shed, thou'rt Fire and Brimstone all below;
 Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once do rage
 The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
 My Lady Dutchess takes the second place,
 Proud with thy favour and peculiar grace;
 Ev'n she with all her Piety and Zeal,
 The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.
 Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire
 The lustful Seeds of thy contagious fire;
 So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.

Of what Important use Religion's made,
 By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade!
 As Wines prohibited, securely pass,
 Changing the Name of their own native Place.
 So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,
 Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame:
 Where ever too much Sanctity you see,
 Be more suspicious of hid Villany.
 Whose'er's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,
 If Man, suspect him Rogue; if Woman, Whore:
 And such a thing art thou, religious Pride,
 So very Lewd, and yet so Sanctify'd.
 Let now the Dutchess take no further care,
 Of numerous Stallions let her not despair,
 Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
 To send her *Bromeley*, *H——* and *Mazarine*;
 This last doth banish'd *Monmouth*'s place supply,
 And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.

For *Monmouth* he had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
 To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence;
 A proof that since such things as she prevail,
 Her Highness Head is lighter than her Tail.
 But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
 The common Theam of ev'ry Rhiming Set;
 She'll after railing make us laugh a while,
 For at her Folly who can chuse but smile?
 While them who always slight her, great she makes,
 And so much pains to be despis'd she takes;
 Goes sauntering with her Highness up to Town,
 To an old Play, and in the dark comes down;
 Still makes her Court to her as to the Queen,
 But still is jostled out by *Mazarine*.
 So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
 Than even she who her from Exile brought.
 O *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth*! Not to take
 The offer the great *Sun——* did make;
 When cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
 The Golden Calf, that's worship'd by the Crowd.

But

But thou for *York*, who now despises thee,
 To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftsbury*.
 If this is all the Policy you know,
 This all the skill in States you boast of so,
 How wisely did thy Countrys Laws ordain,
 Never to let the foolish Woman reign?
 But what must we expect, who daily see
 Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee?

Marvel's Ghost. By Mr. Ayloffe.

FROM the dark Stygian Lake I come,
 To acquaint poor *England* with her doom;
 Which by the infernal Sisters late,
 I copied from the Book of Fate:
 And tho the Sense may seem disguis'd,
 'Tis in these following Lines compris'd.

When *England* shall forsake the Broom,
 And take the Thistle in the room;
 A wanton Fidler shall be led
 By Fate to shame his Master's Bed;
 From whence a spurious Race shall grow,
 Design'd for *Britain's* overthrow.
 These, whilst they do possess her Throne,
 Shall serve all Interests but their own;
 And shall be both in Peace and War
 Scourges unto themselves and her.
 A brace of Exil'd Youths, whose Fates
 Shall pull down Vengeance on those States
 That harbour'd them abroad, must come
 Well skill'd in foreign Vices home,
 And shall their dark Designs to hide,
 With two contending Churches side;
 Till with Cross-persecuting Zeal,
 They have destroy'd the Commonweal.

Then

Then Incest, Murder, Perjury,
 Shall fashionable Vertues be ;
 And Villanies infest this Isle,
 Shall make the Son of *Claudius* smile.
 No Oaths or Sacraments hold good,
 But what are seal'd with Lust and Blood :
 Lust, which cold Exile could not tame,
 Nor Plague nor Fire at home reclaim :
 For this she shall in Ashes mourn,
 From *Europe's* Envy turn her Scorn,
 And curse the Day that e're gave Birth
 To *Cecil*, or to *Monk* on Earth.

But as I onwards strove to look,
 The angry Sister shut the Book,
 And said, No more, that fickle State
 Shall know no further of her Fate ;
 Her future Fortunes must be hid,
 Till her known Ills be remedy'd ;
 And she to those Resentments come,
 That drove the *Tarquins* out of *Rome* ;
 Or such as did in fury turn
 The *Affyrian's* Palace to his Urn.

The True Englishman, 1686.

Curs'd be the tim'rous Fool, whose feeble Mind
 Is turn'd about with every blast of Wind ;
 Who to Self-interest basely does give ear,
 And suffers Reason to be led by Fear.
 He only merits a true *English* Name,
 Who always says, and does, and is the same ;
 Who dares be honest, tho' at any rate,
 And stands prepar'd to meet the worst of Fate :
 He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does despise,
 And won't be knavish to be counted wise :
 No publick Storm can his clear Reason blind,
 Or bad Example influence his Mind.

Let *M*— like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
 For his aspiring Projects and Amours,
 Unman himself to sneak, fawn, cringe and whine,
 And play the Spaniel till they let him in;
 Then, with a grinning and affected Leer,
 Run his red Snout in every Lady's ear.

Let a lewd Judg come wreaking from a Weach,
 To vent a wilder Lust upon the Bench;
 Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
 Swell'd up with Envy, overact his Part;
 Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd,
 And study to be more than doubly dam'd,
 Let a mean scoundrel Lord (for equal fear
 Of hanging, or of starving) falsely swear;
 Let him whose Knavery and Impudence
 Is known to every Man's Experience,
 With Scraps of broken Evidence, contrive
 To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive:
 Nay, tho he swears by the same Deities,
 Whom he has mock'd by Mimick Sacrifice.

Let *Rumsey*, with his ill-look'd treacherous Face,
 That swarthy Off-spring of a Hellish Race,
 Whose Mother, big with an intriguing Devil,
 Brought an Epitome of all that's Evil:
 Let him be perjur'd, and as rashly damp
 T'eternal Infamy his odious Name.

Let Knaves and Fools confound the tottering State,
 And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's Hate;
 Blinding by false Accounts of Men and Things,
 The most indulgent and the best of Kings.

Let an unthinking hair-brain'd Bigot's Zeal,
 (Not out of any thought of doing well,
 But in a pure defiance of the Law)
 In bloody Lines his true Idea draw;
 That Men may be inform'd, and early see,
 What such a Man (if once in Pow'r) would be:
 Of Royal Mercy, let him stop the Source,
 That Death may have a free and boundless course;

Till

The shivering Ghosts come from their gloomy Cell,
And in dumb Forms a fatal Story tell: Whores,

Let the Court swarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bawds and
And honest Men be all turn'd bit of doormen
Let Atheism and Profaneness run abroad,
And not an upright Man (God save the King) be found!
Let Men of Principles be in disgrace,
And mercenary Villains in their places
Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
Lose their just Liberties, and be undone
Let Statesmen sudden Changes undertake,
And make the Government's Foundation shake,
Till strange tempestuous Murmurs do arise,
And shew a Storm that's gathering in the Skies.

Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
Upon the issue of their Actions wait;
If you've a true, a brave undaunted Mind,
Of English Principles, as well as kind;
You'll on the bottom of true Honour stand,
Firm as a Rock, unshaken as the Land:
So when vast Seas of Trouble 'gainst you beat,
They'll break, and force themselves to a Retreat;
No Fate, no Flattery can e'er controul
A steady, resolute, heroick Soul.

On the Young Statesman. By J. Dryden, 1680.

Clarendon had Law and Sense;
Clifford was Fierce and Brave,
Bennet's grave Look was a Pretence,
And D——y's matchless Impudence
Help'd to support the Knave.

2.

But Sand——d, Got——n, L——y,
These will appear such Chits in story,
'Twill turn all Politicks to jests,

To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When Fiddlers sing at Feasts.

3.
Protect us, mighty Providence,
What wou'd these Madmen have?
First, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Sense,
And without Pow'r enslave.

4.
Shall Free-born Men in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from Consent and Custom, draw
The same Right to be rul'd by Law
Which Kings pretend to Reign?

5.
The Duke shall wield his conq'ring Sword,
The Chancellor make his Speech;
The King shall pass his honest Word,
The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford;
And then come kifs my Breech.

6.
So have I seen a King on Chess,
(His Rooks and Knights withdrawn;
His Queen and Bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a Pawn.

Portsmouth's Looking-Glass. By the L. Roch-r.

Methinks I see you newly risen,
From your embroider'd Bed, and pissing;
With studied Mein, and much Grimace,
Present your self before your Glass,
To varnish and rub o'er those Graces,
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces:
To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all those Powers you conquer with;

Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
 In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs :
 And nicely chuse, and neatly spread,
 Upon your Cheeks the best French Red.
 Indeed for Whites none can compare,
 With those you naturally wear :
 And tho her Highness much delights
 To laugh and talk about your Whites,
 I never could perceive your Grace
 Made use of any for your Face.
 Here 'tis you practise all your Art,
 To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart ;
 Tattle, and smile, and wink and twink on't,
 It almost makes me spew to think on't.
 These are your Master-strokes of Beauty,
 That keeps poor Rowley to hard Duty :
 And how can all these be withstood,
 By frail and amorous Flesh and Blood ?
 These are the Charms that have bewitcht him,
 As if a Conjuror's Rod had switcht him :
 Made him he knows not what to do,
 But loll and fumble here with you.
 Amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,
 At Cards and Council here he sits :
 Yet minds not how they play at either,
 Nor cares not when 'tis walking Weather :
 Business and Power he has resign'd,
 And all things to your mighty Mind.
 Is there a *Minister of State*;
 Or any Treasurer of late,
 That's fawning and imperious too ?
 He owes his Greatness all to you :
 And as you see just cause to do't,
 You keep him in, or turn him out.
 Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,
 Raise Men, disband them as you please,
 Take any Pensions, retrench Wages,
 For Petticoats, and lusty Pages :

Contrive and Execute all Laws,
 Suiting the Judges to the Cause.
 Learn'd Scrogs and honest Jaffers,
 A Faithful Friend to you who e're is;
 He made the Jury come in booty,
 And for your Service would hang Donbly.
 You govern every Council-meeting,
 Make the Fools do as you thing fitting:
 Your Royal Cully has Command,
 Only from you at second hand;
 He does but at the Helm appear,
 Sits there and sleeps while your Slaves steer:
 And you are the bright Northern Star,
 By which they guide this Man of War:
 Yet without doubt they might conduct
 Him better, were you better f——
 Many begin to think of late,
 His Crown and C——ds have both one date:
 For as they fall, so falls the State,
 And as his Reins prove loose and weak,
 The Reins of Government must break.

The Impartial Trimmer, 1682.

SInce there are some that with me see the State
 Of this declining Isle, and mourn its Fate;
 French Counsellors and Whores, French Education,
 Have chang'd our Natures, and enslav'd our Nation:
 There was a time when Barons boldly stood,
 And spent their Lives for their dear Countrys Good;
 Confirm'd our Charter, with a Curse to light
 On those that should destroy that Sacred Right,
 Which Pow'r with Freedom can so well unite.
 The hated name of *Rebel* is not due
 To him that is to Law and Justice true.

Brave bold Part may justly claim Renown;
 Preferring Right to Friendship, and a Crown;
 For 'twas not Treason then to keep our own.
 But now the Nation with unusual need
 Cries help, where is our bold, our *English Breed*?
 Popery and Slavery are just at hand,
 And every Patriot is a S——d.
Shaftesbury's gone, another Change to try;
 He hates his Word, yet more the Monarchy:
 No Head remains our Loyal Cause to grace,
 For *Monmouth* is too weak for that high Place:
 More proper for the Court where he was rais'd,
 His Dancing envy'd, and his Dressing prais'd;
 Where still such Folly is so well protected,
 Those few that ha'n't it are oblig'd t' affect it;
 For Statesmen, King, and Whore, and all have sworn
 T' advance such Wit and Virtue as their own:
 Degenerate *Rome* and *Spain* deserves t' outbrave us,
 If *Hids* or *Hallifax* can e're enslave us;
 Or he that kneels betwixt his Dogs and Whore,
 Rul'd by a Woman he can use no more;
 Whispers with Knaves, and jests all day with Fools,
 Is chid to Council like a Boy to School;
 False to Mankind, and true to him alone,
 Whose Treason still attempts his Life and Crown.
 Rouse up and cry, No Slavery, no *Tork*,
 And free your King from that devouring Stork;
 Tho lull'd with Ease and Safety he appear,
 And trusts the Reins to him he ought to fear.
 'Tis Loyalty indeed to keep the Crown
 Upon a Head that would it self dethrone.
 This is the Case of our unthinking Prince,
 Wheedled by Knaves to rule against common Sense;
 That we provok'd our Wrongs to justify,
 Might in his Reign his Brother's Title try.
 Live long then *Charles*, secure of those you dread,
 'There's not five Whigs that ever wish'd you dead;

For as old Men rarely of Gout complain,
 That Life prolongs, but sooths its wholesome pain ;
 So we with as small cause (God knows) to boast,
 Bear much with you, rather than with him roast :
 For if a Subject he such Terror bring,
 What may we hope from a revengeful King ?
 Both lewd and zealous, stubborn in his Nonsense,
 He'll sacrifice *Mankind* to ease his Conscience.

O happy *Venice*, whose good Laws are such,
 No private Crime the publick Peace can touch :
 But we most wretched, while two Fools dispute,
 If *Leg* or *Armstrong* shall be absolute.

Bajazet to Gloriana, 1684.

FAir Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
 To tell you how he drew his Ruin on ;
 By what Degrees he took that Passion in,
 That made him guilty of *Promethean* Sin,
 Who from the Gods durst steal Celestial Fire ;
 And tho with less success, I did as high aspire :
 Ah ! why (you Gods) was she of mortal Race,
 And why 'twixt her and me was there so vast a space ?
 Why was she not above my Passion made ?
 Some Star in Heaven, or Goddess of the Shade ?
 And yet my haughty Soul could ne'er have bow'd
 To any Beauty of the common Crowd :
 None but the Brow that did expect a Crown
 Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.

I liv'd the Envy of the *Arcadian* Plains,
 Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains.
 Where e'er I pass'd, I swept the Street along,
 And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
 In num'rous Flocks and Herds I did abound ;
 And when I vainly spread my Wishes round,
 They wanted nothing but my being Crown'd ;

Yet witness all you spiteful Pow'rs above,
 If my Ambition did not spring from Love :
 Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been less fair,
 Less excellent, less charming than you are,
 I had my honest Loyalty retain'd,
 My noble Blood untainted had remain'd ;
 Witness you Graces, and you Sacred Bowers,
 You shaded Rivers, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
 Where the expecting Nymphs have past their Hours ;
 Witness how oft (all careless of their Fame)
 They languish'd for the Author of their Flame :
 And when I came reproach'd, my old Reserve
 Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preserve ?
 What sighing Maid was next to be undone,
 For whom I dress'd and put my Graces on ?
 And never thought (tho I feign'd ev'ry proof
 Of tender Passion) that I lov'd enough.
 While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
 Or the faint Pleasure like a Dream enjoy'd ;
 'Twas *Gloriana's* Eyes my Soul alone
 With everlasting Gust could feed upon :
 From her first Bloom my Fate I did pursue,
 And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew
 The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
 They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
 The Beauty from the Princess to divide :
 For he at once must feel, whom you inspire,
 A soft Ambition, and a haughty Fire,
 And Hopes, the natural Aid of young Desire.

My unconsidering Passion had not yet
 Thought your Illustrious Birth for mine too great :
 'Twas Love that I pursu'd, that God that leads
 Sometimes the equal'd Slave to Princes Beds.
 But O, I had forgot that Flame must rest
 In your bright Soul that makes th' Adorer blest ;
 Your Sacred Fire alone must you subdue,
 'Tis that, not mine, can raise me up to you ;

Yet if by chance m' Ambition meet a stop
 With any Thought that check'd m' advancing Hope :
 This new one straight wou'd all the rest confound,
 How every Coxcomb aim'd at being Crown'd ;
 The vain young Fool with all his Mother's Parts,
 Who wanted Sense enough for little Arts ;
 Whose Composition was like Cheddar-Cheese,
 (In whose Production all the Town agrees)
 To whom from Prince to Priest was added Staff,
 From Great King *Charles* e'en down to Father Goff ;
 Yet he with vain Pretensions lays a Claim
 To th' glorious Title of a Sovereign ;
 And when for Gods such wretched things set up,
 Was it so great a Crime for me to hope ?
 No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
 There is no Treason in ambitious Love ;
 That Sacred Antidote i' th' poyson'd Cup,
 Quells the Contagion of each little Drop.

I bring no Forces but my Sighs and Tears,
 My Languishments, my soft Complaints and Pray'rs
 Artillery which was never sent in vain,
 Nor fails, where-e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
 Here only, here rebated they return,
 Meeting the solid Armour of your Scorn ;
 Scorn, by the Gods, I any thing could bear,
 The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War ;
 Long Winter Marches, or the Summer's Heat,
 May e'en in Battel from the Foe defeat ;
 Scars on this Face, Scars, whose dull Recompence
 Wou'd ne'er atone for what they rob from thence ;
 Scandal of Coward, nay, half-witted too,
 Or siding with the pardon'd Rebel Crew ;
 Or ought but Scorn, and yet you must frown on,
 Your Slave was destin'd thus to be undone ;
 You the avenging Deity appear,
 And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd Fair.

*On King CHARLES, by the Earl of Rochester;
For which he was banish'd the Court, and
turn'd Mountebank.*

IN the Isle of *Great Britain* long since famous known,
For breeding the best C—— in *Christendom*;
There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
The easiest Prince, and best-bred *Man* alive;
Him no Ambition moves to seek Renown,
Like the *French* Fool to wander up and down,
Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
Nor are his high Desires above his Strength,
His Scepter and his P—— are of a length;
And she that plays with one may sway the other,
And make him little wiser than his Brother.
I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones that they sit on;
From the Hector of *France* to the Cully of *Britain*.
Poor Prince, thy P—— like the Buffoons at Court,
It governs thee, because it makes thee Sport:
Tho Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
'Twill break through all to make its way to C——.
Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
A merry Monarch, scandalous and poor.
To *Cavendish* the most Dear of all thy Dears,
The sure Relief of thy declining Years;
Oft he bewails his Fortune and her Fate,
To love so well, and to be lov'd so late;
For when in her he settles well his T——,
Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an Arse.
This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you,
The pain it costs to poor laborious *Nelly*,
While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
E're she can raise the *Member* she enjoys.

*Cato's Answer to Libanius, when he advis'd him
to go and consult the Oracle of Jupiter Hamon;
Translated out of the 9th Book of Lucan, be-
ginning at Quid quin Labiene jubes, &c.*

By Mr. John Ayloffe.

WHat should I ask my Friends which best wou'd be,
To live enslav'd, or thus in Arms die free?
If any Force can Honour's Price abate,
Or Virtue bow beneath the Blows of Fate:
If Fortune's Threats a steady Soul disdains;
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the pains:
If it, our Happiness at all import,
Whether the foolish Scene be long or short:
If when we do but aim at noble Ends,
Th' Attempt alone immortal Fame attends:
If for bad Accidents, which thickest press
On Merit, we should like a good Cause less,
Or be the fonder of it for Success.
All this is clear, Words in our Minds it strikes,
Nor *Hamon* nor his Priest can deeper fix.
Without the Clergies venial Cant and Pains,
God's never frustrate Will holds ours in Chains,
Nor can we act but what the All-wise ordains:
Who needs no Voice, nor perishing Word to awe
Our wild Desires, and give his Creatures Law.
Whate're we know, or needful was, or fit,
In the wise Frame of human Souls is writ;
Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
He once for all did at our Birth declare;
But never did he seek out Desert Lands,
To bury Truth in unfrequented Sands;
Or to a corner of the World withdrew
Head of a Sect, or partial to a few.

Nature's vast Fabrick is his House alone,
 This Globe his Footstool, and high Heaven his Throne:
 In Earth, Air, Sea, and in who e'er excels,
 In knowing Heads and honest Hearts he dwells.
 Why seek we then among these barren Sands,
 In narrow Shrines, and Temples built with Hands,
 Him whose dread Presence does all Places fill,
 Or look but in our Reason for his Will?
 All we e'er saw in God, in all we find
 Apparent Prints of the Eternal Mind.
 Let flar'ring Fools their Course by Prophets steer,
 And always of the Future live in Fear:
 No Oracle or Dream the Crowd is told,
 Can make me more or less resolv'd or bold;
 But certain Death, which equally on all,
 Both on the Coward and the Brave must fall.
 This said, and turning with disdain about,
 He left scorn'd *Hamon* to the vulgar Rout.

The Lord Lucas's Ghost.

From the blest Regions of Eternal Day, (Ray;
 Where Heaven-born Souls imbibe th' immortal
 Where Liberty and Innocence reside,
 Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride;
 Where pious Patriots that have shed their Blood
 For sacred Truths, and for the publick Good,
 Now rest secure; from thence (poor Isle) I come
 To see thy Sorrows, and bewail thy Doom;
 Thy sore Oppressions and thy piercing Cry,
 Disturbs our Rest, and drowns our Harmony.
 When stiff-neck'd *Israel* did their God reject,
 And in his stead an Idol-King erect:
 Heav'n's flaming Sword he brandish'd in his hand,
 And dreadful Thunder struck their sinful Land;

Till Penitence aton'd his sinful Ire,
 And quench'd the Rage of his consuming fire.
 But this poor Land still feels the dire Effect
 Of his just Wrath, who his mild Reign reject.
 Unhappy Isle, how oft hast thou been curst
 With f——lish Kings; but this of all's the worst.
 The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful Fiends;
 This R——l Plague all other far transcends.
 From him, the Fountain, all our Mischief flows,
 From him the Fire, from him the War arose.
 With *Rome* he plots, Religion to o'erthrow,
 With *France* combines t' enslave the People too.
 No Man must near his sacred Person come,
 Unless he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
 With hardned Face h' assaults the frail and fair,
 Uses his Power the Vertuous to ensnare.
 With Troops of Vice h' conquers Liberty,
 Depresses Vertue, enthrones Tyranny;
 Threatens the Coward, fawns upon the Bold,
 Debauches all with Power or with Gold.

Lift up thy Head, afflicted Isle, and hear,
 The time of thy Deliverance draws near;
 His full-blown Crimes will certainly pull down
 A slow, but sure Destruction on his Crown.
 His loathed Acts thy freedom's Birth shall cause,
 Secure Religion, produce wholesome Laws.
 No more the Poor the Rich one shall devour;
 No more shall Right yield to oppressive Pow'r:
 No more shall Rapine make the Country groan,
 Nor Civil Wars shall reign within the Town:
 The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
 Shall cease henceforth to bruise thy happy Land.
Rome's Hocus Focus Ministers no more
 Shall cause Mankind their juggling Priests t' adore:
 Thy Learned Clergy shall confound them all;
 And they like *Ely's* Sons, unpierced fall.
 Dark Mists of Error then must fly away,
 And Hell's Delusions shrink from the bright Day.

Truth's sacred Light in full Abundance shall
 Upon thy Teachers and thy People fall
 So when th' Eternal Son was born to die
 For all the *World*, the lesser Gods did fly,
 His bright Appearance struck their *Prophets* dumb;
 And Death, like Silence, did their *Gods* intomb.
 The tuneful *Spheres* with *Hallelujahs* rung,
 Heaven's mighty Host with Man one Chorus sung,
 Ne'er fading Glory unto God above,
 Peace upon Earth, to Men Eternal Love.
 Thus the Creation shouted with one Voice;
 Thus Heav'n and Earth did at his Birth rejoice:
 And thus shall all repeat this Song again,
 When upon Earth he shall begin to reign.
 But this lov'd Isle shall be the chosen Place,
 Here shall the King of Kings begin his Race:
Judas was his Cradle and the Tomb,
Britain shall be his Throne in time to come.

AN E P I T A P H.

A *Lgernon Sidney* fills this Tomb:
 An *Abbeist*, by declaiming *Rome*:
 A Rebel bold, by striving still
 To keep the Laws above the Will;
 And hindring those would pull them down,
 To leave no Limits to a Crown:
 Crimes damn'd by Church and Government,
 O! whither must his Soul be sent?
 Of Heaven it must needs despair,
 If that the *Pope* be Turn-key there;
 And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
 For there is all Tyrannick Reign;
 And Purgatory's such a Pretence,
 As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense.
 Where goes it then? Where't ought to go,
 Where *Pope* and *Devil* have nought to do.

The Brazen-Head, 1688.

WHat strepitantious Noise is it that sounds
 From raised Banks, or from the lower Grounds;
 From hollow Caverns, Labyrinths from far,
 Threatning Confusions of a dreadful War?
 What dismal Cries of People in despair,
 Fill the vast Region of the troubled Air?
 The Tune of Horror or of what's as strange,
 That strikes uneven like a World of Change?
 With such a bold Surprise attacks my Sense,
 Beyond the Power of Council or Defence?
 But tho blind Fortune rolls her turning Wheel
 With a perpetual Motion, who can feel
 This Surge of Fate, push'd on with Fire and Steel?
 You precious Moments of serener Days!
 When many Victories enlarg'd my Praise,
 And all things ran in a most easie Stream,
 Back unto me their Ocean and Supreme;
 Are you all vanish'd by the sudden Fright,
 And left m' encompass'd with a dismal Night?
 By my own Subjects in suspicion held,
 Murmurings as bad, as if they had Rebell'd?
 You all-controlling Powers of things above!
 Whose easier Dictates guide the World by Love!
 Avert th' impendent Miseries, and show
 Us Earthly Gods to govern here below.

The Answer.

'TIS well you've thought upon the chiefest Cause;
 Change nothing of Religion nor the Laws.
 Let the great Monarch this good Motto wear,
 Not only in his Arms, but every-where;
Integer Vita, is my whole Defence;
Scelerisque purus; a most strong Defence;

Nam eget Mauri, that no Forces need,
Jaculis nec Arcu, which contentions breed:
Nec venenatis gravis Sagittis
Phœtra, to make Loyal his own Cities.

*Upon the Execrable Murder of the Honourable
 Arthur Earl of Essex.*

Mortality wou'd be too frail to heat,
 How *ESSEX* fell, and not dissolve with fear;
 Did not more generous rage take off the Blow,
 And by his *Blood* the steps to Vengeance show.

The Tow'r was for the Tragedy design'd,
 And to be slaughter'd he is first confin'd:
 As fetter'd Victims to the Altar go.
 But why must noble *ESSEX* perish so?
 Why with such fury dragg'd into his Tomb,
 Murder'd by Slaves, and sacrific'd to *Rome*?

By stealth they kill, and with a secret Stroke
 Silence that Voice which charm'd whene'er it spoke:
 The bleeding Orifice o'erflow'd the Ground,
 More like some mighty Deluge than a Wound.
 Through the large space his Blood and Vitals glide,
 And his whole Body might have past beside.
 The reeking Crimson swell'd into a Flood,
 And stream'd a second time in *Capet's* Blood.
 He's in his Son again to death pursu'd,
 An instance of the high'st Ingratitude.
 They then malicious Stratagems employ,
 With Life, his dearer Honour to destroy;
 And make his Fame extinguish with his Breath,
 And act beyond the Cruelties of Death.
 Here Murder is in all its shapes complete,
 As *Lanes* united in their *Centre* meet;

Form'd by the blackest Politicks of Hell:
Was *Cain* so dev'lish when his Brother fell?

He that contrives, or his own Fate desires,
Wants Courage, and for fear of Death expires;
But mighty *E S S E X* was in all things brave,
Neither to *Fear*, nor to *Disgrace* a Slave.
He had a Soul too Innocent and Great
To fear, or to anticipate his Fate:
Yet their exalted Impudence and Guilt
Charge on himself the precious Blood they spill'd.
So were the *Protestants* some Years ago,
Destroy'd in *Ireland* without a Foe.
By their own barbarous Hands the Mad-men-dye,
And massacre themselves, they know not why:
Whilst the kind *Irish* howl to see the Gore,
And pious *Catholicks* their Fate deplore.
If you refuse to trust erroneous Fame,
Royal Mac-Ninny will confirm the same.

We have lost more in injur'd *Capet's* Heir,
Than the poor Bankrupt Age can e'er repair.
Nature indulg'd him so, that there we saw
All the choice Strokes her steady Hand could draw.
He the Old *English* Glory did revive,
In him we had *Plantagenets* alive,
Grandeur and Fortune, and a vast Renown,
Fit to support the Lustre of a Crown.
All these in him were potently join'd.
But all was too ignoble for his Mind:
Wisdom and *Virtue*. Properties Divine,
Those, God-like *E S S E X*, were intirely thine.

In this great Name he's still preserv'd alive,
And will to all succeeding Times survive;
With just Progression, as the constant Sun
Doth move, and thro' its bright *Ecliptick* run.

For whilst his Dust does undistinguish'd lye,
And his blest Soul is soar'd above the Sky,
Fame shall below his parted Breath supply.

An Essay upon Satyr: By J. Dry — en, Esquire.

HOW dull, and how insensible a Beast
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and Poets vainly strove
In every Age the lumpish *Mass* to move:
But those were Pedants when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myfterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; so that as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiser too.
Satyr has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell Men freely of their foulest Faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
In *Satyr* too the Wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all Folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
(As Men aim rightest when they shoot in jest:)
Yet if we may presume to blame our Guides,
And censure those who censure all besides;
In other Things they justly are preferr'd,
In this alone methinks the Antients err'd;
Against the grossest Follies they disclaim,
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game.
Nothing is easier than such Blots to hit,
And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit.
Besides, 'tis Labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to *Armstrong*, or dull *Alton* teach?
'Tis being devout at Play, wise at a Ball,
Or bringing Wit and Friendship to *Whitehall*;

But with sharp Eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which he obscurely in the wisest mind ;
 That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
 To wash off that would be a Noble Toil,
 Beyond the loose-writ Libels of this Age,
 Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage ;
 Above all Censure too, each little Wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit :
 Who judging better, tho concern'd, the most
 Of such Correction will have cause to boast,
 In such a Satyr all wou'd seek a share,
 And every Fool will fancy he is there.
 Old Story-tellers too must pine and dye,
 To see their antiquated Wit laid by ;
 Like her who miss'd her Name in a Lampoon,
 And griev'd to find her self decay'd so soon ;
 No common Coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 Nor the dull Train of dancing Sparks appear ;
 Not fluttering Officers, who never fight ;
 Of such a wretched Rabble who would write ?
 Much less half *Wits*, that's more against our Rules :
 For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
 Who would not be as silly as *Dunbar* ?
 As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr* ?
 The cunning Courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull Knavery makes so much ado ;
 Till the shrewd Fool by thriving too too fast,
 Like *Aesop's* Fox, becomes a Prey at last.
 Nor shall the Royal Mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd ;
 With whom each rhyming Fool keeps such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other :
 Yet sauntering *Charles* between his beastly Brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected Humour, or a painted Face.
 In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
 How one has Jilted him, the other sold him :

How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ;
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?
 Was ever Prince by two at once mis-led,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill bred ?
Earnest and *Aylef*——y, with all that Race
 Of busy Block-heads shall have here no place ;
 At Council set as foils on *D——by's* score,
 To make that great false Jewel shine the more ;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains, and telling lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men,
 Their very Names have tir'd my lazy Pen ;
 'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
 Some fitter Subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest Man alive,
 Against his careless *Genius* vainly strive ;
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
 'Gainst a set-time, and then forget the day :
 Yet he will laugh at his best Friends, and be
 Just as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
 But when he aims at Reason or at Rule,
 He turns himself the best in ridicule.
 Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit ;
 That shadow of a Jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Tho he left all Mankind to be destroy'd :
 So Cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
 Till Mouse appear'd and thought himself secure ;
 But soon the Lady had him in her Eye,
 And from her Friend did just as odly fly.
 Reaching above our Nature, does no good,
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood.
 As by our little *Machiavel* we find [E. of S—y.
 (That nimblest Creature of the busy kind)
 His Limbs are crippled, and his Body shakes,
 Yet his hard Mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor Companion takes.

What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see that drag his feeble Legs about ;
 Like Hounds ill coupled, Jowler lugs him still
 Thro Hedges, Ditches, and thro all that's ill !
 'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
 To use a Body so, tho'tis one's own :
 Yet this false Comfort never gives him o're,
 That whilst he creeps, his vigorous Thoughts can soar :
 Alas, that soaring to those few that know,
 Is but a busy Groveling here below.
 So *Men* in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
 Whilst on the Ground th' intranced Wretches lye ;
 So modern Fops have fancy'd they could fly :
 Whilst 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
 And for the most part building Castle there ;
 As the new Earl with Parts deserving praise, [E. of E-x,
 And *Wit* enough to laugh at his own ways ;
 Yet loses all soft Days and sensual Nights,
 Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune slights :
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine Notion of a busy Man.
 And what is that at best, but one whose Mind
 Is made to tire himself and all Mankind ?
 For *Ireland* he would go, faith let him reign,
 For if some odd fantastick Lord would fain
 Carry in Trunks, and all my drudgery do,
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
 But is there any other *Beast* that lives,
 Who his own Harm so wittily contrives ?
 Will any Dog that hath his Teeth and Stones,
 Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones
 To turn a Wheel ? and bark to be employ'd,
 While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd ?
 Yet this fond *Man*, to get a Statesman's Name,
 Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom, and his Fame,
 Tho *Satyr* nicely writ, no Humour stings,
 But those who merit Praise in other things ;

Yet we must needs this one Exception make,
 And break our Rules for Folly *Tropos* sake ;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd ;
 Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
 From railing smoothly, and from reasoning wrong.
 As Boys on Holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish Traps for Girls that pass that way ;
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress,
 Some silly Cit in flow'r'd foolish dress :
 So have I mighty Satisfaction found,
 To see his Tinsel Reason on the Ground ;
 To see the florid Fool despis'd (and know it)
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it ;
 (For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest Speaker)
 But 'tis prodigious so much Eloquence
 Should be acquir'd by such a little Sense ;
 For Words and Wit did antiently agree,
 And *Tully* was no Fool tho this Man be :
 At Bar abusive, on the Bench unable,
 Knave on the Woolfack, Fop at Council-Table.
 These are the Grievances of such Fools as wou'd
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of *Wits* must be made known,
 Whose harmless Errors hurt themselves alone ;
 Excess of Luxury they think can please,
 And Laziness call loving of their Ease ;
 To live dissolv'd in Pleasures still they feign,
 Tho their whole Life's but intermitting Pain :
 So much of Surfeits, Head-aches, Claps are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between :
 Well-meaning Men, who make this gross mistake,
 And Pleasure lose only for Pleasure's sake ;
 Each Pleasure has its Price, and when we pay
 Too much of Pain, we squander Life away.
 Thus *D——* et purring like a thoughtful Cat,
 Married, but wiser Puss, ne're thought of that :

And first he worried her with railing Rhyme,
 Like *Pembroke's* Mastiffs at his kindest time;
 Then for one night sold all his slavish Life,
 A teeming *Widow*, but a barren *Wife*;
 Suckl'd by contract of such a fulsom Toad,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
 Till Fortune blindly kind as well as he,
 Has Alrestor'd him to his liberty;
 Which he would use in all his sneaking way,
 Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
 Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his brisker Times
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious Rhymes.

Mul—ve had much ado to scape the snare,
 Tho learn'd in those ill Arts that cheat the fair:
 For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
 With Beauty dazzled, *Numps* was in the Stocks:
 Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
 To see him catch his Tartar for his Prize:
 Th' impatient Town waited the wisht for change,
 And Cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
 Till *Petworth* Plot made us with sorrow see,
 As his Estate, his Person too was free:
 Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move,
 To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love;
 Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his will:
 'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r,
 Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little *Sid—y* for *Simile* renown'd,
 Pleasures has always fought, but never found:
 Tho all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
 The Flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His Meat and Mistresses are kept too long;
 But sure we all mistake this pious Man,
 Who mortifies his Person all he can.
 What we uncharitably take for Sin,
 Are only Rules of this old *Capuchin*;

For never Hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense ;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No Nastiness offends his skilful Nose :
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract Perfume, and Essence, from a F——t ;
Expecting Supper is his great delight,
He toils all day but to be drunk at night :
Then o'er his Cups this Night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes *Hewer* and *Jack Hall* for Wits.

Recheffer I despise for's want of wit,
Tho thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet ;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find ;
And so like Witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his Wit,
So often he does aim, so seldom hit ;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks.
Mean in each Action, lewd in every Limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him :
A proof that chance alone makes every Creature,
A very *Killigrew* without good Nature.
For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd !
And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd :
For (there's the folly that's still mixt with fear)
Cowards more blows than any Hero bear :
Of fighting-Sparks some may her pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away :
The World may well forgive him all his ill,
For every Fault does prove his penance still :
Falsly he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose :
A Life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base Injury, and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his Poetry ;
Forgot by almost all as well as me.

Sometimes he has some Humour, never Wit;
 And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
 'Tis under so much nasty Rubbish laid,
 To find it out's the Cinder-woman's Trade;
 Who for the wretched Remnants of a Fire
 Must toil all day in Ashes and in Mire
 So lewdly dull his idle Works appear,
 The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here;
 Where one poor Thought sometimes left all alone,
 For a whole Page of Dullness to atone:
 Amongst forty bad, one tolerable Line,
 Without Expression, Fancy, or Design,
 How vain a Thing is Man, and how unwise,
 Ev'n he who would himself the most despise!
 I who so wise and humble seem to be,
 Now my own Vanity and Pride can't see,
 While the World's Nonsense is so sharply shewn,
 We pull down others but to raise our own;
 That we may Angels seem, we paint them Elves,
 And are but Satyrs to set up our selves,
 I who have all this while been finding fault,
 E'en with my *Masters*, who first Satyr taught;
 And did by that describe the Task so hard,
 It seems stupendous and above Reward;
 Now labour with unequal force to climb
 That lofty Hill, unreacht by former time;
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

*Upon an undeserving and ungrateful Mistress,
 whom he could not help loving.
 Being a Paraphrastical Translation of Ovid's
 Tenth Elegy, Lib. 3. Amorum.*

I Have too long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
 Too long her Falseness my fond Love has born;
 My

My Freedom and my Wits at length I claim ;
 Be gone base Passion, die unworthy Flame ;
 My Life's sole Torment, and my Honour's Stain,
 Quit this tir'd Heart, and end the lingring Pain.
 I have resolv'd I'll be my self once more,
 Long banish'd Reason to her Right restore,
 And throw off Love's tyrannick Sway, that still
 (encroaching Power.

My growing Shame I see at last, tho late,
 And my past Follies both despise and hate.
 Hold out my Heart, nor let her Beauty move,
 Be constant in thy Anger as thy Love :
 My present Pains shall give thee future Ease,
 As bitter Potions cure, tho they displease.
 'Tis for this end, for Freedom more assur'd,
 I have so long such shameful Chains endur'd.
 Like a scorn'd Slave before her door I lay,
 And proud Repulses suffer'd every day ;
 Without complaining banish'd from her sight,
 On the cold ground I spent the tedious Night ;
 While some glad Rival in her Arms did lie,
 Glutted with Love, and surfeited with Joy.
 Thence have I seen the tir'd Adulterer come,
 Dragging a weak exhausted Carcase home.
 And yet this Curse a Blessing I esteem,
 Compar'd with that of being seen by him :
 By him descry'd attending in the Street,
 May my Foes only such Disgraces meet.
 What toil and time has this false Woman cost ?
 How much of unreturning Youth has for her sake been
 How long did I, where Fancy led, or Fate, (lost ?
 Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles wait ?
 Her Steps, her Looks were still by mine pursu'd,
 And watch'd by me she charm'd the gazing Crowd :
 My diligent Love, and over-fond Desire,
 Has been the means to kindle others Fire.
 What need I mention every little Wrong,
 Or curse the softness of her soothing Tongue ?

The private Love-signs that in publick pass,
 Between her and some common staring Ass.
 The Coquet Art her faithless Heart allows,
 Or tax her with a thousand broken Vows :
 I hear she's sick and with wild haste I run,
 Officious Haste, and Visit importune,
 Entering, my Rival on her Bed I see,
 The politick sickness only was to me.
 With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
 Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
 To bear her Jilting, and maintain her Pride ;
 My batter'd *Bark* has reach'd the Port at last,
 Nor fears again the *Billows* it has past.
 Cease your soft Oaths, and that still ready show'r,
 Those once dear words have lost their charming pow'r :
 In vain you flatter, I am now no more
 That easy Fool you found me heretofore.

Anger and Love a doubtful fight maintain,
 Each strives by turns my Staggering heart to gain :
 But what can long against Love's force contend ?
 My Love I fear will conquer in the end ;
 I'll do what e'er I can to hate you still,
 And if I love, know 'tis against my Will.
 So the *Bull* hates the Ploughman's Yoke to wear,
 Yet what he hates, his stubborn Neck must bear.

Her manners oft my Indignation raise,
 But straight her *Beauty* the short storm allays.
 Her Life I loath, her Person I adore ;
 Much I condemn her, but I love her more.
 Both with her, and without her, I'm in pain,
 And rage to lose what I should blush to gain :
 Uncertain yet at what my wishes aim ;
 Loth to abandon Love, or part with Fame :
 That Angel-form ill suits a form all Sin ;
 Ah ! be less fair without, or more within.
 When these soft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
 In vain I call her Vices to my aid ;

The now disdaining the disguise of Art,
In my esteem her Conduct claims no part,
Her Face a natural right has to my Heart.
No Crime's so black as to deform her Eyes,
Those Clouds must scatter when these Suns shall rise.

Enough, fair Conqueror, the day's your own,
See at your Feet Love's vanquish'd Rebel thrown;
By these dear Joys, (Joys dear, tho they are past)
When in the kindest Links of Love we held each other
fast ;

By th' injur'd Gods your false Oaths did profane
By all those Beauties that support and feed your proud
disdain ;

By that lov'd Face from the whole Sex Elect,
To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct;
And equal with a Pow'r divine respect :

By every feature of a turn so fine,
And by those Arms that charm and dazle mine.
Spare some new Triumphs, cherish without art,
This over-faithful, this too tender Heart :

A Heart that was respectful while it strove,
But yielding is all blind impetuous Love :

Live as you please, torment me as you will,
Still are you fair, and I must love you still.

Think only, if with just and clement Reign,
A willing Subject you wou'd chuse to gain,
Or drag a conquer'd Vassal in a Chain.

But to whatever Conduct you incline,
Do, suffer, be, what my worse fears divine,
You are, you ought, you must, you shall be mine.

Reason, for ever, the vain strife give o'er,
Thy cruel Wisdom I can bear no more ;

Let me indulge this one soft Passion's rule,
Curb vexing Sense, and be a happy Fool ;

With full-spread Sails the tempting Gale obey;
That down Love's Current drives me fast away.

The Town Life.

ONce how I doated on this jilting Town,
 Thinking no Heaven was out of *London* known;
 Till I her Beauties artificial found,
 Her Pleasure's but a short and giddy round;
 Like one who has his *Phyllis* long enjoy'd,
 Grown with the fulsom Repetition cloy'd:
 Love's mists then vanish from before his Eyes,
 And all the Ladies Frailties he descries:
 Quite surfeited with Joy, I now retreat
 To the fresh Air, a homely Country Seat;
 Good Hours, Books, harmless Sports, & wholsom meat }
 And now at last I've chose my proper Sphere,
 Where Men are plain and rustick, but sincere.
 I never was for Lies nor Fawning made,
 But call a Wafer Bread, and Spade a Spade:
 I tell what merits got Lord — his Place,
 And laugh at marry'd *M* — — — *ve* to his Face.
 I cannot vere with ev'ry change of State;
 Nor flatter Villains, tho at Court they're great:
 Nor will I prostitute my Pen for hire,
 Praise *Cromwell*, damn him, write the *Spanish Fryar*:
 A Papist now, if next the Turk should reign,
 Then piously transverse the *Alcoran*.
 Methinks I hear one of the Nation cry,
 Be-Crist, this is a Whiggish Calumny,
 All Vertues are compriz'd in Loyalty. }
 Might I dispute with him, I'd change his Note,
 I'd silence him, that is, he'd cut my Throat.
 This powerful way of reasoning never mist,
 None are so positive, but then desist
 As I will, e'er it come to that extreme;
 Our Folly, not our Misery is our Theme.
 Well may we wonder what strange Charm, what Spell
 What mighty Pleasures in this *London* dwell,

That Men renounce their Ease, Estates and Fame,
 And drudge it here to get a Fopling's Name:
 That one of seeming Sense advanc'd in Years,
 Like a Sir *Courtly Nice* in Town appears:
 Others exchange their Land for muddy Clothes,
 And will in spite of Nature pass for Beans.
 Indulgent Heaven, who ne'er made ought in vain,
 Each Man for something proper did ordain;
 Yet most against their Genius blindly run,
 The wrong they chuse, & what they're made for, shun.
 Thus *Ar——* thinks for State Affairs he's fit;
Hewit for Ogling, *Chomly* for a Wit:

But 'tis in vain, so wise, these Men to teach,
 Besides the King's learn'd Priests should only preach.

We'll see how Sparks the tedious day employ,
 And trace them in their warm pursuit of Joy;
 If they get dress'd (with much ado) by Noon,
 In quest of Beauty to the *Mall* they run,
 Where (like young Boys) with Hat in hand they try
 To catch some flutt'ring gawdy Butterfly.

Thus *Gray* pursues the Lady with a Face,
 Like forty more, and with the same Success,
 Whose Jilting Conduct in her Beauty's spite,
 Loses her Fame, and gets no Pleasure by't.

The secret Joys of an Intrigue she flights,
 And in an Equipage of Fools delights:
 So some vain Heroes for a vain Command,
 Forfeit their Conscience, Liberty and Land.
 But see high *Mass* is done, in Crowds they go;
 What, all these *Irish*, and *Moll Howard* too?

'Tis very late, to *Locketts* let's away,

The Lady *Frances* comes, I will not stay.

Expecting Dinner, to discourse they fall;

Without Respect of Morals censuring all:

The Nymph they lov'd, the Friend they hug'd before,

He's a vain Coxcomb, she's a common Whore:

No Obligation can their Jest prevent;

Wit, like unruly Wind in Bowels pent,

Torments the Bearer till he gives it vent;

} Tho

Tho this offends the Ear, as that the Nose,
 No matter, 'tis for Ease, and out it goes.
 But what they talk (too nauseous to rehearse)
 I leave for the late Ballad-writers Verse.
 After a dear-bought Meal they haste away,
 To a Desert of Ogling at the Play.
 What's here which in the Box's front I see!
 Deform'd old Age, Diseases, Infamy!

Warrick, North, Paget, Hinton, Martin, Willis,
 And that Epitome of Lewdness, *Ellis* :
 I'll not turn that way, but observe the Play,
 Pox, 'tis a tragick Farce of Banks to day :
 Besides, some *Irish* Wits the Pit invade
 With a worse Din than Cat-call Serenade.
 I must be gone, let's to *Hide-Park* repair,
 If not good Company, we'll find good Air.
 Here with affected Bow and Side-Glafs look,
 The self-conceited Fool is eas'ly took.
 There comes a Spark with six in Tarsels drest,
 Charming the Ladies Hearts with dint of Beast :
 Like Scullers on the *Thames* with frequent bow,
 They labour, tug, and in their Coaches row ;
 To meet some fair one, still they wheelabout,
 Till she retires, and then they hurry out.

But next we'll visit where the Beans in order come;
 ('Tis yet too early for the drawing-room)
 Here *Novels* and *Olivio's* abound ;
 But one plain *Manly* is not to be found :
 Flatt'ring the present, the absent they abuse,
 And vent their Spleen and Lies, pretending News :
 Why, such a Lady's pale, and wou'd not dance ;
 This to the Country gone, and that to *France* ;
 Who's marry'd, slipp'd away, or mist at Court,
 Others Misfortunes thus afford them sport.
 A new Song is produc'd, the Author guest,
 The Verses and the Poet made a Jest.

Live Laureat E——er, in whom we see
 The *English* can excel Antiquity.
Dryden writes Epick, *Woolley* Odes in vain ;
Virgil and *Horace* still the chief maintain :
 He with his matchless Poems has alone,
Bovius and *Mevius* in their way outdone.

But now for Cards and Play they all propose,
 While I who never in good breeding lose ;
 Who cannot civilly sit still and see
 The Ladies pick my Purse, and laugh at me,
 Pretending earnest Business drive to Court,
 Where those who can do nothing else resort.
 The *English* must not seek Preferment there,
 For *Mack's* and *O's* all Places destin'd are.
 No more we'll send our Youth to *Paris* now,
French Principles and Breeding once wou'd do :
 They for Improvement must to *Ireland* sail,
 The *Irish* Wit and Language now prevail.
 But soft my Pen, with care this Subject touch,
 Stop where you are, you soon may write too much !
 Quite weary with the hurry of the day,
 I to my peaceful home direct my way ;
 While some in Hack, and Habit of Fatigue,
 May have (but oft pretend) a close Intrigue ;
 Others more open to the Tavern scow'r,
 Calling for Wine, and every Man his Whore ;
 As safe as those with Quality perhaps,
 For N——rgh says great Ladys can give Claps :
 Some where they're kept, and many where they keep ;
 Most see an easy Mistress e'er they sleep.
 Thus Sparks may dress, dance, play, write, fight, get
 drunk,
 But all the mighty Pother ends in Punk.

A Satyr on the Modern Translators.
Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.
By Mr. P——r.

Since the united cunning of the Stage
 Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age:
 Since *Betterton* of late so thrifty's grown,
 Revives old Plays, or wisely acts his own:
 Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhymes,
 Makes the completest Poet of our Times:
 Those who with nine months toil had spoil'd a Play,
 In hopes of Eating at a full Third day,
 Justly despairing longer to sustain
 A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
 Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
 Atoning for bad Plays with worse Translations;
 And like old *Sternhold* with laborious spite,
 Burlesque what Nobler Muses better write:
 Thus while they for their Causes only seem
 To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
 So breaking *Vintners* to increase their Wipe,
 With nauseous Drugs debauch the generous Vine:
 So barren *Gypsies* for recruit are said
 With Strangers Issue to maintain the Trade;
 But lest the fair Bantling should be known,
 A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.
 In the head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears;
 But to save the Town-censure, and lessen his Fears,
 Join'd with a Spark whose Title makes me civil,
 For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil;
 Such mighty thoughts from *Ovid's* Letters flow,
 That the Translation is a work for two;
 Who in one Copy join'd, their shame have shown,
 Since *T——* could spoil so many tho alone:
 My Lord I thought so generous would prove,
 To scorn a Rival in affairs of Love:

But

But well he knew his teeming pangs were vain,
 Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain;
 And that when part of *Hudibras's* Horse
 Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an Arse;
 So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful hollow,
 He drags his sluggish Mate, and *Tray* must follow.
 But how could this learn'd Brace employ their time?
 One contru'd sure, while th' other pump'd for Rhime:
 Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,
 The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cæsar's* Deeds:
 This from his Partners Acts ensures his Name,
 Oh sacred thirst of everlasting Fame!
 That could defile those well-cut Nails with Ink,
 And make his Honour condescend to think:
 But what Excuse, what Preface can atone
 For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has singly done?
Bayes, whose *Rose-Ally* Ambuscade injoin'd
 To be to Vices which he practis'd kind,
 And brought the Venom of a spiteful Satyr,
 To the safe Innocence of a dull Translator.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought most fit
 To violate the *Mantuan* Prophet's Wit,
 And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.
 When I behold the ravings of his Muse,
 How soon *Assyrian* Ointment she would lose
 For Diamond Buckles sparkling at their Shoos.
 When *Vergil's* height is lost, when *Ovid* soars,
 And in Heroics *Canace* deploras
 Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
 I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
 In lofty Verses make *Maximin* blaspheme,
 Or sing in softer Airs *St. Katharine's* Dream.
 Nay, I could hear him damn last Ages Wit,
 And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;
 His envy shou'd at powerful *Cowley* rage,
 And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage:
 His Sacrilege should plunder *Shakspear's* Urn,
 With a dull prologue make the Ghost return.

To bear a second Death, and greater pain,
 While the Fiend's words the Oracle prophane.
 But when not satisfy'd with Spoils at home,
 The Pyrate would to foreign Borders roam;
 May he still split on some unlucky Coast,
 And have his Works or Dictionary lost;
 That he may know what *Roman Authors* mean,
 No more than does our blind Translatress *Behn*,
 The Female Wit; who next convicted stands,
 Not for abusing *Ovid's* Verse, but *Sand's* :
 She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd Grace,
 (Which little helps the ruin of her Face)
 That Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
 When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art :
 Nor strive in *Ovid's* Letters to have shown
 As much of Skill, as Lewdness in her own.
 Then let her from the next inconstant Lover,
 Take a new Copy for a second Rover :
 Describe the cunning of a jilting Whore,
 From the ill Arts her self has us'd before ;
 Thus let her write, but *Paraphrase* no more.

R — *mer* to *Crambo* privilege does claim,
 Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
 Which Providence in contradiction meant,
 Tho he Predestination could prevent,
 And with bold dulness translate Heaven's Intent.
 Rash Man ! we paid thee Adoration due,
 That antient Criticks were excell'd by you :
 Each little Wit to your Tribunal came
 To hear their Doom, and to secure their Fame :
 But for Respect you servilely sought Praise,
 Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bays;
 While wise Reflections, and a grave Discourse,
 Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horse*.
 So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
 From sleeping Judges to the noisy Crew ;
 Chang'd awful Ermin for a servile Gown,
 And to an humble fawning smooth'd his Frown :

The *Simile* will differ here indeed ;
You cannot verify, though he can plead.

To painful *Creech* my last Advice descends,
That he and Learning would at length be Friends ;
That he'd command his dreadful Forces Home,
Not be a second *Hannibal* to *Rome*.
But since no Counsel his Resolves can bow ;
Nor may thy Fate, *O Rome*, resist his Vow ;
Debarr'd from Pens as Lunatics from Swords,
He should be kept from waging War with Words :
Words which at first like Atoms did advance
To the just measure of a tuneful Dance,
And jump't to form, as did his Worlds, by chance.
This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town ;
The Wits confirm'd his Labours with Renown,
And swear the early Atheist for their own.
Had he stopt here — but ruin'd by success,
With a new Spawn he fill'd the burden'd Press,
Till as his Volumes swell'd, his Fame grew less.
So Merchants flatter'd with increasing gain,
Still tempt the Falshood of the doubtful Main :
So the first running of the lucky Dice,
Does eager Bully to new Bets intice ;
Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.
Witness this Truth *Lucretia's* wretched Fate,
Which better have I heard my Nurse relate ;
The Matron suffers Violence again,
Not *Tarquin's* Lust so vile as *Creech's* Pen ;
Witness those heaps his Midnight Studies raise,
Hoping to Rival *Ogilby* in Praise :
Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,
Which with most Justice might deserve the Prize ;
Had not the first the Town with Cuts appeas'd,
And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner Rank I would rehearse,
But will not plague your Patience nor my Verse :

In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their Writings may their Folly die.
 Now why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,
 And make his very Book an Exile too,
 In words more barbarous than the place he knew?
 If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated?
 Had he foreseen some ill officious Tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal Strains blaspheme his Song;
 Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame shou'd e'er pre-
 vent

The just Performance of his wise Intent:
 Smiling h'had seen his Martyr'd Work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire,
 Some Fop in Preface may those Thefts excuse,
 That *Virgil* was the draught of *Homer's* Muse:
 That *Horace's* by *Pindar's* Lyre was strung,
 By the great Image of whose Voice he sung.
 They found the Mass, 'tis true, but in their Mould
 They purg'd the drossy Oar to current Gold:
 Mending their Pattern, they escap'd the Curse;
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.
 But when we bind the Lyric up to Rhyme,
 And lose the Sense to make the Poem chime:
 When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
 To ravish *Milk-maids* in our *English* Plains;
 And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our Shore,
 Must like our Locust *Hugonots*, be poor;
 I'd bid th' importing Club their pains forbear,
 And traffick in our own tho homely Ware,
 Whilst from themselves the honest Vermin spin,
 I'd like the Texture, tho the Web be thin;
 Nay, take *Crown's* Plays, because his own, for Wit;
 And praise what *Dursey*, not translating, writ.

The Parliament-House to be Lett, 1678.

1.
Here's a House to be Lett,
 For C——, B——d swore,
 On *Perfment's* bare Arse,
 He wou'd shut up the Door.

2.
 Inquire at the Lodgings
 Next door to the *Pope*,
 At Duke *Lauderdale's* Head,
 With a Crevat of Rope;

3.
 And there you will hear
 How next he will let it,
 If you pay the old Price
 You may certainly get it.

4.
 He holds it in Tail
 From his Father, who fast
 Did keep it long shut,
 But paid for't at last.

Advice to Apollo, 1678.

I'V E heard the Muses were still soft and kind,
 To Malice Foes, to gentle Love inclin'd;
 And that *Parnassus* Hill was fresh and gay,
 Crown'd still with Flow'rs, as in the fairest *May*;
 That *Helicon* with pleasures charm'd the Soul,
 Could Anger tame, and restless care controul;
 That bright *Apollo* still delights in Mirth,
 Chearing (each welcome day) the drowsy Earth:
 Then whence come Satyr? is it Poetry,
 O great *Apollo*, God of Harmony!

Far be't from thee, this cruel Art t'enspire,
Then strike these Wretches who thus dare aspire
To tax thy Gentleness, making thee seem
Malicious as their Thought, harsh as the Theme.

First, strike Sir *C*, that Knight o'th' wither'd Face,
Who (for th' Reversion of a Poet's Place)
Waits on *Melpomene*, and soothes her Grace;
That angry Miss alone he strives to please,
For fear the rest should teach him Wit and Ease,
And make him quit his lov'd laborious Walks,
When sad or silent o'er the Room he stalks,
And strives to write as wisely as he talks.

Next with a gentle Dart strike *Dryden* down,
Who but begins to aim at the Renown
Bestow'd on *Satyrists*, and quits the Stage,
To lash the witty Follies of the Age.

Strike him but gently, that he may return,
Write Plays again, and his past Follies mourn,
H' had better make *Almanzor* give offence
In fifty Lines without one Word of Sense,
Than thus offend, and wittily deserve
What will ensue, with his lov'd Muse to starve.

D—— *ser* writes Satyr too, but writes so well,
O great *Apollo*! let him still rebel,
Pardon a Muse which does so far excell:
Pardon a Muse which does with Art support
Some drowsie Wit in our unthinking Court.

But *M*—— *ve* strike with many angry Dart,
He who profanes thy Name, offends thy Art,
Ne'er saw thy Light, yet would usurp thy Pow'r,
And govern Wit, and be its Emperor.
In fee with *Dryden* to be counted wise,
Who tells the *World* he has both Wit and Eyes,

Rocheſter's easie Muse does still improve
Each hour thy little wealthy *World* of Love,
(That *World* in which each Muse is thought a Queen)
That he must be forgiv'n in Charity then;

Tho his sharp Satyrs have offended thee ;
 In charity to Love who will decay,
 When his delightful Muse (its only stay)
 Is by thy Pow'r severely ta'ne away.
 Forbear (then) Civil Wars, and strike not down
 Love, who alone supports thy tott'ring Crown.

But sawcy Sb——pard' with the affected Train,
 Who Satyrs write, yet scarce can spell their Name,
 Blast, Great *Apollo*, with perpetual shame.

*The Duel of the Crabs : By the Lord B———t.
 Occasion'd by Sir R. Howard's Duel of the Stags.*

IN *Milford-lane* near to St. *Clement's* Steeple,
 There liv'd a Nymph kind to all Christian People.
 A Nymph she was, whose comely Mien and Stature ;
 Whose height of Eloquence, and every Feature,
 Struck thro the Heart of City and of *Whitehall*,
 And when they pleas'd to court her, did 'em right all.
 Under her beauteous Bosom there did lie
 A Belly smooth as Ivory ;
 Yet Nature to declare her various Art,
 Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient Part ;
 No Park with smoothest Lawn or highest Wood,
 Cou'd e'er compare with this admir'd Abode.
 Here all the Youth of *England* did repair
 To take their Pleasure, and uncase their Care.
 Here the distressed Lover that had born
 His haughty Mistress Anger, or her Scorn,
 Came for Relief ; and in this pleasant Shade
 Forgot the former, and this Nymph obey'd.
 And yet what corner of the *World* is found,
 Where Pain or Pleasure does not still surround ?
 One wou'd have thought that in this shady Grove,
 Nought cou'd have dwelt but Quiet, Peace and Love.
 But Heaven directed otherwise ; for here,
 I'th midst of Plenty, bloody Wars appear :
 The Gods will frown where ever they do smile ;
 The Crocodile infests the fertile Soil : Lions

Lions and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plains,
 Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swains :
 Wild Beast in Forests do the Hunters fright,
 They fear their Ruin 'midst of their delight.
 Thus in the shade of this dark silent Bower,
 Strength strives with strength, and power vies with
 Two mighty Monsters did this Wood infest, (power.
 And struck such awe and terror in the rest,
 That no *Sicilian* Tyrant e'er could boast
 He e'er with greater rigour rul'd the roast.
 Each had his Empire which he kept in awe,
 Was by his Will obey'd, allow'd no Law :
 Nature so well divided had their states,
 Nought but Ambition cou'd have chang'd their fates :
 For 'twixt their Empire stood a briny Lake,
 Deep as the Poets do the Centre make ;
 But dire Ambition does admit no bounds,
 There are no limits to aspiring Crowns.
 The *Spaniard* by his *Europe* Conquests bold,
 Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the *Indian's* Gold :
 The *Carthaginian* Hero did not stay,
 Because he met vast Mountains in his way,
 He pass'd the *Alps* like *Mole-hills* ; such a Mind
 As thinks on Conquest will be unconfin'd.
 Both with these haughty thoughts one course to tend,
 To try if this vast Lake had any end :
 Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
 They might by Conquest get eternal Fame.
 After long marches both their Armies tir'd,
 At length they find the place so much desir'd :
 Where in a little time each does descry
 The glimpse of an approaching Enemy.
 They in this fight do equal pleasure prove,
 As we shall do in well-rewarded Love :
 Blood-thirsty Souls, whose only perfect Joy
 Consists in what their fury can destroy.
 And now both Armies do prepare to fight,
 And each of th' other unto War incite ;

In vain, alas, for all their Force and Strength
 Was quite consumed by their Marches length ;
 But the great Chiefs impatient of delay,
 Resolve by single fight to try the day.
 Each does the other with Contempt defy,
 Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Dye ;
 Both Armies are commanded to withdraw,
 In expectation who should give 'em Law ;
 While the amaz'd Spectators full of Care,
 Hope for a better, or worse Tyrant fear.
 And now these Princes meet, now they engage
 With all their chiefest Strength and highest Rage :
 Now with their Instruments of Wrath they push,
 As Hills in Earthquakes on each other rush ;
 Where their *Militia* lies, is still in doubt,
 Whether like Elephants upon their Snout ;
 Or if upon their Heads vast Horns they wore,
 Or if they fought with Tusks like the wild Boar.
 Some *Greshamites* perhaps, with help of Glass,
 And poring long upon't, may chance to guess ;
 But no Tradition has inform'd our Age,
 What were their chiefest instruments of Rage.
 With small or no advantage they proceed,
 Both are much bruised, and their Wounds do bleed :
 Both keep their Anger, both do lose their Force ;
 Both get the better, neither get the worse.
 Justice her self might put into each Scale
 One of these Princes, and see neither fall.
 Spur'd on by Fury, now they both provide
 To let one Grapple this great Cause decide ;
 Joyning, they strive, and such resistance make,
 Both fall together in the briny Lake,
 Where from the trouble of a tott'ring Crown,
 Each mighty *Monarch* is laid gently down :
 Both Armies at this sight amazed stand,
 In doubt who shall obey, who shall command.
 In this Extremity they both agree,
 A Commonwealth their Government shall be.

*Instructions to his Mistress how to behave her self at
Supper with her Husband, 1682.*

Since to restrain our Joys, that ill, but rude
 Familiar thing, your Husband, will intrude;
 For a just Judgment, may th' unwelcome Guest
 At this Night's lucky Supper eat his last;
 O how shall I with Patience e'er stand by,
 While my *Corinna* gives another Joy;
 His wanton Hands in her soft Bosom warms,
 And folds about her Neck his clasping Arms.
 O torturing Sight! but since it must be so,
 Be kind, and learn what 'tis I'de have you do.
 Come first be sure; for tho the Place may prove
 Unfit for all we wish, you'll show me Love;
 When call'd to Table, you demurely go,
 Gently in passing, touch my Hand, or so:
 Mark all my Actions, well observe my Eye,
 My speaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
 If I do ought of which you would complain,
 Upon your Elbow languishingly lean:
 But if you're pleas'd with what I do or say,
 Steal me a Smile, and snatch your Eyes away.
 When you reflect on our past secret Joys,
 Hold modestly your Fan before your Eyes;
 And when the nauseous Husband tedious grows,
 Your lifted Hands with scornful Anger close,
 As if you call'd for Vengeance from above
 Upon that dull Impediment to Love:
 A thousand skilful ways we'll find to show
 Our mutual Love, which none but we shall know.
 I'll watch the parting Glass where e'er you drink,
 And where your Lips have touch'd it, kiss the Brink:
 Like still the Dish that in your reach does stand,
 Taking the Plate, I so may feel your Hand.
 But what he recommends to you to eat,
 Coyly refuse, as if you loath'd the Meat;

Nor

Nor let his Matrimonial Right appear,
 By any ill-tim'd Household-freedom there :
 Let not his fulsom Arms embrace your Waste,
 Nor lolling Head upon your Bosom rest.
 One Kiss would strait make all my Passion known,
 And my fierce Eyes with Rage would claim their own.
 Yet what thus passes will be done i'th' Light;
 But O the Joys that may be kept from sight;
 Legs lock'd in Legs, Thighs pressing Thighs, and all
 The wanton Spells that up Love's Fury call :
 Those cunning Arts that I so oft have us'd,
 Makes me now fear to be my self abus'd ;
 To clear my Doubts, so far your Chair remove,
 As may prevent th' Intelligence of Love.
 Put him in mind of pledging ev'ry Health,
 And let the tutor'd Page and Wine by stealth ;
 The Sot grown drunk, we easier may retire,
 And do as the Occasion will require :
 But after all (alas) how small the Gains
 Will be, for which we take such mighty pains :
 Torn from my Arms, you must go home to bed,
 And leave your poor forsaken Lover dead.
 Cruel Divorce ! enough to break my Heart,
 Without you promise this before we part ;
 When my blest Rival goes to reap his Joy,
 Receive him so as may the Bliss destroy :
 Let not the least kind mark of Love escape,
 But all be Duty, and a lawful Rape ;
 So deadly cold, and void of all Desire,
 That like a Charm it may put out the Fire :
 But if compell'd you should at last comply,
 When we meet next, be sure you all deny.

The Session of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Lawren

1.

A *Pollo* concern'd to see the Transgressions
 Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
 Gave order once more to summon a Sessions;
 Severely to punish the abuses of Wit.

2.

(Court,

Will D' Avenant wou'd fain have been Steward, o'th'
 To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his will;
 But *Apollo*, it seems, had heard a Report,
 That his choice of new Plays did show h'ad no skill.

3.

Besides, some Criticks had ow'd him a spite,
 And a little before had made the God fret,
 By letting him know the *Laureat* did write
 That damnable Farce, *The House to be Lett*.

4.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
 That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
 Where malicious *Matt Clifford*, and Spiritual *Spratt*;
 Were joyn'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

5.

Apollo rejoic'd, and did hope for amends,
 Because he knew it was the first case
 The Dukee'er did ask the advice of his Friends,
 And so wish'd his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

6.

O yes being made, and silence proclaim'd
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
 When as soon as he saw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
 He scarce cou'd forbear from tearing the Scroll.

7.

But *Berkley*, to make his Int'rest the greater,
 Suspecting before what would come to pass,
 Procur'd him his Cousin *Fitzbarding's* Letter,
 With which *Apollo* wiped his Arse.

8.

Guy with his Pastoral next went to Pot ;
At first in a doleful Study he stood,
Then shew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good:

9.

Humerous *Wenden* came in in a pet,
And for the Laurel began to splutter ;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him first get
A Muse not so common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

10.

A number of other small Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made sport ;
Clifford and *Flecknee* were very well jeer'd,
And in Conclusion whip'd out of the Court.

11.

Tom Killigrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays ;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

12.

With ill luck in Battle, but worse in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl ;
But *Apollo* did think such Impudence fit
To be thrust out of Court, as he's out of *Whitehall*.

13.

Savage missing *Comley*, came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play ;
Ev'ry one gave him so bad a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could say :

14.

Nor wou'd he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unless he had done some notable Folly ;
Writ Verses unjustly in praise of *Sam Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

15.

Carew did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit ;

Tho

Tho his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
For the worst *Panegyrick* that ever was writ.

16.

Old *Shirly* stood up and made an Excuse,
Because many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had switch'd and spur-gall'd his Muse,
But still the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

17.

Sir *Robert Howard*, call'd for over and over,
At length sent in *Teague* with a Pacquet of News
Wherein the sad Knight, to his Grief, did discover,
How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muse.

18.

Each man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family swear and rant,
Desiring their Obin i'th lurch being left,
The Thief might be fin'd for the wild Gallant.

19.

Dryden, whom one wou'd have thought had more Wit;
The censure of ev'ry man did disdain,
Pleading some pitiful Rhimes he had writ
In praise of the Countess of *Castlemaine*.

20.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho never took notice of till that Day,
Impatiently sat till it came to his Round,
Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

21.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* stark mad;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd to appease his Choler;
By owning the Play, and swearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

22.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and spur'd to the Bar did advance,
Where singing a damn'd nonsensical Song,
The Youth and his Muse were sent into *France*.

23.

Newcastle and's Horse for entrance next strives,
Well stuff'd was his Cloakbag, & so was his Breeches.
And unbutt'ning the place where Nature's Possetmaker
(lives,
Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Essays & Speeches.

24.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here,
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquis,
And home again, home again, take thy Career,
To provide her fresh Straw, and a Chamber that
(dark is.

25.

Sam Tuke sat and formally smil'd at the rest ;
But *Apollo* who well did his Vanity know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Test,
But his Muse was so stiff she scarcely could go.

26.

She pleaded her Age, desir'd a Reward ;
It seems in her Age she doated on Praise :
But *Apollo* resolv'd that such a bold Bard
Shou'd never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

27.

Scapleton stood up, and had nothing to say,
But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to despair,
Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Barbol'man-Fair*.

28.

Sir William Killegrew doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
And whisper'd *Apollo*, in case he wou'd praise
Selyndra, he shou'd have a Bout with the Wench.

29.

B——st and *Sydley*, with two or three more
Tranillators of *Pompey*, dispute in their claim ;
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

30.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was sneaking away,
 But somebody spy'd him out of the Crowd ;
Apollo tho h' had not seen him many a day,
 Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud ;

31.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
 Among those young Fellows that spoil the *French*
 Then beck'ning to him, whisper'd in his Ear, (Plays?
 And gave him good Counsel instead of the Bays.

32.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
 Whose Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's Hill* stands ;
 And brought many Stationers who swore very hard,
 That nothing sold better except 'twere his Lands.

33.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write something more,
 To clear a Suspicion which possess'd the Court,
 That *Cooper's Hill*, so much bragg'd on before,
 Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty pound for't.

34.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
 But *Apollo* bad him not be so fierce ;
 And advis'd him to lay aside making his Plays,
 Since he already began to write worse and worse.

35.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a huff,
 Swearing Damn him he had writ the best Plays ;
 But *Apollo* it seems, knew his way well enough,
 And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

36.

Ellis in great discontent went away,
 Whilst *D' Avenant* against *Apollo* did rage ;
 Because he declar'd the *Secrets* a Play,
 Fitting for none but a Mountebank Stage.

37.

John Wilson stood up and wildly did stare,
 When on the sudden stept in a bold *Scot* ;

†

And

And offer'd *Apello* he freely would swear,
The said Master *Wilson* mought pass for a Sot.

38.

But all was in vain; for *Apello*, 'tis said,
Would in no wise allow of any Score Wit;
Then *Wilson* in spight made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd answer for all he had writ.

39.

Clarges stood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
But *Apello* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
Swearing if e're he translated more Plays,
He'd Crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a *Cloze-Fool*.

40.

Benn'd *Holden* with's dull *German Princess* appear'd,
Whom if *D' Arment* he got as some do suppose,
Apello said the Pillory should crop off his Ears,
And make them more suitable unto his Nose.

41.

Rhodes stood and play'd at bo-peep in the Door;
But *Apello* instead of a *Spanish Plot*,
On condition the *Varlet* would never write more,
Gave him three Pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

42.

Enbridge and *Shadwell*, and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apello* himself in a very great rage;
Because their best Friends so freely had deal'd,
As to tell 'em their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

43.

Then seeing a Crowd in a Tumult resort,
Well furnish'd with Verses, but loaded with Plays;
It forc'd poor *Apello* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by the Ears for the Bays,

D E S I R E. A Pindaric.

WHat art thou, O thou new-found Pain,
 From what Infection dost thou spring?
 Tell me, O tell me, thou enchanting Thing,
 Thy Nature and thy Name.
 Inform me by what subtil Art,
 What pow'rful Influence,
 You got such vast Dominion in a part
 Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,
 That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?
 O mischievous Usurper of my Peace!
 O soft Intruder on my Solitude!
 Charming-disturber of my Ease,
 That hast my nobler Fate pursu'd;
 And all the Glories of my Life subdu'd.

Thou haunt'st my inconvenient Hours;
 The Business of the Day, nor Silence of the Night,
 That shou'd to Cares and Sleep invite,
 Can bid defiance to thy conquering Pow'rs.
 Where hast thou been this live-long Age,
 That from my Birth till now,
 Thou never didst one Thought engage,
 Or charm my Soul with the uneasy Rage,
 That made it all its humbler Feebles know?
 Where wert thou, O malicious Spright,
 When shining Glory did invite?
 When Int'rest call'd, then thou wert shy,
 Nor one kind Aid to my Assistance brought;
 Nor wouldst inspire one tender Thought,
 When Princes at my Feet did lie;
 When thou couldst mix Ambition with my Joy,
 Then, peevish Phantom, thou wer't nice and coy.
 Not Beauty would invade thee then,
 Nor all the Arts of lavish Men;

Not all the powerful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
Nor sacred Wit cou'd charm thee on ;
Not the soft Play that Lovers make,
Nor Sighs cou'd fan thee to a Fire ;
No pleading Tears or Vows cou'd thee awake,
Nor charm the unform'd — *Something* — to *Desire*,

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By Youth, by Love, by all their Pow'rs,
Have search'd and sought thee every-where,
In silent Groves, in lonely Bowers,
On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wishing lie,
In sheltering Woods, where sighing Maids
To their assigning Shepherds hie,
And hide their Blushes in the gloom of Shades ;
Yet there, ev'n there, tho Youth assail'd,
Where Beauty prostrate lay, and Fortune woo'd,
My Heart (insensible) to neither bow'd ;
Thy lucky Aid was wanting to prevail.

In Courts I sought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
But thou in Crowds wert stifled there ;
Interest did all the loving Bus'ness do,
Invites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too ;
Or if by chance some Heart thy Empire own,
Ah ! Pow'r ingrate ! the Slave must be undone,
Tell me thou nimble Fire, that dost dilate
Thy mighty Force thro every Part,
What God or Human Power did thee create,
In my (till now) unfacil Heart ?
Art thou some welcome Plague sent from above,
In this dear Form, this kind Disguise ?
Or the false Off-spring of mistaken Love,
Begot by some soft Thought that feebly strove
With the bright piercing Beauties of *Lysander's* Eyes ?
Yes, yes, Tormentor, I have found thee now,
And found to whom thou dost thy Being owe ;
'Tis thou the Blushes dost impart,
'Tis thou that tremblest in my Heart.

When the dear Shepherd does appear,
 I faint and die with pleasing Pain;
 My Words intruding, sighings break,
 Whene'er I touch the charming Swain;
 Whene'er I gaze, whene'er I speak,
 Thy conscious Fire is mingled with my Love.
 As in the sanctify'd Abodes
 Misguided Worshipers approve
 The mixing Idols with their Gods.
 In vain (alas) in vain I strive,
 With Errors which my Soul do please and vex;
 For Superstition will survive,
 Pure Religion to perplex.

O tell me, you Philosophers in Love,
 That can these burning fev'rish Fits controul,
 By what strange Arts you cure the Soul
 And the fiery Calenture remove?

Tell me, ye fair Ones, you that give Desire,
 How 'tis you hide the kindling Fire:
 O wou'd you but confess the Truth,
 It is not real Virtue makes you nice;
 But when you do resist the pressing Youth,
 'Tis want of dear Desire to thaw the Virgin-Ice.
 And while your young Adorers lie
 All languishing and hopeless at your Feet;
 Raising new Trophies to your Chastity,
 O, tell me how you do remain discreet,
 And not the Passion to the Throng make known,
 Which Cupid in revenge has now confin'd to one?
 How you suppress the rising Sighs,
 And the soft yielding Soul that wishes in your Eyes;
 While to the admiring Crowd you nice are found,
 Some dear, some secret Youth, who give the Wound
 Informs you all your Virtue's but a Cheat,
 And Honour but a false Disguise,
 Your Modesty a necessary flight

To gain the dull Repute of being Wise.
 Deceive the foolish World, deceive it on,
 And veil your Passion and your Pride;
 But now I've found your Weakness by my own,
 From me the needful Fraud you cannot hide;
 For, tho with Virtue I the World perplex,
Lysander finds the Feeble of my Sex:
 So *Helen*, tho from *Theseus* Arms she fled,
 To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

On the Prince's going to England with an Army
 to restore the Government, 1688.

Hunc saltem everso Juvenem succurrere Sæclo
 Ne prohibite—*Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.*

ONCE more a *FATHER* and a *SON* fall out:
 The World involving in their high Dispute:
 Remotest *India's* Fate on theirs depends,
 And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
 Their Motions ruling every other State,
 As on the Sun the lesser Planets wain.
 Power, warms the Father, Liberty the Son,
 A Prize well worth the uncommon Venture run.
 Him a false Pride to govern unrestrain'd,
 And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
 All Bars of Property drives headlong through,
 Millions oppressing to enrich a few.
 Him Justice urges, and a noble Aim
 To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
 And make his Life as glorious as his Name:
 For Law and Reason's Power he does engage,
 Against the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
 There all the License of unbounded Might,
 Here conscious Honour, and deep Sense of Right,
 Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.

Greatness the one, Glory the other fires,
 This only can deserve what that desires,
 This strives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
 And he for what they most abhor and fear.
Cæsar and *Pompey's* Cause by *Cato* thought
 So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
 Again at last *Pharsalia* must be fought.
 Ye fatal Sisters! now to *Right* be Friends,
 And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amends.
 In *Orange's* Great Line, 'tis no new thing
 To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

On his Royal Highness's Voyage beyond Sea,
 March 3d. 1678.

R. H. they say is gone to Sea,
 Design'd for the *Hague*;
 But *Parliament's* left behind to be
 The Nation's Whorish Plague.

Some think he went unwillingly;
 Say others, he was sent there;
 But most conclude for certainty,
 He's gone to keep his Lent there.

What need I to apologize?
 'Tis said, nothing more true is,
 The chiefest part of's Errand lies,
 To fetch in Cousin *Lewis*.

That both together, as they say,
 If one may dare to speak on't;
 Thro Hereticks Throats may cut their way,
 To bring in *James* the Second.

By Yea and Nay the *Quaker* cries,
 How can we hope for better?

Truth's

Truth's not in him that this denies ;
Read *Edward Coleman's* Letter.

Gar gar, the *Jeckey* swears faw things ;
Man, here is mickle Work ;
Dee'l split his VVem, he's ne'er be King,
Whose Name does rhyme to *Pork*.

Cot's plutter a Nails, the *Wellbman* cries,
Got sheild her frow her Foes ;
He ne'er shall be a Prince of *Wales*,
That wears a *Roman* Nose.

The R A B B L E, 1680.

THE Rable hates, the Gentry fear,
And wise Men want Support :
A rising Country threatens, there,
And herè a starving Court,

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treasury provides :
Bulkeley's, Go——n's only care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde's*.

Rosby too late will understand,
VVhat now he shuns to find :
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careless Mind.

England is now 'twixt thee and York,
The Fable of the Frog :
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And Thou the luscious Log.

A New Song of the Times, 1683.

'T Were folly for ever
 The Whigs to endeavour
 Disowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'um,
 Did they not fix
 On a Council of Six,
 Appointed to govern, tho' no body chose 'um?
 They that bore sway,
 Knew not one would obey,
 Did *Trincalo* make such a ridiculous pother:
 ——— *Monmouth's* the Head,
 To strike Monarchy dead,
 They chose themselves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

Was't not a damnd thing
 For *Russel* and *Hambden*,
 To serve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tory*?
 But much more untoward,
 To appoint my Lord *Howard*
 Of his own Purse and Credit to raise *Men* and *Money*?
 That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
 Those brisk Boys inspy'd,
 Who at *Shaftsbury's* Whistle were ready to follow;
 And when Aid he should bring,
 Like a true *Brenn* King,
 Was here with a Whoop, and gone with a Hollow.

Algernon Sidney,
 Of Commonwealth *Kidney*,
 Compos'd a damnd Libel (ay marry was it)
 Writ to occasion
 Ill Blood in the Nation,
 And therefore dispers'd it all over his Closet.
 It was not the Writing
 Was prov'd, or indicting;

Tho he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
 Since a new Trust is
 Plac'd in the Chief Justice,
 To damn Law and Reason too by over-ruling?

4.

What if a Traytor,
 In spite of the State, Sir,
 Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
 Shall then a new Freak
 Make *Bradden* and *Speak*,
 To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
 A Razor all bloody,
 Thrown out of a Study,
 Is Evidence strong of his desperate Guilt, Sir;
 So *Godfrey*, when dead,
 Full of Horror and Dread,
 Run his Sword thro his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir.

5.

Who can think the Case hard
 Of *Sir Paience Ward*,
 That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his High-
 O disloyal Ears, (nefs?)
 As on Record appears,
 Not to hear when to do the *Papists* a kindness.
 An old doting Citty,
 With his *Elizabeth VV*,
 Against the *French* mode for Freedom to hope on;
 His Ears that told Lies,
 VVere less dull than his Eyes,
 For both them were shut when all others were open.

6.

All *Europe* together
 Can't shew such a Father,
 So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
 As our good *King* is,
 To labour to bring his
 By Tricks to subscribe to a Sham-Declaration.
 'Twas very good Reason
 To pardon his Treason, To

To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command,
 To merit whose Grace,
 He must in the first place,
 Confess he's dishonest under his hand, Sir.

7.

Since Fate the Court blesses
 VVith daily Successes,
 And giving up Charters go round for a Frolick;
 VVhilst our Duke Nera,
 The Churches blind Hero,
 By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick.
 Our Modern Sages,
 More wise than past Ages,
 Think ours to establish by Popish Successors;
 Queen Bess never thought it,
 And Cecil forgot it,
 But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors.

The Battel-Royal. A Dream, 1687.

A S restless on my Bed one Night, I lay,
 Hoping with Sleep to ease the Toils of Day,
 I thought, as graver Coxcombs us'd to do,
 On all the Milchiefs we had late run thro,
 And those which are now likely to ensue:
 What 'tis that thus the frantick Nation dreads?
 And from what cause their jealousy proceeds?
 Whither at last, to what Event and End,
 These sad Presages probably might tend?
 For as Physicians always chuse to know
 Th' original Cause from whence Distempers flow;
 And by their early Symptoms boldly guess,
 Whether or no their Art shall have success;
 So I, like a young bold State-Emp'rick too,
 Did the same Methods, and same Course pursue;
 Till with variety of Thoughts oppress'd,
 I turn'd about to sleep and take my rest;

VVhile

While Fancy like a Queen alone bore sway,
And did this Vision in a Dream convey.

Unknown, and unperceiv'd, I was, methought,
Into a close retiring Chamber brought,
And by my Guide behind the Hangings plac'd,
Where I cou'd hear and see whatever pass'd:
When in a Corner of the Room there sat
Three fierce Contenders in a hot Debate;
And on a Table lay before them there
The Directory, Mass, and Common-Pray'r.
This in a Cloak, That had a shaven Crown,
The other in a Surcingle and Gown,
Who by his Garb, Demeanor, and grave Look,
I for a Church of England Preacher took;
For howsoe'er they're drest they may be known
By a peculiar Carriage of their own.

At first I heard a strange confused Sound,
Nor could the Meaning, nor the Sense expound:
Till he I mention'd last in Rage up rose,
And partly thro the Mouth and thro the Nose,
Did thus his whining Sentiments disclose.
And is this all the great Reward we must
Enjoy for being faithful to our Trust?
Will all the Services we've done the King,
No better Recompence and Profit bring?
And can our boasted Loyalty return
No other payment but Contempt and Scorn?
Must we thus basely from our Hopes fall down,
And grow the publick Scandal of the Town?
As our insulting Pride and Government
Has been the publick Grievance and Complaint;
Our Prebends, and our Bishops too, turn'd out,
Priv'd, and scorn'd, in *Querpo* walk about;
And must a transubstantiating Priest
With their goodly Lands and Lordships blest?
I we for this the *Popish Plot* deride,
And all our Sense and Nonsense too apply'd,

To blind the People's Reason and their Eyes,
 To take it for a Sham and meer Device :
 Our best and Learned'st of Divines employ
 To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry ;
 Set bawling P——ing up to talk it down,
 And fill with canting Raillery the Town ?
 Did we for this young *Levites* send about,
 To charm the Rabble, and possess the Rout
 With feign'd Chymera's of a strange Design
 Against the Church, and State, and Royal Line ?
 And vilely *Ruffel* and the rest remov'd,
 When neither Crime or Plot was ever prov'd ?
 Nay, did we all for this the Church disown,
 And coin a new Religion of our own,
 Of a more spruce and fashionable make
 Than was the Old, and boldly undertake
 By Scripture for to prove the Common-Prayer,
 When we well knew there's no such matter there ?
 Yet like the Calves at *Bethel* set it up,
 And made them all before the Idol stoop ;
 And whosoe'er the Business would dispute,
 We did by Fines and Pillory confute.
 O precious Book ! the dearest Thing that's ours,
 Except our Livings and our *Sine-Cures* ;
 For which, might they but still with us abide,
 We'd part with thee, or any thing beside :
 As heretofore without reluctance we
 Have truckt our forfeit Consciences for thee :
 But those are going too——no more he could,
 Prevented by an overflowing Flood
 Of Tears, which his Lawn Band and Gown besmear'd,
 As th' Ointment drench'd his Predecessor's Beard.
 The Subtile Priest who had resolv'd to stay,
 Till he had spoken all he had to say ;
 Seeing the Wretch with too much Grief o'erlaid,
 Stood up, and thus the following Answer made.
 'Tis true, you've done all this and ten times more,
 As bad or worse than we have done before ;

And

And if ye think ye have oblig'd the King,
Who were but under-Actors in the Thing;
Then what do we deserve whose Wit and Brain
Contriv'd the Plot and every private Scene?
For tho a Conquest always is obtain'd,
And by each Soldier's single Valour gain'd;
Yet those who did command and lead them on,
Share all the open Honour and Renown.
Ye were our Instruments, and Drudges too;
As Rumney, Keeling, Howard, were to you;
Who when they brought about your own Design,
You left them to themselves to starve and pine:
So we the grand Projectors of the Plot,
Who did to you your several Parts allot,
Having no further Service to employ,
Think fit, as useless Tools, to lay you by.
Besides, what Title or Pretence have you
To any Thing ye hold as right and due,
Since they were settled first on us alone,
And could no other Lords and Masters own;
Till ye by Rapine, Sacrilege and Force,
Disca'd us of our Rights, and made them yours?
Nor can a Case more Legal e'er appear
At Court of Conscience, or at Chanc'ry Bar,
Than what ye did by Violence obtain;
Should to their antient Lords return again.
But that which you so much insist upon,
Your boasted Loyalty and Service done,
From whence ye most erroneously inferr'd
The Justice of your Claim to a Reward,
Is a meer Trifle and a weak Defence,
With no validity of Consequence;
For there's no Reason he should be repaid,
Who undesignedly a Kindness did;
When all the while his Thoughts were fixt upon
His own Advancement and Increase alone;
And all the Profit that to me he brings,
Is by the Bye. and natural Course of Things.

Twas

'Twas Rancour, Envy, meer Revenge and Spite,
 That made ye thus against Fanaticks fight;
 And the dear dread of losing all ye had,
 That first engag'd your Malice on our side,
 To plead the Royal Cause, and to promote
 The King's Concern, and for Succession Vote;
 When could ye any other way have kept
 The Saddle, and in ease and safety slept,
 The King might have been banish'd, hang'd or drown'd,
 E're Succour or Relief from you have found.
 But Matters and Affairs as yet are not
 To such a difficult Conjunction brought,
 But that an handsome fetch may bring ye off
 With Honour and Security enough:
 One gentle turn will all the Bus'ness do,
 Advance your Livings, and secure them too;
 Safe ye shall lie from all Fanatick harms,
 Encircled in your Mother-Churches Arms,
 From which ye've stray'd so long, and now to whom
 Ye ought in Duty and Respect to come.

The mournful *Levite* straight prick'd up his Ears,
 As glad that Things were better than his Fears,
 And joyful heard what means the Priest had found,
 That might for his dear Benefice compound:
 Compos'd his Band, and wip'd his blubber'd Cheeks,
 Stood up again, and thus demurely speaks.

The Proverb to my Case I may apply,
 Winners may justly laugh, and Losers cry:
 For when I thought my Livelihood was gone,
 It was no Wonder that I so took on;
 As 'tis none now, Smiles should my gladness shew,
 For these good Tydings I receive from you;
 Therefore dear Sir, let us our Hearts combine,
 And both in League against Dissenters join.
 My self I under your Tuition place,
 For Management and Method in the Case,
 How to proceed——The Cloak, who all this while
 Had unprovok'd and unconcern'd sat still,

And wisely what they'd both be at he guest,
 Stood up to speak, and to compleat the Jest :
 But glowing Anger had so now prevail'd,
 That in the first attempt he stoop'd and fail'd ;
 And when he found his Tongue to be confin'd,
 He made his active Hands declare his Mind.
 The one engag'd the *Levite* on the place,
 And with the Directory smote his Face.
 Confounded with the stroke, he stagger'd round;
 And falling in his wrath tore up the ground.
 T'other he laid directly o'er the Chest,
 Sent Ecchoes from the hollow Breast of Priest.
 Who stumbling as he went to take his flight,
 Fell prostrate o'er his new-made Profelyte.
 On both their Bodies mounts the nimble Cloke,
 And this his *Episcinium* manly spoke :
 Dejected Wretches there together lie,
 Unpitied, unbewail'd by every eye ;
 May after-Ages your curst Names deride,
 As we your damn'd Hypocrisies and Pride ;
 No mark remain to know what ye have been,
 But the Remembrance of your Curse and Sin ;
 Which shall down time's continual Tide descend,
 To propagate your fatal shame and end.
 So may they fall, and all they that design,
 Whoe'er in league against the Truth combine,
 By an unarm'd defenceless hand like mine.
 Pleas'd with the Conquest of victorious Cloke,
 Laugh'd aloud methought, and so awoke.

*An Epitaph upon Felton, who was hang'd in Chains
 for murdering the Old Duke of Buckingham :
 Written by the late Duke of Buckingham.*

Here uninter'd suspends, tho not to save
 Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,
 Q Felton's

Felton's dead Earth ; which to the World will be
 Its own sad Monument, his Elogy :
 As large as Fame, which whether Bad or Good
 I say not ; by himself 'twas wrote in Blood ;
 For which his Body is intomb'd in Air,
 Arch'd o'er with Heaven, set with a thousand fair
 And glorious Stars ; a noble Sepulchre,
 Which Time it self can't ruinate ; and where
 Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to spare
 Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot share
 His Flesh ; which oft the charitable Skies
 Imbalm with Tears ; daining those Obsequies
 Belong to Men shall last, till pitying Fowl
 Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

An Answer to Mr. Waller's Poem on Oliver?

Death, called the Storm :

Written by Sir W————G——n.

'TIS well he's gone (O had he never been !)
 Hurried in Storms loud as his crying Sin ;
 The Pines and Oaks fell prostrate at his Urn,
 That with his Soul his Body too might burn :
 Winds pluck up Roots and fixed Cedars move,
 Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above.
 From Theft, like his, Great *Romulus* did grow,
 And such a Wind did at his Ruin blow ;
 Strange that the lofty Trees themselves should fell
 Without the Ax ; so *Orpheus* went to Hell :
 At whose descent the stoutest Rocks were cleft,
 And the whole Wood its wonted station left.
 In Battle *Hercules* wore the Lyon's Skin ;
 But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beast within :
 Whose Heart was brutish more than Face or Eyes,
 And in the shape of Man was in Disguise :
 Where ever Men, where ever Pillage lies,
 Like ravenous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies :

Under

Under the Tropick we are understood,
And bring home Rapine thro a purple Flood :
New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd,
As round the lesser to the greater World.

In civil Broils he did us first engage,
And made Three Kingdoms subject to his Rage;
One fatal Stroke slew Justice, and the Cause
Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band,
Though he still fought with Heaven it self in's hand :
Nor would Domestick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.

The *British* Youths in Foreign Courts are sent,
Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment ;
Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,
Are confin'd Prisoners to the World beside.
No wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too :
Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
There must be Punishment for Cruelty.

Nature her self rejoiced at his Death,
And on the Waters sung with such a Breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While here glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

*Clarindon's House-Warming : printed formerly with the
Directions to a Painter. Writ by an unknown hand.*

When *Clarindon* had discern'd before-hand
(As the Cause can eas'ly foretel the Effect)
At once three Deluges threatning our Land ;
'Twas the season he thought to turn Architect.

As *Mars* and *Apollo*, and *Vulcan* consume ;
While he the Betrayer of *England* and *Flanders*,
Like the Kings-fisher chuseth to build in the Broom,
And nestles in flames like the Salamander.

But observing that Mortals run of ten behind,
 (So unreasonable are the rates they buy at)
 His Omnipotence therefore much rather design'd
 How he might create a House with a *Fiat*.

He had read of *Rhodope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
 Who was digg'd up so often e'er she did marry ;
 And wish'd that his Daughter had had as much grace
 To erect him a Pyramid out of her Quarry.

But then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
 Made *Thebes* dance aloft while he fiddled and sung,
 He thought (as an Instrument he was most free on)
 To build with the Jews-Trump of his own Tongue.

Yet a Precedent fitter in *Virgil* he found,
 Of *African Poultney*, and *Tyrian Dido*,
 That he begg'd for a Palace so much of his ground,
 As might carry the measure and name of an *Hide*.

Thus daily his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
 And all for to save the expences of Brickbat,
 That Engine so fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd,
 And too much resembled his Wife's Chocolat.

But while these devices he all doth compare,
 None solid enough seem'd for his strong *Caster* ;
 He himself would not dwell in a Castle of Air,
 Though he had built full many a one for his Master.

Already he had got all our Money and Cattle,
 To buy us for Slaves, and purchase our Lands ;
 What *Joseph* by Famine, he wrought by Sea Battle ;
 Nay scarce the Priest Portion could scape from his hand
 And hence like *Pharaoh* that *Israel* prest (hands
 To make Mortar & Brick, yet allow'd them no Strain
 He car'd not tho *Egypt's* ten Plagues us distress,
 So he could to build, but make Policy Law.

The *Scotch* Forts and *Dunkirk*, but that they were sold
 He would have demolish'd to raise up his Walls ;
 Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have sent back for the Mould,
 But that he had nearer the Stones of *St. Paul's*.

His Woods would come in at the easier rate,
 So long as the Yards had a Deal or a Spar :
 His Friend in the Navy would not be ingrate, (War.
 To grudge him some Timber, who fram'd him the
 To proceed in the Model he call'd in his *Allons*,
 The two *Allons* when jovial, who ply him with gallons,
 The two *Allons* who serv'd his blind Justice for balance,
 The two *Allons* who serve his Injustice for Talons.
 They approve it thus far, and said it was fine ;
 Yet his Lordship to finish it would be unable,
 Unless all abroad he divulg'd the design,
 For his House then would grow like a Vegetable.
 His Rent would no more in arrear run to *Werster* ;
 He should dwell more noble, and cheap too at home,
 While into a Fabrick the Presents would muster ;
 As by hook & by crook the World cluster'd of Atom.
 He lik'd the advice, and then soon it assay'd,
 And Presents crowd headlong to give good example.
 So the Bribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd ;
 The Tribes ne'er contributed so to the Temple.
 Straight Judges, Priest, Bishops, true Sons of the Seal,
 Sinners, Governors, Farmers, Bankers, Patentees,
 Bring in the whole Mite of a Year at a meal,
 As the Cheddar Clubs Dairy to the incorporate Cheese.
Baleales, Beak'ns, Morley, Wrens fingers with telling
 Were shrivel'd, and *Clutterbuck, Eagers* and *Kips* ;
 Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
 As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.
 'Twas then that the Chimney-Contractors he smok'd,
 Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind :
 But he swore that the Patent shou'd ne'er be revok'd,
 No, would the whole Parliament kiss him behind.
 Like *Jove* under *Aetna* o'erwhelming the Gyant,
 For foundation the *Bristol* sunk in the Earth's bowel ;
 And *St. John* must now for the Leads be compliant,
 Or his right hand shall be cut off with a Trowel.

For surveying the building, *Prat* did the feat ;
 But for the expence he rely'd upon *Worstenholm*,
 Who sat heretofore at the King's Receipt ;
 But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's custom.
 By Subsidies thus both Clerick and Laick,
 And with matter profane cemented with holy ;
 He finish'd at last his Palace Mosaick,
 By a Model more Excellent than *Lesly's* Folly.
 And upon the *Tarras*, to consummate all,
 A Lanthorn, like *Faux's*, surveys the burnt Town ;
 And shews on the top by the Regal gilt Ball,
 Where you are to expect the Scepter and Crown.
 Fond City its Rubbish and Ruins that builds,
 Like vain Chymists, a flow'r from its ashes returning,
 Your Metropolis House is in *St. James's* Fields, (ing.
 And till there you remove, you shall never leave burn-
 This Temple, of War and of Peace is the Shrine ;
 Where this Idol of State sits ador'd and accurst,
 And handsel his Altar and Nostrils Divine,
 Great *Buckingham's* Sacrifice must be the first.
 Now some (as all Builders must censure abide)
 Throw dust in its Front, and blame situation :
 And others as much reprehend his Back-side,
 As too narrow by far for his expatiation.
 But do not consider how in process of times, (large,
 That for Names sake he may with *Hide-Park* it en-
 And with that Convenience he soon for his Crimes,
 At *Tyburn* may land, and spare the Tow'r-Barge.
 Or rather how wisely his Stall was built near,
 Left with driving too far his Tallow impair :
 When like the good Ox, for publick good chear,
 He comes to be roasted next *St. James's* Fair.

Upon his House.

Here lie the sacred Bones
 Of Paul beguiled of his Stones :
 Here lie Golden Briberies,
 The price of ruin'd Families :
 The Cavaliers Debentur Wall,
 Fix'd on an Eccentrick Basis ;
 Here's Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall,
 The Queen's Marriage and all ;
 The Dutch-man's Templum Pacis.

Royal Resolutions : By A. Marvell, Esq;

1.

When Plate was at Pawn, and Fob at an Ebb,
 And Spider might weave in Bowels its Web,
 And Stomach as empty as Brain :

2:

Then C—— without Acre,
 Did swear by his Maker,
 If e'er I see *England* again,

3.

I'll have a Religion all of my own,
 Whether Popish or Protestant it shall not be known ;
 And if it prove troublesome, I will have none.

4.

I'll have a long Parliament always to Friend,
 And furnish my Treasure as fast as I spend,
 And if they will not, they shall have an end.

5.

I'll have a Council shall sit always still,
 And give me a Licence to do what I will ;
 And two *Secretaries* shall piss thro a Quill.

6.

My insolent Brother shall bear all the Sway,

If Parliaments murmur, I'll send him away,
And call him again as soon as I may.

7.

I'll have a rare Son in marrying tho marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my Kingdom) my Guard,
And shall be Successor to me or *Gerrard*.

8.

I'll have a new *London* instead of the old,
With wide streets and uniform to my own Mould;
But if they build too fast, I'll bid 'em hold.

9.

The ancient Nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their Rooms to supply,
And they shall raise Fortunes for my own Fry.

10.

Some one I'll advance from a common Descent,
So high that he shall hector the Parliament,
And all wholesome Laws for the Publick prevent.

11.

And I will assert him to such a Degree,
That all his foul Treasons tho daring and high,
Under my Hand and Seal shall have Indempnity.

12.

And what e'er it cost me, I'll have a *French Whore*,
As bold as *Alice Pierce*, and as fair as *Jane Shore*.
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

13.

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my Bravo's to cut off his Nose,
Tho for't I a branch of Prerogative lose.

14.

My Pimp shall be my Minister Premier,
My Bawds call Ambassadors far and near,
And my Wench shall dispose of *Conge de'lire*.

15.

I'll wholly abandon all publick Affairs,
And pass all my time with Buffoons and Players,
And santer to *Nelly* when I should be at Prayers.

I'll have a fine Pond with a pretty Decoy.
Where many strange Fowl shall feed and enjoy,
And still in their Language, quake *Vive le Roy*.

*On the Lord Chancellor H——e's Disgrace and
Banishment by King Charles II.*

PRide, Lust, Ambition, and the People's Hate,
The Kingdom's Broker, ruin of the State;
Dunkirk's sad Loss, Divider of the Fleet,
Tangier's Compounder for a barren Sheet:
This Shrub of Gentry, marry'd to the Crown,
His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down;
The Grand Impostor of the Nobles lies
Gro'ling in Dust, as a just Sacrifice
To appease the injur'd King and abus'd Nation:
Who won'd believe the sudden Alteration!
God will revenge too for the Stones he took
From aged *Pam's* to make a nest for Rooks;
All Cormorants of State as well as he,
We now may hope in the same plight to see.
Go on, great Prince; thy People do rejoyce,
Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
Applauding this Day's Action to be such,
As roasting of the Rump, or beating of the *Dutch*:
Now look upon the valiant Cavaliers,
Who for Rewards have nothing had but Tears;
Thanks to the *Wiltshire* Hog, Son of the Spittle,
Had they been look'd on, he had had but little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief,
There Millions will be found to make him Chief
Of Sacrilege, Ambition, Lust and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of *Hyde*;
For which his due Rewards I'd almost said,
The Nation may most justly claim his Head:

The Parallel, 1682.

AS when proud *Lucifer* aim'd at a Throne,
 To have usurp'd it and made Heaven his own;
 Blasphemous damn'd Design: but soon he fell,
 Guarded with dreadful Lightnings down to Hell:
 Or as when *Nimrod* lofty *Babel* built,

A Structure as Eternal as his Guilt:

Let us, said he, raise the proud Tower so high,
 As may amaze the Gods, and kiss the Sky:

He spoke, but the success was different found,
 Heaven's angry Thunder crush'd it to the ground;

So *Lucifer* and so Proud *Babel* fell,

And 'tis a cursed fall from Heaven to Hell:

So falls our Courtier now to Pride a Prey,

And falls too with as much Reproach as they,

And justly——

That with his nauseous Courtship durst defile
 The sweetest choicest Beauty of our Isle;

That he was proud, we knew, but now we see,
 (Like *Janus* looking at Eternity)

Both what he was and what he meant to be.

Stern was his Look, and sturdy was his Gate,

He walk'd and talk'd, and would have——in State;

Disdain and Scorn sate preaching on his Brow;

But (*Presto*) where is all that Greatness now?

Why vanish'd, fled, dissolv'd to empty Air,

Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair;

And which is yet the strangest thing of all,

He has not got a Friend to mourn his Fall.

But 'tis but just that he who still maintain'd

Disdain to all, should be by all disdain'd:

Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind,

Equally dim both in his Eye and Mind;

He might have plainly seen——

For the Example's visible to all,

How strangely low ingrateful Pride may fall.

Presumptuous Wretch! but that's too kind a Name
 For one so careless of his Master's Fame.
 For as the Serpent did by Fraud deceive
 Th' unwary Soul of our first Parent *Eve*;
 So he as impudently strove to inspire
 The Royal Maid with his delusive Fire;
 But Heaven be prais'd not with the same Success,
 For though his Pride's as great, his Cunning's less.

The Perfect Enjoyment : By the E——of R.

Since now my *Silvia* is as kind as fair,
 Let endless Joy succeed a long Despair!
 Oh what a night of Pleasure was the last!
 A full Reward for all my Troubles past:
 And on my Head if future mischiefs fall,
 This happy Night will make amends for all.
 Nay tho my *Sylvia*'s love should turn to hate,
 I'de think on this, and dying kiss my fate.
 Twelve was the lucky minute when we met,
 And on her bed were close together set:
 Tho listning Spies might be perhaps too near,
 Love fill'd our Hearts, there was no room for fear.
 And whilst I strove her melting heart to move,
 With all the powerful Eloquence of Love,
 In her fair Face I saw the colour rise,
 And an unusual softness in her Eyes:
 Gently they look, and I with Joy adore
 That only Charm they never had before.
 What she forbids, Love doth by signs command,
 Languishing Looks and squeezing of the Hand,
 Love's Cypher is not hard to understand:
 Whilst I transported too with amorous rage,
 And fierce with Expectation to engage:
 But fast she holds her Hands, and close her Thighs,
 And what she longs to do, with Frowns denies.

3
5

A strange Effect in foolish Women wrought,
 Bred in Disguises, and by Custom taught :
 Custom, which often Wisdom over-rules,
 And only serves for Reason to the Fools.
 Taught by this Method of her foolish Sex,
 She's forc'd a while me and her self to vex :
 But when at length we had been striving long,
 Her Limbs grown weak, and her desires strong,
 Who then can hold to let the Hero in,
 When he assaults, and Love betrays within ?
 At last her Hand to hide her Blushes leave
 The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
 My fierce assault, mad with a Lovers hast,
 Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly past :
 Some little Pain might check her kind desire,
 But not enough to make her once retire :
 Maids wounds for pleasure bear, as Men for praise ;
 Here Honour heals, there Love the Smart allays.
 Now she her well-contented thoughts employs,
 On her past Fears and on her present Joys,
 Whose Harbinger did freely all remove
 To make fit room for great luxurious Love :
 Fond of the welcome Guest, her Arms embrace
 My Body, and her Hand a better Place :
 Which with one Touch so pleasing proud did grow,
 It swell'd beyond the Grasp that made it so.
 Confinement scorns in any closer Walls
 Than those of Love, where it contended falls.
 Tho twice o'erthrown it more inflam'd does rise,
 And will to the last Drop fight out Loves Prize.
 She like some *Amazon* in Story proves,
 That overcomes the *Hero* whom she loves.
 In the close Strifes he took so much delight,
 She then would think on nothing but the fight.
 With Joy she laid me panting at her Feet,
 But with more Joy does his recovery meet :
 Her trembling Hand first gently rais'd his Head,
 She almost dies for fear lest he is dead :

Then

Then does support him with a busy hand,
And with that Balm enables him to stand :
Till by her Charms she conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper than she did before :
Now fal'n from the top of pleasure's Hill,
With longing Eyes we look up thither still ;
Still thither our unwearied wishes tend,
Till we that height of happiness ascend ;
By gentle steps th' ascent it self exceeds
All Joys but that alone to which it leads.
First then so long and lovingly we kiss,
As if like Doves we knew no other bliss :
Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
Whilst groping hands are pleas'd no less than they.
Thus cling'd together now awhile we rest,
Breathing our Souls into each others Breast :
Then give a general kiss of all our Parts,
Whilst this blest way we make exchange of Hearts.
Here would my Praise as well as Pleasure dwell,
Injoyments self I scarcely like so well :
What little this comes short of rage and strength,
Is largely recompens'd with endless length.
This is a Joy if we could last and stay,
But Love's too eager to admit delay,
And hurries us along so smooth a way.
Now wanton with Delight, we nimbly move
Our pliant Limbs in all the shapes of Love :
Our Motions, not like those of idle Fools,
Whose active Body shews their heavy Souls,
But sports of Love in which the willing Mind
Makes us as able as our Souls are kind :
At length all languishing and out of Breath,
Panting as in the Agonies of Death,
We lie entranc'd, till one provoking kiss
Transports our ravish'd Souls to Paradise.
Oh heaven of Love ! thou moment of Delight !
Wrong'd by my Words, my Fancy does thee right.

Methinks I lie all melting in her Charms,
 And fast lockt up within her Legs and Arms.
 Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts on fire,
 Still striving in the pangs of hot desire;
 At once like Misers wallowing in their Store
 Of full possession, yet desiring more.
 Thus with repeated Pleasures do we waste
 Our happy hours, which like short minutes past.
 To such a sum of Bliss our Joys amount,
 The number now becomes too great to count;
 And Nature now denying further force,
 From Deeds (alas) we fall into Discourse:
 A fall which each of us in vain bemoans,
 A greater fall than that of Kings from Thrones.
 The tyde of Pleasure flowing now no more,
 We lie like Fishes gasping on the shore.
 And now as after fighting Wounds appear,
 Which we in heat did neither feel nor fear,
 She for my sake intreats me to give o'er,
 And yet confess'd she'd gladly suffer more.
 Her words are coy, while all her motions woo;
 And when she askt if that it pleas'd me too,
 I rag'd to shew how well, but could not do.
 Thus does fond Man run himself out of breath,
 And seeking rest would find it soon in Death,
 Did not kind Nature with a double force,
 Restrain its strength and stop its headlong course.
 Indulgently severe she well does spare,
 This Child for hers that most deserves her care.

A Satyr against Marriage: By the same.

Husband, thou dull unpitied Miscreant;
 Wedded to noise, to misery and want.
 Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,
 Oblig'd to cherish and to hate thy Wife.

Drudg on till Fifty at thy own Expence,
 Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence.
 Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every night,
 Prompted to act by duty, not delight.
 Christen thy forward Bantling once a Year,
 And carefully thy spurlous Issue rear.
 Go once a week to see the Brat at Nurse,
 And let the young Imposter drain thy Purse.
 Hedg-Sparrow like what Cuckows have begot,
 Do thou maintain, incorrigible Set.
 Oh I could curse the Pimp, (who could do less?)
 He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
 Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?
Anathema's on him are but thrown away:
 The Wretch is marry'd, and hath known the worst;
 And his great'st Blessing is, he can't be curst:
 Marriage! O Hell and Furies name it not!
 Hence, hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot:
 Marriage! 'tis but a licens'd way to sin,
 A Noose to catch Religious Woodcocks in:
 Or the Nick-name of Love's malicious Fiend,
 Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.
 'Tis the destroyer of our Peace and Health,
 Mispender of our Time, our Strength and Wealth,
 The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
 That we can Vertuous, Good, or Pleasant call.
 By Day 'tis nothing but a needless Noise,
 By Night the Eccho of forgotten Joys:
 Abroad the sport and wonder of the Crowd,
 At home the hourly breach of what they vow'd.
 In Youth it's Opium to our lustful Rage,
 Which sleeps awhile, but wakes again in Age.
 It heaps on all Men much, but useless care,
 For with more trouble they less happy are.
 Ye Gods! that Man by his own slavish Law
 Should on himself such Inconvenience draw,
 If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
 Those chalk him out a far more pleasant way.

When lusty Youth and flagrant Wine conspire,
 To fan the Blood into a generous Fire,
 We must not think the Gallant will endure
 The puissant Issue of his Calenture :
 Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,
 Tho Nature's Handmaid sometimes serves the turn.
 No, he must have a sprightful, youthful Wench,
 In equal floods of Love his Flames to quench :
 One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
 And in that Circle all his Spirits charms,
 That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
 Can raise his Soul, and reinsnare his Heart.
 Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
 Always begot in Passion and in Heat :
 But the dull Off-spring of the Marriage-bed,
 What is it but a human lump of Lead ;
 A sottish lump, ingender'd of all Ilks ;
 Begot like Cats against their Fathers Wills ?
 If it be bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
 The Mother's Fears entail'd upon the Child.
 Thus whether Illegitimate or not,
 Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
 Let no ennobled Soul himself debase
 By lawful means to bastardize his Race ;
 But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,
 To check his eager Passion let him find
 Some willing Female out ; what tho she be
 The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy ?
 Tho she be Linsey-woolsey Bawd and Whore,
 Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-shore,
 Impudent, foolish, bawdy, and disease,
 The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices ;
 What then, she's better than a Wife by half,
 And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.
 With Whores thou canst but venture : what thou'rt lost,
 May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost ;
 But a damn'd Wife by inevitable Fate,
 Destroys Soul, Body, Credit and Estate.

A D D E N D A.

In Opposition to Mr. Dryden's Essay on Satyr, 1680.

NOW the Reformer of the Court and Stage,
The common Beadle of this wilful Age,
Has with impartial Hand whipt Sovereign Sin,
In me it is but manners to begin.

To correct Vice keen Satyr may prevail
Beyond the Law, when preaching Blockheads fail ;
For Law and Satyr from one Fountain flow :
Were not Men vicious there would be no Law.

But to cry up his sawcy Cant and Rule
For lawful Satyr, proves the Wit or Fool.

To rail at States, and Monarchs ill entreat,
Then cry 'tis Good because the Subjects Great :

As Man were only plac'd in Paradise,
To nibble on the Fruit on which he dies.

Can Owls and Woodcocks with the Eagle play,
And not in danger to become a Prey ?

What is't to lash the King and Council-Table,
When I my self am kickt by the Town-Rabble ?

For me to labour in a lower sphere,
I think too much, yet it is safest there :

Not do I covet matter to my Rhymes
The greatest Person, but the greatest Crimes.

What is't to me, who keeps a Miss, who's Wed,
Or who got *Cornwall's* costly Maidenhead :

Who got the better on't, the Peer or Knight ;
What Lord was drunk, or Lady—last night.

These are the crying Crimes ; yet one may do
All this, and be an honest Subject too.

R

But

But to supplant the Government, to cry
 Allegiance down, and raze out Monarchy ;
 To make Cabals, and by a bold Petition
 Imbrue the Nation in a new Sedition ;
 To sowce Rebellion, lay up Plots in pickle,
 And make each Tavern-bar a Conventicle ;
 This would become a Muses Excellence,
 To whip the Club into Allegiance.

Who'd not be as affected as Sir Carr ?
 As proud as *M——ve*, as dull as *D——ar* ?
 As drunk as *Fish*, who lost himself and Prince
 In one debauch, and ne'er was sober since ;
 Rather than that insatiate Beast of prey,
 Worries the Flock, to make himself away.
 So Wolves when cloy'd with Blood of Lambs and Ewes,
 Do often fall into the Shepherds Noose.
 These harmless Men find a more safe abode,
 Who quit unlawful Paths to keep the Road.
 'Tis strange that human Wisdom ever shou'd
 Most err under pretence of doing good :
 And those wise Men that wou'd prescribe us Rules
 For Government, prove either Knaves or Fools,
 Witness the *Catiline* that left *Whitehall*,
 To be made President of the *Cabal* :
 So she's in play, (provided there's no blows)
 It matters not the New, or the Old Cause :
 Has on all points of Government ran his rounds,
 As *Gore* the Compass did with *Blood* and *Zounds*.
 But sooner may you fix the Northern Wind,
 Than hope the Weathercock will be confin'd.
 Nature made him a perverse Wight, whose Nose
 Extracts the Essence of his Gouty Toes.
 Double with head to tail he crawls apart,
 His Body's Emblem of his double Heart.
 In the Courts Sun he riggles like a Snail ;
 Touch but his Horns he shrinks into his Shell.
 Rowl'd like a Hedgehog up, he shews his Snout,
 And at the Council-table makes a rout.

'Gainst

'Gainst King and the Succession domineers ;
 If ought oppose him, he has Forks and Spears.
 Like a vile Skulker he abjures the Realm,
 And sinks the Barge 'cause he's not chief at Helm.
 Then cries all hands to pump, a leak i'th' Keel,
 And stops it up with *Julian's* Conger-Eel.
 And when a shot pierc'd the broad-side, e'en then
 Clapt in the hole, and sav'd Sir *Edward's* Men.
 The way's to keep him there, if he get through,
 Secures himself, he drowns the Ship and Crew.
 If to the Ocean back again he's bent,
 With Rabble, he's in his own Element.
 There let him plot and ne'er behold the Sun,
 Till he has through all Scenes of Folly run,
 Under pretext of Wit to be undone.
 As the late Duke who for a glorious Bully,
 Retir'd from Court to be the City's Cully ;
 The City's Minion, now their Scorn and Sport,
 There more despis'd than once ador'd at Court :
 Whodid his Fall so cunningly contrive,
 In quaint disguise, to riot, rant, and S——ve.
 And when he lists himself in Infamy,
 Reviles the State, and rails at Monarchy,
 The only means true Glory to pursue ;
 And must the best way be because 'tis new.
 Would any *Hewson* from the Throne retreat
 To th' Stall under disguise of being Great ?
 And only for to merit vulgar Praise,
 Rather than not be popular, be base.
 So once an Emperour, as Stories say,
 Exchang'd his Sceptre for a *Fernula* ;
 And only proud to prove himself a Fool,
 Did quit the *Throne* to keep a *Petty School*.
 Yet this was great ; while only for the noise
 Of Sovereign Sway he lords it over Boys.
 Look to it *York*, the Nation first shall bleed ;
 Or the two Kings of *Bremford* shall succeed.

H—— for an Empire has as great an Itch,
 As ever Dog had for his swollen Bitch.
 High on ambitious Plumes aloft he flies,
 And to be something melts them in the Skies ;
 While th' humble Wretch at home lies prostrate down
 To all the barking Beagles in the Town.
 Young **D**—— too does in the Club intrude,
 To be applauded by the Multitude :
 With Zeal to King and Country he abounds ;
 Keeps with the Hare, and opens with the Hounds :
 Now of the Court, now of the Country free,
 Mistakes Prerogative for Liberty.
 How well a Regiment would him become,
 If the loud Commons did but beat a Drum.
 My Masters vote it (Sir) a Prohibition;
 I can't in Conscience brook with your Commission.
 To levy Forces, and assign Commanders,
 Is Treason in the King to *France* or *Flanders* :
 But if the House command me, tho I starve,
 I'll quite Wine, Whores, Allegiance too, to serve.
G—— better far might flight his Sovereign's bounty ;
 He had a Regiment within his County :
 And poor enough to back his tatter'd Cause,
 Won'd **R**—— venture but a broken Nose.
 Appease this mouthing *Cerb'rus* with a Bone,
 Honour's a dainty Crust to pick upon ;
 While his dear Doxy makes a shift to rub
 The business out with **M**—— at the Club.
 And *Rolleston* leads the Van while they combine,
 And humbly beg their Sov'reign to resign.
 How Faction and the quenchless thirst of Rule
 Hurries to ruin the ambitious Fool,
 Whose haughty Soul pufft up with Sovereign sway,
 Will never scarce be humbled to obey !
 The pious Earl had such a spacious Poop,
 As swallow'd up **N**——**B**—— and his Troop :
 Who lately Lord Lieutenant of a Realm,
 Seem'd a good Pilot while he sat at Helm ;

But

But when he was depos'd, he overthrew
His Masters Cause, and sided with the Crew.

Now B---d he had much the worst o'th' lay,
Having more Wit or Honesty than they,
Sneak'd off and left the Club, his Game to play.
Who after he had led them to the Porch,
Like *Buckingham*, he left them in the lurch,
At such a juncture of a time as odly,
As *Peyton* for his Highness left the Godly ;
Or *Eserick Howard* to become a bawler,
Withdrew from Court to cry up active *Waller*.
These are the Men who all the bustle make,
And Empire check merely for Empires sake.
They lay their stamp on the revolting darling,
And in the Club make Treason pass for Sterling.

There are some other Beagles in this pack,
That make a Noise the Royal Chase to back ;
But when a Mastiff opens in the dark,
The little Dogs will shake their tails and bark :
And tho the foremost Hound but start the Hare,
The rest will mouth it as they claim'd a share :
Who follow by the scent, and scarce have sense
To judg 'twixt Reason and Allegiance.
As Fops meet in a Pit to damn a Play,
Not as they know, but by what others say :
Unmeaning Fools, who something to be at,
Follow the leading Cuckow, like the Bat ;
And justly merit as they are despis'd,
Rather to be rejected than chastis'd :
So bawling H--n and K-- the mute,
With Noise and Nonsense fill up the Dispute ;
And while the Club proclaims the lawless strife,
One is the Drum, and t'other is the Fife.
What shall we say of *Fa--ge Br---er*,
Or *C---ry*, or dull *D-----gh* shall I flatter ;
Who in the Synod drudg like Gally-slaves,
And buy the Stock to make a Gleek of Knaves ?

Like Beasts insensible of wrong they stray,
 And find a Pound; quitting the King's Highway,
 And now behold in triumph to their Follies
 In Noll's old Coach of State comes knocking
 Who sold the Father by an old Commission,
 And purchases the Son with a Petition
 Now whether has the better on't, the Club,
 Or the five Members in the Royal Job?
 This is the Bakers Dozen makes the Rumour,
 And little W—'s levent to the lump,
 When B—'s civility had made his Log,
 The Club engender'd and brought forth an Egg,
 Which like Grand G— for a quick dispatch
 Hot Monsieur Parliament must sit and hatch,
 R— began to puff and shake his Noddle,
 And told them in plain words the Brand was addle,
 That to a Ramp he never more would give
 Away his Birthright, or Prerogative,
 Then like a God which from his Breath did leap
 Dissolv'd the Chaos of confused Heap,
 Bravely he spake, and wisely he perform'd,
 Whilst still the Club against the Council storm'd:
 Who rather than from Faction wou'd be free,
 Or touch no more of the forbidden Tree,
 Would damn themselves and their Posterity.

How vile a thing is Man! how sudden Fate
 Attends his Frailty in the best Estate!
 When arm'd with Innocence and Virtue, all
 That makes him blest is subject then to fall.
 The great first bold Offender oft I chide,
 When I my self agreed to what he did:
 Had I been there, perhaps I had done worse,
 And on my Race entail'd a double curse:
 Ev'n I who all this while exclaim'd at Vice,
 And made to Loyalty a Sacrifice,
 May be deem'd sawcy, insolent and rude,
 And thought as guilty by the Multitude.

This Balm I'll save against the deepest Wounds,
To keep my sharper Pen within its bounds ;
And lest my soaring Muse too meanly fall,
Learn to write mannerly, - or not at all.

ADAM SMITH

A person who is not a member of the
the following persons are not to be
the following persons are not to be

the following persons are not to be
the following persons are not to be
the following persons are not to be

FINIS.

the following persons are not to be
the following persons are not to be
the following persons are not to be

194

102

Lately Publish'd,

A Second Vol. of *State Poems*, from the Reign of K. *James I.* to the Year 1703. written by the greatest Wits of the Age. Containing the following Poems; *The Foreigners. The True-born Englishman. Aesop at Tunbridge, with several other political Fables. Panegyrick upon Oates. Rochester's Ghost. The Lovers Session. Dr. Wild's Ghost. The Renegado Poet, upon Dryden; with one upon his turning Roman Catholick. Toland's Clitot. Twin-Shams. Prologue to Sir John Falstaff, and to Tamerlane. Tom Browns Satyr on the French King at the Peace of Ryswick, with his Petition to the Council. On Mr. Neal's Taxes. Dryden's Funeral. On D. of Glocester's Death. Songs on the Taxes. Lord Lovelace's coming to Oxford. Mock-Mourners. Reformation of Manners. K. Charles the II. Ghost. On her Majesty and the Prince at Oxford. Advice to a Painter, with the Answer to it. The several Golden Ages; with many others, most of 'em never publish'd before.*

Sold by the Bookfellers of London and Westminster.

State-Poems ;

C O N T I N U E D

From the time of *O. Cromwel,*
to the Y E A R 1697.

W R I T T E N

By the Greatest WITS of the Age, *viz.*

The Lord Rochester
The Lord D——t
The Lord V——n,
The Hon. Mr. M——ue,
Sir F. S. ——d.

} { *Mr. Milton,*
Mr. Prior,
Mr. Stepney,
Mr. Ayliffe, &c.

W I T H

Several P O E M S in Praise of *Oliver Cromwel,*
in *Latin* and *English,* by

Dr. South,
Dr. Locke,
Sir W. G——n,

} { *Dr. Crew,*
Mr. Busby, &c.

Also some Miscellany P O E M S by the same,
never before Printed.

Now carefully Examined with the Originals, and
Published without any Castration.

Printed in the Year MDCCII.

THE P R E F A C E.

Prefaces being generally to prepossess the Reader of a good Opinion of the Performance, how trifling soever; and commonly, Mountebank like, the meaner the Book the more Encomiums in the Preface; which you will be deceived of here, for I shall only give you matter of Fact, how this Book came to be published.

About four Months ago I sent into the World a Collection of Poems on Affairs of State, from the time of Oliver Cromwel, to the time of King James II. written by the greatest Wits of the Age, viz. The Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, Lord B---st, Mr. Milton, And Marvell Esquire, Mr. Sprat, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Waller, &c. which being found to be genuine, met with good Acceptance. Since that Book came out, a great many excellent Poems have been sent me from very good hands, pressing to have a Continuation thereof made, which at last I resolved to do, upon the receiving of some Copies of Verses printed at Oxford, 1654. in praise of Oliver Cromwel, on his making Peace with the Dutch; finding several Persons, who now make the greatest figure in the Common-wealth of Learning to be concerned therein, I thought the World would be willing to see what such Great Men as
A 2 Dr. South,

The PREFACE.

Dr. South, Mr. Locke, &c. said on such an extraordinary Occasion, I have printed their own Latin, and kept strictly to their Sense in the Translation, and those they wrote in English are also published, this begins the Book. Then follow several excellent Poems, written by the Lord Rochester, Esquire Marvell, &c. during the Reign of King Charles II. omitted in the former Collection: As also those writ in the Reign of King James II. by the Lord D---t, Sir F. S---, Mr. Prior, Mr. Stepney, Mr. Rymer, &c. and particularly those incomparable Pieces of the Hind and Panther transversed to the Story of the City-Mouse and Country-Mouse, and the Man of Honour, written by the Honourable Mr. M---ue. And since the Revolution, you have several Copies, writ by the Lord Cutts, Mr. Tate, Mr. Shadwell, Mr. Ayloffe &c. Lastly, some Miscellany Poems, by the same Great Men, never before Printed. And in this Collection Names are not made use of to countenance spurious Pieces, but the Poems themselves speak the Greatness of their Authors, if no Name had been thereto.

In short, the said State-Poems, and this Continuation thereof, make a Compleat Collection of all that are valuable in that nature, for these forty Years; and is the best Secret History, of our late Reigns, as being writ by such Great Persons as were near the Helm, knew the Transactions, and were above being brib'd to flatter, or afraid to speak truth. And so I leave them to the Reader.

INDEX

I N D E X.

Select Poems out of Musarum Oxoniensium in Oliv. Proteſt. &c. 1645.

A Poem in Latin by Nath. Crew	Page 1
The same in English	1
in Latin, by M. Mew	3
Translated into English	3
in Latin, by W. Godolphin	4
translated into English	5
in Latin, by Rob. South	7
Translated into English	7
in Latin, by J. Locke	8
Translated into English	8
in Latin, by J. Busby	9
Translated into English	10
in Latin, by J. Vaughan	11
Translated into English	12
A Poem on the same Subject, written in English by Locke	13
Another on the same Subject, by W. Godolphin	13
On K. Charles's Return, by the L. Rochester	16
A young Gentleman desiring to be a Minister of State, as qualifies himself	16
On the King's Voyage to Chatham, to make Bulwarks against the Dutch, and the Queens Miscarriage	17
on,	
A Charge	

INDEX.

- A Charge to the Grand Inquest of England* 1674.
The Giants Wars, out of a Greek Fragment 1682.
On the Statue at Stocks-Market
A Stayr, by the Lord R——r
Another by the same
A Satyr
The Royal Buss
Windfor, by the Lord Rochester
The second Advice to a Painter, by the Author
the first.
Stafford's Ghost
On the Dutcheſs of Portsmouth's Picture
Hownslow-Heath, 1686.
The Dissenters Thanksgiving for the late Declaration
The Dispute, by the Lord R——r
Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium
Satyr unmuzzl'd
The Hind and Panther transferr'd to the Story
the Country Mouse and City Mouse
The Man of Honour, by the Honourable Mr. Montagu

The Man of no Honour
The Vision
The Converts
The humble Address of your Majesty's Poet Laureat
and other your Catholick and Protestant Dissenting
mers, with the rest of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, in
riour Versifiers and Sonetteers of your Majesty's ancient
Corporation of Parnassus
The Laureat
On the Bishops Confinement
Advice to the Prince of Orange, and the Pacquet
Boat returned
A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn
Harry Care's Last Will and Testament
A new Catch in Praise of the Reverend Bishops
Protestant

INDEX.

<i>Protestantism reviv'd, or the persecuting Church triumphing</i>	138
<i>The Council</i>	140
<i>The Audience</i>	141
<i>An Epistle to Mr. Dryden</i>	143
<i>The Dream</i>	146
<i>Over the Lord Dover's Door 1686</i>	149
<i>Over the Lord Salisbury's Door 1686</i>	150
<i>To the speaking Head</i>	ibid.
<i>An Essay writ over his Door on an Institution and Election</i>	151
<i>The Fable of the Pot and the Kettle, as it was told Col. Titus, the Night before he kiss'd the Kings bed</i>	152
<i>An Epitaph on Henry Care</i>	153
<i>Alenten Prologue refus'd by the Players 1682.</i>	154
<i>A Paper fix'd on the King's Chappel Door on Easter-day 1687.</i>	156
<i>On King Jame's Pistolling a Mastiff-Dog at Banbury in his last Progress</i>	157
<i>The Metamorphosis</i>	159
<i>Cæsar's Ghost</i>	162
<i>The Fourth Satyr of Boileau, by W. K. 1687.</i>	171
<i>A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the Prince of Orange's coming into England, by Mr. Tho Shadwell</i>	174
<i>—on Queen Mary's Arrival in England by Th. Shadwell</i>	178
<i>The Observer</i>	180
<i>A Miracle, how the Dutcheſs of Modena (being in ſeven months) prayed to the Blessed Virgin, that the Queen might have a Son; and how our Lady ſent the Angel Gabriel with her Smock, upon which the Queen was delivered of a Child</i>	184
<i>The Dialogue</i>	186

I N D E X.

<i>On the University of Cambridg's burning the Duke of Monmouth's Picture 1685. who was formerly their Chancellour, by Mr. Stepney</i>	189
<i>On the Commencement at Camb. by Mr. Aloyffe</i>	192
<i>To Mr. Fleet. Shepperd, by Mr. P——r</i>	192
<i>An Explanation of King Jame's Declaration</i>	192
<i>On the Death of the Queen, by the Lord Cutts</i>	192
<i>Tunbrigialia, or the Pleasures of Tunbridge. in a Letter to a Friend, by P. Causton, Merchant</i>	201
<i>An Essay on Writing, and the Art and Mystery of Printing</i>	213
<i>Prologue by the Earl of R——</i>	213
<i>On the melting down the Plate, 'or the Piss-Pot Farewel</i>	213
<i>On Content</i>	213
<i>Tunbridge Wells, by the Earl of Rochester</i>	213
<i>In memory of Jos. Washington Esq; late of the Middle Temple, an Elegy written by N. Tate</i>	227
<i>Friendship</i>	227
<i>The Wish</i>	227
<i>The Deliverance</i>	227
<i>A Song ex Tempore</i>	227
<i>Of Solitude</i>	227
<i>A Satyr against Brandy</i>	227
<i>A Prologue, by Mr. Mounfort</i>	227
<i>On the Infanta of Portugal</i>	227
<i>A Pindarique, by the Lord R——r</i>	227
<i>On the return of King Charles II.</i>	227
<i>On the Invention of the new Lights</i>	227
<i>On the Invention of the Penny-Post by Mr. Doc</i>	227
<i>wra</i>	227

State - Poems

CONTINUED.

Select POEMS out of

Musarum Oxoniensium 'ΕΛΛΙΟΦΟΡΙΑ.
Sive, Ob Fœdera, Auspiciis Serenissimi
Oliveri Reipubl. Angl. Scot. & Hibern.
Domini Protectoris, inter Rempubl. Bri-
tannicam & Ordines Fœderatos Belgii fœ-
liciter stabilita;

Senistogata ad vada Isidis Celeusma metricum.

Anguineis nescit miles se mergere rivis,
Navigat in portu, cui modo Sanguis, Aqua.
Nil laudis Neptune petas, nil Æole; solus
Protector propriâ hæc perficit acta manu.
Nat Crew, è Coll. Linc. Com.

Thus rendred into English.

THE Soldier now forgets the Sanguine Seas,
He rides in Harbour, and enjoys his Ease.
No thanks to Gods of Sea or Wind we ow.
These Blessings from our great Protector flow,
Happy Hands alone, the welcom Boon bestow.

Nath. Crew, è Coll. Linc. Com.

B

Regnis

R Egnis minatur multa Regentium
 Mutatus ordo ; Scilicet arduos
 Calusque fatalesque genti
 Sæpe ferunt nova sceptrâ pestes.
 Ast, ecce, nullis obruta viribus
 Pugnas cruentas inter, & horridas
 Lites & irarum procellas,
 Anglia, firma manens, triumphat.
 Vis nempe belli nulla nec exteri
 Illam movebat, neve domestici :
 Sed pressa, palmæ par virenti,
 Ponderibus melius resurgit.
 Hic quippe, sacro numine prosperam
 Major potestas protegit Angliam,
 Illique primas jure grates
 Incolumes tribuant Britanni.
 Quæcunque virtus convenit integro,
 Quæcunque fama, aut gloria Principi,
 Te, Summe, laudarunt, Tibique
 Conspicuum peperere nomen.
 Tantus fuisse & Victor, & Hostium
 Fudisse tantas robore copias,
 Nunquamque devinci, relinquis
 Perpetuæ monumenta Famæ.
 Heroas armis pristina gens novem
 Claros recenset, nos tamen adimus.
 Tantamque virtutem colemus,
 Teque ducem numeramus, orto.
 Vis magna belli, magna potentia.
 Tantam nequibat perdere gloriam :
 Nec contra Achilleos furores
 Hæcoreæ valere vires.
 Nostri triumphî Tu decus unicum,
 Nostræ salutis Tu caput unicum,

Partaque nos, per Te salute
Ecce hilares remanemus Angli.

Matth. Mew, C. C. C. Schol.

Thus rendered into English.

WHEN with the rolling Tydes of Fate
New Governours assume the State,
The Change a strong Convulsion makes
And all the trembling Nation shakes;
New Mischiefs follow Counsels new,
As Death's destructive Shafts the spreading Plague
(pursue.

Yet still unshock'd *Britannia* stands,
And angry Fate it self commands.
Thoravag'd with intestine Jars,
And batter'd oft with forein Wars,
As Palms beneath their Burdens rise,
And when oppress'd they most shoot strongest
(tow'rd the Skies.

A greater *Nomen* guards us now,
To whom our grateful *Britanni* bow:
Thee, mighty Prince, Thy Virtues crown,
Thy Regal Fame, thy vast Renown,
Thy happy Slaves in Peace proclaim
Thy Triumphs loudly spread as thy Immortal Name:
To Conquer always, to confound
The best, the bravest Armies round,
Are Honours all reserv'd for Thee.
We now another Worthy see,
A Captain for the former Nine. (vine.
Th more auspicious Stars, and Courage more di-
Dutch Arms were vain, and vain their Force,
To stop thy Fate's victorious Course,
Hector himself, the brave, must yield
When great *Achilles* takes the Field:

Thy Honours all our Triumphs grace.
 In Thee we all our Safety place, (brace)
 And by thy Shade secur'd, thy sacred Trunk em-

Matth. Mew, C. C. C. Schol.

SIC Civile Chaos dum Bellum gessit & una
 Massa, Aer, Tellus, Æquor & Ignis erant.
 Deformi Congressu prius Certamine, tandem
 Semina concordi Foedere junxit Amor.
 Et modo quæ latuere suis Elementa tenebris,
 Clarior, amoris litibus, Orbis erant.
 Pace ligant simili vicinas Foedera gentes,
 Cum daret Antiquum Vis inimica Chaos.
 Accensæ madidis concurrunt Ignibus Undæ,
 Usta in Aquis fuerant Corpora, Merla Pacis.
 Fulmineo Balistæ mihi par visa Tonanti,
 Explosos quoties projicit illa Globos :
 Talia Sanguineo facere Tonitrua Nimbos,
 Dum tota effuso Membra cruore pluuat.
 Quisque sibi fuit Æquor ; in imo pectore volvit
 Fluctus ; irato sævior usque Fræto,
 Quis Deus has tollit, quæ tanta potentia Lites ?
 Numina Consulum quæ secuere Chaos ?
 Hæc Dextræ præstas, Hæc Mente (Britannice Castæ)
 Multa foras tibi sunt, plura Trophæa domi.
 Pectora vicisti nostra, Invictissime Princeps,
 Nos Idem Batavis, & Tibi junxit Amor.
 Tormentis Belgæ sternuntur & Ensis ; Angles
 Quæ superant, Animi sunt ea Tela Tui.
 Quæ Martem, Pontique minas compescuit, ipsa
 Quæ vicit Bellum, Pax ea Vestra fuit.
 Nascentem è Pelago Venerem reticete (Poetæ)
 Pulchrior è nostro Gurgite surgit Amor.

Guil. Godolphin, ex Æde Christi

Thus Translated.

When Civil War through all the Chaos reign'd,
 And Air and Earth with Floods and Flames
 maintain'd
 An uncouth Contest. Love at last disclos'd
 Its Force, and all the Atomic Broils compos'd.
 And the late darksom Elements in one,
 A brighter World with nobler Beauty's shown.
 So Peace unites the Nation long abus'd,
 With Jealousies and envious Arts confus'd.
 Wet Flames the Peace with burning Waters broke,
 Men blaz'd in Waters, and were drown'd in Smoke.
 Not Jove o'er awes the World with Thunders more
 Than wide-mouth Cannons with their dismal Roar,
 Their hideous Notes presag'd a Storm of Blood,
 And scatter'd Limbs unfluc'd the Crimson Flood:
 Each Tor a Sea within his Breast contain'd,
 And loudest there the noisic Tempest reign'd. (Lay?
 What Power, what God the dreadful War could
 Or through Confusion shoot a peaceful Day?
 Thy Hand and Head, Great Cæsar made them
 cease, (Peace.
 And crown'd thy Brows with Wreaths of lasting
 Love shot from Thee our easie Souls subdu'd,
 And made one Band the Dutch and Us conclude:
 We tam'd the Dutch, to Love the English yield,
 And to thy Politicks resign the Field.
 Now, Sir, at your Command rough Mars expell'd,
 Sub'd angry Storms, and warlike Furies quell'd.
 No more, ye Bards, of Sea-born Venus sing.
 Fair Love could only from our British Ocean spring.

Guil. Godolphin, ex *Ade Christi*.

Intulerant miseranda duæ sibi bella Sorores,
 Utraque fatales, utraque Parca sibi.
 Sic in sanguineam mare commutatur Arenam,
 Quæ gladiatorum bella, necesse videt,
 Has fluctus, illas rapiunt incendia naves
 Et miscent æstus flamma fretumque suos.
 Quæque mori solita est flammis exhorruit undas,
 Ne mediis Phoenix merula periret, aquis;
 Belligeros quot pugna duces, quot sustulit unda?
 Sic tamen ipsa solent astra subire fretum.
 Sic mare cæruleum est: sed sicut cærulea vena,
 Quæ tumet incluso sanguine plena fluens.
 Non nostræ Batavus submitit carbasa classi,
 Nec quamvis habuit vela, modestus erat,
 At sic deposuit tandem Leo Belgicus iras,
 Securam ut ducat per mare Phryxus ovem.
 Cætera bella licet pugnasque Elementa sequantur,
 Sola tamen pacis foedera servat Aqua.

At Tu, Dux pariter Terræ, Domitorque profundis
 Componunt laudas cuncta Elementa tuas.
 Cui Mens alta subest pelagoque profundior ipso,
 Cujus fama sonat, quam procul unda sonat:
 Si currum ascendas domito pœne Orbe triumphans
 In currus aderunt Axis uterque Tuos.
 Inclusam populi tua fert vagina salutem,
 Ut lateri hinc possit semper adesse tuo.
 Tu poteris solus motos componere fluctus,
 Solus Neptunum sub tua vincla dare.
 Magna simul fortis vicisti, & multa: Trophæis
 Ut mare sic pariter, cedit Arena tuis.
 Nomine Pacifico gestas insignia Pacis,
 Blandaue per titulos serpit Oliva tuos.

State-Poems Continued.

Sæton Abydos amat ; Batavas colit Anglia Terras,
Insula te tanto facta beata Duce.

Insula quam Pelagus, simul & Victoria cingit,
Quæque (quod his præstat) cingitur Ense tuo.
Rob. South, ex *Æde Christi*.

Thus Translated.

A Fatal War two angry Sisters wag'd,
And to each others sure Destruction rag'd ;
The Theatre the neighb'ring Seas were made,
Where bloody Prizes surly Sword-men play'd.
The shatter'd Fleets the Seas and Flames divide,
Each rolling in with an impetuous Tide,
The *Phoenix* once in spicy Flames expir'd,
But now with horror from the Floods retir'd.
Brave Souls their Fates in purple Waters met ;
As sailing Stars beneath the Ocean set.
The Sun all azure shew'd, like azure Veins,
When the small Rills the crimson Humour stains.
The *Dutch* to *England* scorn'd to strike the Sail,
Seem'd to be modest, but refus'd to veil.
But now the *Belgic* Lion leaves to roar,
And Golden Flocks float safe toward the Shoar.
While other Elements embroil'd remain.
The Seas alone a peaceful League maintain.

Sir, at your Feet, whom Seas and Lands obey,
The Elements submissive Garlands lay.
Seas are less deep than your capacious Soul,
Your Fame sounds far as noisic Waters roul.
Should you in Triumph o'er the World appear,
Your Chariot Wheels the groaning Poles would bear.
Your Sword laid by, the Scabbard's fill'd with Peace,
And girds your happy Side with awful Ease.
You only could the swelling Waves restrain,
And lay your Fetters on the conquer'd Main.

The Seas, the Shores their Trophies yield to you,
 Who could the Many and the Great subdue.
 Your happy Name their peaceful Emblems grace,
 And Olive Wreaths your Regal Arms embrace.
England the Hand to pleas'd *Batavia* gives,
 And happy in her great Commander lives,
 By Conquests guarded, and by Seas immur'd,
 But more by your Victorious Arms secur'd.

Rob. South, ex *Ade Christi*

PAX regit Augustū, quem vicit Julius Orbem
 Ille sago factus clarior, ille togā.
 Hos sua Roma vocat magnos & numina credit,
 Hic quod sit mundi Victor, & ille Quies.
 Tu bellum ut pacem populis das, unus utrisque
 Major es: Ipse orbem vincis, & ipse regis.
 Non hominem è Coelo missum Te credimus; un
 Sic poteras binos qui superare Deos!

J Locke, ex *Ade Christi*

Thus Translated.

A Peaceful Sway the great *Augustus* bore
 O'er what great *Julius* gain'd by Arms before
Julius was all with Martial Trophies crown'd.
Augustus for his peaceful Arts renown'd.
Rome calls 'em Great, and makes 'em Deities,
 That for his Valour, this his Policies.
 You mighty Prince, than both are greater far,
 Who rule in Peace that World you gain'd by War
 You sure from Heav'n a finish'd Hero fell,
 Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

J. Locke, ex *Ade Christi*

PA

PAX peregrina diu binas nunc uniet oras,
 Surget ab armato funere viva salus :
 Undique lætantes animantur foedere Belgæ,
 E sano Anglorum corpore corpus habent :
 Unde sumus medici & simul medicamina, vulnus
 Quod bellum inflixit sanat amica quies :
 Dum nimium gustant de falso flumine Belgæ,
 Dicunt, plus aloes quam salis æquor habet.

AD PROTECTOREM.

Magne Leo, qui Marte potes ; Germania vires,
 At placidam victrix Anglia sentit opem :
 Victorum Princeps, artoque volumine victos
 Cingis ; Tu centrum, circulus orbis erit.
 Una catena duas gentes complectitur, ipsam
 Et terram & pontum continet una manus :
 Sedata est populi rabies, nec Belgica classis,
 Nec loquitur pelagi sævior ira minas :
 Pace silent hostes, bello, formidine languent,
 Sollicitat mentes terror amorque suas :
 Quid faciat secura Tuæ fiducia Plebis,
 Si Te victorem diligat ipse timor ?

J. Busby, *A. M. ex Aede Christi.*

Thus Translated.

PEace, absent long, two States to Union brings,
 So Life and Love from dying Fury springs.
 The merry *Dutch* ensoul'd with Peace revive,
 Their State by *English* Substance kept alive.
 So we both Physick and Physicians prove,
 And heal the Wounds of War with Balm of Love.
 The *Dutch* too oft drench'd in the brackish Main,
 Yet most of Bitter, not of Salt complain.

To

To the PROTECTOR

Lion of War, whose Roar the *Dutch* dismay'd,
 While conqu'ring *England* felt your gentler Aid,
 Great Prince, to whom the greatest Conqu'rors
 bow,
 Whose binding Force the vassal'd World allow,
 That World the Circle, but the Centre thou.
 One Chain two Nations can at once inclose,
 One hand the Sea and Land in Peace compose.
 The World grows quiet, and we now can meet
 No Fears from Sea, nor from the *Belgic* Fleet.
 Hush'd in a Peace, and faint with Fears and War,
 Terrors and Love our joint Commanders are,
 What then could your confiding Subjects do,
 If through their Fears, their Loves your conquering
 Arms pursue ?

J. Busby, *A. M. ex Aede Christi.*

Dilcolor exuitur vultus, turbataque rerum
 Diffiatur facies, & nova forma redit.
 Eclipsin memini sic olim Lampada coeli
 Quæ patitur tenebris exiluisse suis.
 Quæque sui vindex (nuper licet alta jaceret
 Merfa umbris) fruitur liberiore popo.
 Quas tibi pro tanto dignas persolvere grates
 Munere, nostra (Ducum Maxime) Musa valet.
 Qui res restituis, rupto velut ordine quassas,
 Ausus es & populos asseruisse tuos.
 Non te deflexit vario Fortuna tumultu,
 Nec quâ turba ruit, præcipitasse libet.
 Qui stabili Tamesin junxisti fœdere Rheno,
 Arte pari Batavum corda fretumque domas.

Auspiciis

Auspiciis (*Cromwelle*) tuis tria Sceptra triumphant,
 Teque senes, pueri, sexus & omnis amant.
 Inde, quòd Armorum Proceres legumque potentes
 Patriciis sese cinctibus induerint.
 Aspice te, duris fas impallescere Chartis :
 Auspice te, vatum vena secunda fluit.
 De Jove Creta suo quicquid vel Apolline Delos
 Dixit & Alcidi gloria si qua fuit ;
 In te mixta fluunt, alios quæ sparsa coronant ;
 Fixisti nutu qui tria Regna tuo.
 In tua transmisit Neptunus sceptra tridentem ;
 Nec minus Herculeo robore transtra quatis.
 Consiliis & mente vales, moderaminis Artes
 Doctior, aut nodos texere nemo potest.
 Nunc pro te Camber, pro te quoque litigat Anglus,
 Ille suum jactat, jactat & ille suum :
 Perge precor. Regnis faustumque sit Omine tanto :
 Crescat honos : geminâ Pallade cinctus eas.
 J. Vaughan, A. M. è Coll. Jesu.

Thus Translated.

NOW with a better Face Affairs appear, (wear.
 And smother Looks the chearful Nations
 So have I seen the Sun eclips'd a while,
 But quickly with recovering Lustre smile.
 What thanks, great Prince, can our weak Muse repay
 For all the Blessings of this glorious day ?
 Your prudent Hand our shatter'd State repairs,
 And bravely dares assert our lost Affairs.
 No Change of Fortune e'er could bend your Soul,
 No head-strong Rout your Politicks controul.
 You make the Rhine to Royal Thames be true,
 And both the Seas and Belgic Hearts subdue.
 Three Realms by your auspicious Stars are blest.
 You of each Age and Sex's Hearts possess.

By

By you we safely to our Books retire,
 Your gallant Acts the Mule's Sons inspire.
 Crete boasts of *Jove*, her *Phæbus Delos* sings,
 And great *Alcides* tunes the lofty Strings.
 On you their scatter'd Glories all combine
 Whose Nod could make three mighty Realms resign.
 Neptune to you his Royal Trident sends,
 The groaning Oar your wond'rous Vigour bends,
 None rules with greater Art, nor can we find
 An Arm more fatal nor a larger Mind:
 The *Welsh* and *English* for your Birth contend,
 And for that Glory both with Zeal pretend.
 Go on, the Realms with happy Omens guide,
 While Fame attends you with a swelling Tyde,
 And they, like Twin *Minerva's*, guard your side.

J. Vaughan. *A. M.*, à Coll. *Jesu.*

IF Greece with so much Mirth did entertain
 Her *Argo* coming laden home again:
 With what loud Mirth and Triumph shall we greet
 The wisht Approaches of our welcome Fleet;
 When of that Prize our Ships do us possess,
 Whereof their Fleece was but an Emblem, *Peace*?
 Whose welcome Voice sounds sweeter in our Ears,
 Than the loud Musick of the warbling Spheres.
 And ravishing more than those, doth plainly show
 That sweetest Harmony we to Discord owe.
 Each Sea-man's Voice pronouncing Peace doth
 charm,
 And seems a *Syræ's*, but that't has less Harm
 And danger in't, and yet like theirs doth please
 Above all other, and make us love the Seas.
 W' have Heaven in this Peace, like Souls above,
 W' have nought to do now but admire and love.

Glory

Glory of War is Victory, but here
Both glorious because neither's Conqueror.
'T had been less Honour, if it might be said,
They fought with those that could be conquered.

Our re-united Seas, like Streams that grow
Into one River do the smother flow :
Where Ships no longer grapple, but like those
The loving Sea-men in Embraces close.
We need no Fire-ships now, a nobler Flame
Of Love doth us protect, whereby our Name
Shall shine more glorious, a Flame as pure
As those of Heaven, and shall as long endure :
This shall direct our Ships, and he that steers,
Shall not consult Heaven's Fires, but those he bears
In his own Breast. Let Lilly threaten Wars :
Whilst this Conjunction lasts we'll fear no Stars.

Our Ships are now most beneficial grown,
Since they bring home no Spoils but what's their own.
Unto these branchless Pines our forward Spring
Ows better Fruit than Autumn's wont to bring :
Which give not only Gems and Indian Ore,
But add at once whole Nations to our store :
Nay, if to make a World's but to compose
The Difference of things, and make them close
In mutual Amity, and cause Peace to creep
Out of the jarring Chaos of the Deep:
Our Ships do this, so that whilst others take
Their Course about the World, ours a World make :

J. Locke, *Student of Ch. Ch.*

AS when two Streams divided gently glide,
The lofty Banks their humble Bowers deride.
The Husbandmen divert them where they list,
Nor can those weaker Floods their Dams resist.

But

But if they *join*, and to one Torrent grow,
 Swelling they rage, and no Restraint will know;
 Over th' adjoining Fields dilate their *Wings*,
Hatching that Plenty, which the Summer brings.

Such the Events have been, and such the Fates
 Of our disjoyn'd and reunited States.

Who, while asunder from each other torn
 By cruel War, became their Neighbours scorn.
 But since that * *Power* which now informs our Age,
 Hath reconcil'd the Strength, and quell'd the Rage
 Of the disturbed Sea, the Fire, the Wind,
 And (what is more) the Tempests of our Mind.
 For now our Ships their Canvas Wings shall stretch,
 And the World's Wealth to richer *England* fetch.
 Till greater Treasures overspread our Coast
 Than *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Sands can boast.

With this Design our busie Vessels range
 About, to make our *Isle the World's Exchange*.
 Others in *Times* of *Brass* and *Iron* live,
 Nought but our *Pines* the *Golden Age* can give:
 Which fell'd, bear better Fruit than when they stood
 The *Branching Glories* of the *Fruitful Wood*.

No foreign Navy shall impeach their Course,
 Circling the Globe with uncontrouled Force.
 While, with the Sun, they round the World, their
 Might

Becomes as *Universal* as his Light.
 Making those Bounds which bind the farthest Land,
 The Limits, *Cromwel*, of thy large Command.
Cromwel! the Name which made a greater Noise
 Among his Foes than *Waves* or *Cannons Voice*.
 'Tis he that conquers when he please, and he
 That makes *Greek Fables English History*.

Tell

Tell me, *Astrologers*, th' Event; and make
From this Conjunction a new *Almanack*.

Storms oft enrich the Soil: and since our *Peace*
Proceeds from *War*, we hope for more Increase.
So *Bones* which have been broke become more sound;
And *Hydra* stronger from its fruitful *Wound*.
Than *War* nought could our States have closer ty'd,
They're joy'n'd by *Kind* who are by *Blood Ally'd*.
Such our Agreement is, as when one Flame
Meeting another, both become the same.

Hermaphroditus so and *Salmacis*
(Whose Bodies join'd in a perpetual Kiss)
With our two *Sates* receiv'd like Union;
Went *Two* into the *Stream*, return'd but *One*.

W. Godolphin, *St. Ch. Ch.*

*The End of the Poems on Oliver Cromwel, and his
making a Peace with the Dutch.*



*To King CHARLES the Second, on his
Return.*

Vertue's Triumphant Shrine ; ' who dost engage
At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage,
Which in Extatick Duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their Home.
Whilst *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It self the Nation, not *Metropolis* ;
And Loyal *Kent* renews its Arts again,
Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men.

Forgive this distant Homage, which doth meet
Your blest Approach on sedentary Feet.
And tho' my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you ; yet, Great Sir, approve
My manly Wishes, and more vigorous Love.
In whom a cold Respect were Treason to
A Father's Ashes, greater than to you.
Whose one Ambition 'tis, for to be known
By Daring Loyalty your *Wilmer's* Son.

Rochester *Wadb. Col.*

*A young Gentleman desirous to be a Minister of
State, thus pretends to qualifie himself.*

TO make my self for this Employment fit,
I'll learn as much as ever I can get
Of the Honourable *Gray* of *Ru* — 's Wit.

In Constancy and sincere Loyalty,
I'll imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury*.

And that we may assume the Churches weal,
And all Disorder in Religion heal,
I will espouse Lord *Hall* — 's Zeal.

To pay respect to sacred Revelation,
To scorn th' affected Wit of Prophanation,
And rout Impiety out of the Nation.

To suppress Vice, and Scandal to prevent,
Buckingham's Life shall be my Precedent,
That living Model of good Government.

To dive into the Depth of Statesmens Craft,
To search the Secrets of the subtlest Heart,
To hide my own Designs with prudent Art.

To make each Man my Property become,
To frustrate all the Plots of *France* and *Rome*,
None can so well instruct as my Lord *Moon*.

For moral Honesty in Deed and Word,
Lord *W* — 's Example will afford,
That and his Courage too are on Record.

*Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham to make
Bulwarks against the Dutch, and the Queen's
Miscarriage thereupon.*

When *James*, our great Monarch, so wise
and discreet. (Fleet,
as gone with three Barges to face the Dutch
C Our

Our young Prince of *Wales*, by Inheritance stout,
 Was going to Aid him, and peep'd his Head out,
 But seeing his Father, without Ships or Men,
 Commit the Defence of us all to a Chain,
Taffy was frighted and sculk'd in again ;
 Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd in our Road
 It was safe to come further and venture abroad.
 Not *Walgrave*, or th' Epistle of *Seigneur le Duke*
 Made her Majesty sick, and her Royal Womb puked
 But the *Dutch-men* picqueering at *Dever* and *Hewich*,
 (riag

Gave the Ministers Agues, and the Queen a misc
 And to see the poor King stand of Ships in such need
 Made the Catholicks quake and her Majesty bleed
 I wish the sad Accident don't spoil the young Prince
 Take off all his Manhood, and make him a Wench
 But the *Hero*, his Father, no Courage did lack,
 Who was sorry on such a pretext to come back:
 He mark'd out his Ground, and mounted a Gun
 And 'tis thought, without such a pretence he had run
 For his Army and Navy were said to increase,
 As appears (when we have no occasion) in Peace
 Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we despise them so much
 Our Navy *incognito* will leave them i'th' lurch ;
 And to their eternal Disgrace we are able
 To beat 'em by way of a Post and a Cable.
 Why was this, Sir, left out o' th' wise Declaration
 That flatter'd with hopes of more Forces the Nation
 'T would have done us great Good to have said
 intended, (men

The Strength of the Nation, the Chain should
 Tho' we thank you for passing so kindly your word
 (Which ne'er yet was broke) that you'd Rule by
 Sword.

A CHARGE to the Grand Inquest of
ENGLAND, 1674.

Room for the *Bedlam C* — ns, Hell and Fury?
Room for the Gentlemen of our *Grand Jury*,
Led by no conjuring Bayliff with white Wand,
But stately Mace in stalking Giant's hand
Call them o'er, Cryer, swear them every Man;
And let an Oath fetter 'em if it can.
The Foreman first, prefer'd before the rest,
Cause he has learnt the Art of Prating best.
Then *Howard, Powell, Garaway, and Meers,*
Temple, and S — (who yet wears his Ears)
Candish the Fop, *Whorbood* that *Senior Soph*,
Some fresh come on, some lately taken off.
When these have kist the Book, swear all the rest:
This numerous swarm of this too *Grand Inquest*.
Five hundred strong, a formidable Crew;
Would you could say, of half, good Men and true.
Stand close together, Sirs, and hear you Charge,
In brief, which Lawyers use to give at large.
Imprimis, as to Treason let that pass,
Since to talk treason boldly, long since was
A Priviledge of your House, and shortly you
Will priviledg'd be to plot and act it too.
For Sacriledge, Thefts, Robberies, and Rapes,
Murders, Cheats, Perjuries, with such petty Scapes,
Of which your selves you too well guilty know:
Transmit these Trifles to the Courts below.
But if a Member chance to get a Scar,
For the Cause, or by Fortune *de la Guerre*,
You of the Inquest strictly must explore
Whether the Wound were given by Rogue or Whore;

Vote it a Breach of Privilege, then pass
 An Act, Sir *John's* Nose is as whole as 'twas:
 If a blunt Porter juggle from the Wall,
 Or knavish Boy at Foot-ball give a fall,
 To one o'your House; let Boys and Porters be
 Sent to the Tower, or brought upon their knee.
 But above all beat boldly every where
 For your just Rights and Privileges here,
 Find them out all, and more than ever were:
 Search the Repositories of the Tower,
 And your own Brains to stretch your lawless Power,
 Ransack your Writers, *Selden*, *Needham*, *Pryn*,
 Rather than fail bring the fly Jesuit in.
 Then swoln with Pride and Poyson suckt from these,
 Vote your own Privilege, is what you please.
 Thus fortifi'd, each Member is supreme.
 What Court of Justice dare touch one of them?
 The King disdains not to submit his Cause,
 To the known Course and Tryal of the Laws.
 Each Subject may his King with safety sue,
 But King nor Subject can have Right from you,
 Who are Law-givers, Judge, and Party too.
 With what distemper'd Counsels are we fed,
 When such Convulsions are on *England* bred?
 The very Arse is hoisted o'er the Head.
 Well may you sit in Love, with all your hearts,
 It is a Posture proper to those Parts.
 Humble as Spiders while they crawl below,
 Despis'd, afraid of every Spurn and Blow,
 Crept in your Hole once, you imperious grow.
 Spread Laws, Oaths, Snares for other Men to fall
 And you your selves may trample on them all.
 From Privilege of Sov'reign Parliament,
 (If you have any Breath and Time unspent)
 In the next place to Grievances proceed,
 Such Grievances as make the Subject bleed.

What we nam'd last before, may here stand first,
For of all Plagues, with which the Nation's curst,
The Privilege of Parliament is worst.

Then with full Throats and empty Brains let fly
Against the Rise and Growth of Popery.

Power Arbitrary, and the Prerogative Regal,
Monopolies and Imprisonments illegal,

Offices set to sale, and scarce a Clause

Well executed of the Cobweb Laws,

But, (tho' corrupt enough) touch not th' *Arcana*

Of your dread Idol, (Law) your great *Diana*.

'Twill make the Nation, full of Lawyers, rave,

With Tongue and Pen, Nonsense and Noise, who

By this false Oracle heap'd up more Gold, (have

Than e'er that Goddesses High-Priest of old.

'Twould kindle among your selves a Civil War,

For those Gallants, tho' not the greatest are

Of your whole House, the loudest half by far.

If ten or twelve create us this Vexation,

What do ten thousand of them in the Nation ?

But pass not o'er the Grievances before (more

You have, with all your might, knock'd down once

A Grievance your Design may ruinate,

As a *Welch* Knight gravely observ'd of late.

Resolv'd the Boys and Footmen shall no more

Attend their Lordships at the Lobby-door : (Votes,

For, should the Commons pass some wholesome

In their own House, to cut their Lordships Throats,

Those Rascals might, with their short Clubs and

Dare impudently to protect their Lords, (Swords

And by endeavouring their Preservation,

Highly oppose the Safety of the Nation.

Then thunder out again Supplies mispent,

The Customs wasted through ill management ;

Curse the Commissioners to the Pit of Hell,

Till some of you creep in, then all is well.

Impeachment on Impeachment next renew
 With impudent Address against all who
 Have better Heads or truer Hearts than you.
 On numerous Articles let each Charge run,
 But, when it comes to th' upshot, prove not one.

In the last place, though least of all you mind it,
 (Yet you must pull a Crow where e'er you find it,)
 With seeming Diligence, bravely take in Hand
 The Strength, Defence, and Honour of the Land:
 But then in this be sure you do no more
 Then just spoil what was well begun before.
 Your fatal Policy too well does shew;
 Those lofty Cares do not belong to you.

When the proud *Belgick* Lion stood at bay,
 At once the easier and the nobler Prey,
 When he for Fear more than for Rage did roar,
 His Arse to lash as it ne'er was before.
 When such a Friend by chance kind Fortune threw,
 No more expected than deserv'd by you.
 Who but a Parliament could slight it, when
 We might have drown'd that Lion in his Den,
 Or beat him to a fawning Whelp agen?
 You kindly spar'd your Money and your Foe,
 E're you much older or much wiser grow,
 You may expect with Interest from these
 The timely Fruits of your untimely Peace.
 Let the *French* proudly brave us on the Main,
 The *Dutch* our Trade, the Seas and *Indies* gain.
 Let all the World appear concern'd so far,
 As to be Party in this general War.

Tho' loud our Honour as our Interest calls, (Wah
 You'll have no Swords drawn but within you
 When thus, to your no little Shame at last,
 You have many Months in doing nothing past;
 As Curs have shown their Teeth, but durst not bite;
 As Fops have drawn their Swords, but dare not fight.

A private Bill or two, rather than none,
 Get pass'd, then bravely vote a Session. (abates,
 Thus when your Prayer, tho' not your Pride, }
 Your Purles grown as empty as your Pates, }
 'Tis time to send you home to your Estates,
 And to your Wives, who (may be understood
 'T have been more active for the publick Good,
 In their lower Sphere than you) to crown the Plot,
 Present you pretty Babes you ne'r begot.

The GIANTS WARS, 1682.

Some Passages preceeding the Giants War,
 Translated out of a Greek Fragment.

—— *Vos exemplaria Græcæ*
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
Jovis omnia plena.——

By Dr. B ———

THis Rumor entring angry *Titon's* Ears, (smears
 His horrid Heart-Strings with new Gall be-
 In rage he *Saturn* by the Cod-piece took, }
 And scar'd him so with wrathful hideous look, }
 Within the Flesh, that his long Shin-bones shook. }
 Brother, said he, Brother, what Curses strange
 Did from your Mouth, and Oaths in Vollics range?
 How much you swore by *Stygian Powers*? you
 swore,
 All Hell consenting with united Roar;
 On Earth nough: in upon my Hopes should break,
 Nor from your Loins degenerate Bantling sneak.

Yet now of *Jove* the Woods and Valleys ring,
Jove's Health all drink, of *Jove* all lay and sing:
Jove fills the Court, the Country and the Town,
 All call him *Saturn*'s Son, and rightful Heir of th'
 (Crown

Saturn agast, sinks down into a Couch,
 (In other Points might for his Manhood vouch)
 Long meagre Face with forein Muslin wipes,
 Then speaks to *Titon* with protesting lips,
 What have I left unsaid, what left undone,
 To make you next Successor on the Throne?
 If my Soul lives, it was not *Saturn*'s fault,
 I gave all over to the *Summer*-fault,
 But if disloyal Pity sway'd my Wife,
 Or out of Crofness she have sav'd a Life,
 Her and her Brat I will renounce this Hour,
 Declare him Bastard, and his Mother Whore.

At this the Giant half contented grins,
 His fester'd Soul to cooler mood inclines.
 The wonted *Tempest* from his Brow retreats,
 And Rage more hostile through his Nostrils beats.
Saturn, long lost, and from his Senses ta'en,
 Now finds, and feels, and shews himself again.
 And strait does to his fair *Messina* send,
 From th' *Isthmus* to the *Promontory*'s end.
 To those the large *Trisenian* Valleys till
 That *Pelion* climb, that by *Cytbera* dwell,
 And, void of wrath, *Dordonian* Timber fell;
 That *Pydna* round the *Polydea* plow,
 And *Lelia* where amorous Pigeons coo;
Ceon under Hill, *Iolius* in the City,
Hemapolis, *Daulis* *Oeclelia*,
 Where Minstrels strange the Muses did provoke,
 And *Dorion*, where they *Roger*'s Fiddle broke.
 Who *Trophian* Fields, and *Appian* let to farm,
 And *Calydon*, which lovely Lasses warm.

Who from *Capboreus* view the Ocean wide,
 The ruddy Squires o'er *Northern Worlds* that ride.
 In *Beef-land* who keep House, and on the Coast
Eubæum, where the noblest Sirloins roast.
 Who *Hebras* drink, who in *Asopbus* lake, (vokes
 And who with melted Corn *Acheloian* Horns pro-
 Who chase the foaming Boar o're brake and burn,
 And glad at night *Erymanthian* Rashers turn.
 These and his other Barons far and near,
 And Bishops that with Hecatombs make chear,
 And by that Mouth all summon'd to appear.
 Said he, these, since I cannot single strive,
 Shall joint Advice in *Pan-Ionian* give.

You call (quoth *Titon* mad, and like to burst)
 The *Pan-Ionian*? —————
 's B——d you shall call the *Pan-Dæmonian* first,
Hell, *Acheron*, and *Styx*, by which you swore,
 Give their Advice, what Counsel needs there more?
 Shall common Breath our Royal Wills debate?
 What we, what you and I resolve is Fate.
 In secret, only 'twixt our selves you vow'd,
 You swore to me, does that concern the Crowd?
 Then rouse, and act as the *Affair* enjoins,
 And seize the vile Pretender to your Loins.

Then answer'd *Saturn*, with a Visage mild,
 Brother, wouldst have me, I will eat my Child,
 Be Caterer you, and lay him in my dish.

Said like a King, quoth *Titon*, but I wish,
 You had more early mouth'd him, whilst a Chick,
 For now perhaps he in your Fangs may stick,
 And find us both a cross damn'd Bone to pick.
 Half mad, half Prophet, thus the Giant rav'd,
 When to the Teeth a fresh alarm him brav'd.
 Fame, strong and thick, his obstinate Ears invades,
 Says High and Low, white Staves with humble
 Spades

From

From Hall and Cottage, from both Town and
 Grange, (range.
 From Heath and Ham, and *Jove's* Retirement
 Nor this by stealth or nightly caution done
 But in broad Day, and open to the Sun.

Now *Titan* into downright Rage flies out,
 He picks his Nose, and stamps and flings about.
 Here gripes, there cuffs, then swings his barbarous
 Steel,

But *Saturn's* Stones his first dire Vengeance feel.
 Then musters he all that in Cellars sculk,
 Cry Boh in Entries, or that snore on Bulk,
 In Alleys sneak, Suburbian Garrets cram,
 Tories of double Form, and triple Name;
 From Goals escap'd, from Pillories unpinn'd,
 And from high Padd compleatly disciplin'd;
 Skip-kennels, Roysters, Ruffians all profane,
 And Buggerers too, a foul ungodly Train, (drawn;
 Those who from Loughs, their tainted Seed had
Monsters of Orkes, and Bogs ungracious Spawn.

Say, Muse, who did in chief that Crew command,
 And in the front, against *Jove's* Thunder stand.
Rhætus did head a bold blasphemous Rout,
Gyges did there with hundred Elbows strut,
 And no less terrible *Iapetus*,
Ægean, *Briareus*, *Enceladus*,
 Aloud *Tipheus* God and Nature curst,
Tipheus 'twas that shoulder'd *Pelion* first,
 And sure the *Pelion* had on *Ossa* thrown,
 But Nature vex'd compell'd him set it down.
Lordalins every Limb did Monster bode,
 The furthest *Tbules* groan beneath his Load,
 His Tongue a thousand Serpents did unfold,
 When out at length it thirty furlongs roll'd,
 Drawn back, and furl'd, and doubled up again,
 And scarce contain'd within the spacious Den;

A Thousand Dogs all kennel'd in his Paunch,
 On murder'd *Greeks* they did insatiate scranch,
 They drank, they wallow'd therein human Gore,
 Yet at his Arse still snarl and bark for more,
 You'd think unmozzled *Corbin* kept the door :
 The Mastiffs round his Sister *Cylla's* Womb,
 That in the Ocean with such Pury foam,
 Are ty'd up short, and worry not from home :
 But nauseous are *Lordalins* foisting Rooms,
 Makes Dogs Meat all, and Carion where he comes.
 Camp must have Trull, great wickedness will stick,
 Unless male Strength has aid from female Trick ;
 These had *Permethe*, who in fatal hour,
 Was hither wafted from the *Celtick* shore.
 What Giant durst have plotted to remove
 The Crown from *Saturn*, or *Saturnian* *Jove*,
 But for this Sorceress, ever on the watch.
 At ease hours, and in her Nights Debauch ;
 So that where Threats and open Forces fail'd,
 Her filthy and obscene Devices held.
 Then prostituted Hand, and Lips, and Tongue
 On his soft Part mysterious Fazzals hung, (stung.
 And empty Nerves with false deceiving vigor
 Not all the Juice from deadly Hemlock prest,
 All the benumbing *Opium* of the East,
 Ere was on wretched *Indian* Prince impos'd,
 Could, like her Charms, have *Saturn's* Senses doz'd,
 With midnight Murmur, with unhallowed Spell,
 And magick *Lory Circe* in her Cell,
 Transform'd him Beast who ever came to hand,
 An Ass, a Hog, or Dog, at her command ;
 But never Dog with Tail to Bottle wed,
 Never was Hog in Mire plung'd over head,
 Never was Ass, when he by Hunger tir'd,
 Mumbling a Thistle, his broad Lips bestirr'd,
 Deform'd, ridiculous, despicable made,
 Asthou, O *Saturn*, by this Hag betray'd.

She

She turns him into all and every thing,
 To any Shape but that of Man and King.
 Sometimes so far from Man and King undone,
 You see him loose among the Spaniels run,
 Sometimes like Bird, unto the Ducks he flies,
 And flutters there, as goodly and as wise.
 Sometimes, when she would have him great appear,
 She does his Form into a Stallion rear,
 Bridle in mouth, she whisks him to the wall,
 Astride she goes, St. Dennis have at all ; (Mire,
 Whips him o'er Hedge and Ditch, o'er Dirt and
 Bramble and Bogs, thro' Water and thro' Fire;
 Till ridden Blind, like *Bayard* in the Mill,
 About he comes, about she brings him still, }
 The Circle she, be Centre where it will.
 'Twas in this Figure prancing *Saturn* (corn'd
 His first dear Joys, and holy *Hymen* spurn'd.
 Thus *Tison*'s Host with Rogues and Ribbalds fill'd,
Olimpus ward, in wild presumption rul'd.
 An awkward thing there was of monstrous growth,
 All over indefatigable Mouth,
 This Monster with a Mouth for Drum supply'd }
 And Trumpet, and all Din of War beside,
 Hell not so black, nor open'd e'er so wide.
 He having the Battalions squinted o'er,
 These words did to the gaping Rabble roar,
 That *Jove* his Bastard *Saturn* had declar'd,
 And who dare disbelieve his Royal word?
 Now, against *Tison* you Fanatics say,
 His Altar stands the *Babylonish* way.
 Howe'er it stands, he does not stand at all.
 We must with Royal *Tison* stand or fall.
 Nor may his mode of sacrificing lean,
 Tho' he should sacrifice both God and Man,
 We'll have him King, and Kings may what they }
 can.

Now

Now his blue Eye balls turn, he makes a pause,
 And gathers round the Hum and high applause.
 Which the grim Scoundrels bellow out amain.
 Then Tongue unsheath'd thus brandishes again.
 Brave Brother Giants, tho' against the Law
 And Heav'n we fight, that sticks not in our Maw ;
 When we once conquer, all the World's our own,
 Rich Land in Country, and fine House in Town ;
 But should their goodly Worships win the Fight,
 And beat us, what the Devil get they by't ?
 While those that loll in Silks be mew'd in Straw,
 Or leave their Roast-meat, to feed here on Raw ?
 The Strength is ours, the Courage and the Odds,
 But conquer them, and we shall be the Gods.
 With these last accents Mouth expecting stands,
 Till every Giant claps his hundred Hands.
 The Gods, the Gods, all cry with horrid yell,
 High Heaven they shook and almost-frighted Hell, }
 Whilst Eccho does in Rocks, the Gods repeat. }
 The Gods, by *Ossa* bandy'd o'er the Plain,
Olympus trembling toss'd it back again ;
 The dangerous Deep and Caverns under Ground,
 With hoarser Groan, the Gods, the Gods resound.
 Shepherds aloof that view'd the grisly Rout,
 Fainted and said, the Gods must go to pot.
 Some peeping from their holes did see (or fear'd
 They saw) to Heaven long scaling Ladders rear'd ;
 Numb as Bears, the ugly Giants climb,
 And every God they meet rear limb from limb ;
 The Skies all broken down, no Age they spare,
 From holy House to th' old one in the Chair,
 One thought he saw a graceless, great, unshav'd,
 Unshapely, shabby Giant eat a God ;
 Another spy'd a raw Gigantick Youth,
 Soaring with an Immortal in his Mouth,
 Who sprawl'd and sprawl'd, but could not spare }
 one tooth. } One

To see him so disguis'd the Herb-women chide,
 Who upon their Panniers more decently ride,
 So loose are his Feet that all Men agree,
Sir William Peak fits much faster than he.
 But a Market, as some say, doth fit the King well,
 Who oft Parliaments buys and Revenues doth sell :
 And others to make the similitude hold,
 Say his Majesty himself is oft bought and sold.
 Sure this Statue is more dangerous far,
 Than all the *Dutch* Pictures that caused the War.
 And what tho *Exchequer* for that took on trust,
 May henceforth be confiscate for Reasons most just.

But *Sir Robert*, to take the scandal away,
 Does the fault upon the Artificer lay ;
 And alledges the thing is none of his own,
 For he counterfeits only in Gold, not in Stone.

But *Sir Robert* of th' *Vine*, how came't in your
 thought, (brought,
 That when to the Scaffold your Liege you had
 With Canvas and Deals you e'er since do him cloud,
 As if you had meant it his Coffin and shroud ?
 Hath *Blood* him away as his Crown he convey'd ?
 Or is he to *Clayton* gone in masquerade ?
 Or is he now in his Cabal closely set ?
 Or have you to the *Compter* remov'd him for debt ?
 Methinks by the equipage of this vile Scene,
 To change him into a *Jack-Pudding* you mean.
 Or else thus expose him to popular flout,
 As tho' we'd as good have a King of a Clout.
 Or do you his Errors out of Modesty veil,
 With three shatter'd Planks and the rags of a Sail ?
 To expose how his Navy was shatter'd and torn,
 The same Day that he was restored and born,
 If the Judges and Parliament don't him enrich,
 You will scarcely afford him a Rag to his Breech.

Sir

Sir Robert affirms they do him much wrong,
 'Tis the Graver at work to reform him so long.
 But alas he will never arrive at his End,
 For 'tis such a King no Chisel can mend.
 But with all his faults pray give us our King,
 As ever you hope for *December* or *Spring*.
 For tho' the whole World cannot shew such another.
 We had better have him than his bigotted Brother.

S A T Y R. By the Lord R——r.

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit, (wit?
 Perplext with Fools who will believe they've
 Must I find every place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
 Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
 Must I meet *Hen* — where e'er I go,
Arp. Arran, Villain *F* —, nay *Poultney* too?
 Shall *He* — pertly crawl from place to place,
 And scabby *Vill* — for a Beauty pass?
 Shall *H* — and *B* — Politicians prove,
 And *S* — presume to be in Love?
 Who can abstain from Satyr in this age?
 That Nature wants I find supply'd by Rage:
 Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise,
 But none's made great for being Good and Wise:
 Deserve a Dungeon if you would be great,
 Rogues always are our Ministers of State.
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewel* fit,
 With *England's* wretched Queen must equal sit.
Ran — g and fearful *M* — are prefer'd,
 Vertue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
 Who'd be a Monarch to endure the prating
 Of *N* — l and lawcy *Ogle* — p in waiting.

Who

Who would S——, drivling Cuckold be?
 Who would be G—— and bear his Infamy?
 What Wretch would be *Green's* ill begotten Son?
 Who would be *James* out-witted and undone?
 Who would be S—— a cringing Knave?
 Like *Halifax* wise, like *Bearish Pembroke* brave?
 What Drudge would be in *Dryden's* cudgel'd Skin?
 Or who'd be safe and senseless like *Tom T——*

A SATYR. By the same Hand.

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus est.

NOT *Rome*, in all her Splendor, could compare
 With those great Blessings happy *Britain's* share
 Mainly they boast their Kings of heavenly Race,
 G—— incarnate *England's* Throne does grace.
 Chaste in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
 To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's brave;
 His Justice is through all the World admir'd,
 His Word held Sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
 No Tumults do about his Palace move,
 Freed from Rebellion by his Peoples Love.
 For do we less in Counsels wise prevail,
 All our late Transactions lately tell.
 Not only Prorogations good create,
 But th' adjourn'd *Play-House* is a *Coup d' Etat*.
 Learned *Chymists*, when they long have try'd
 Secrets thrifty Nature fain would hide,
 Safest Matters often Spirits find,
 Which Providence for greater use design'd.
 Who can wonder at such vast Success,
 That *Cato S——* ne'er promis'd less.

Abroad in Embassies he first was fam'd,
 Where he so strictly *England's* Rights maintain'd
 At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
 And Mrs. *W*—— preferr'd him to the place.

Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
 Heaven has bestow'd them with a liberal Hand.
T—k, who thrice chang'd his Ships through warlike
 And *M*——, who's the *Scipio* of the Age, (Rag
 The first long Admiral, but more renown'd
 For *P*—— x and Popery than publick Wound,
 This is the Man whose Vice each Satyr feeds,
 And for whom no one Vertue intercedes:
 Destin'd for *England's* plague, from Infant time,
 Curs'd with a Person f—— than all Crime.

But mightier Kings than these do still remain,
Plimouth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
 And did by *Hewit's* Fall immortal Honour gain.
 So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the Field,
 Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield
 Their famous *Billets Deux* and Duel prove
 Them both as fit for Combat as for Love.
 Amongst all these 'twere not amiss to name
P——ney, to whom *St. Omers* Siege gave fame.

Nor do Wits less our Polish'd Court adorn,
 Than Men of Prowess, for Atchievements born
 Romantick *M——t*, who in empty Lines
 His happier Rival tediously defines;
 That well knew how to value painted Toys,
 And lest the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys;
 But his chief Talent is in Histories,
 Which of himself he tells, and always lies:
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and Bull
 But Punk-rid *R*—— not a greater Cully,
 Nor tawdry *Isbam*, intimately known
 To all poxt Whores and famous Rooks in Town

No Ladies my respectful Muse will name,
 She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.
 Safe may they live who faithful are and kind,
 But may lewd Scourers no Redemption find.
 May young and old incessantly give thanks
 For that blest Nursery of Intrigue *Mill Banks*.
 May *Lester-Fields* repair their Matrons fall,
 But still subscribe in Feasts of Love to th' *Mall*,
 And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to B—— *Hall*.

A S A T Y R.

Barbara Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis.

OF all the Wonders since the World began,
 Since Man's Creation, and the Fall of Man,
 There's none so unaccountable to me
 As the most common things we daily see.
 Which way so'er I look, methinks I view
 Something that is extravagantly new ;
 That entertains thy all-admiring Eyes
 With various unexpected Prodigies.
 And all I gaze upon, appears to me,
 Like any thing but what it ought to be.
 Find out the Man that you would think most fit
 For blustering *Bully* he's the *Man of Wit*,
 And noisily does bear the Bays away,
 Speaking what common Sense would blush to say.
 Shew me another Body, Soul and all
 Fram'd to cut *Capers*, he's a *General* ;
 And when his warlike Arm has time to rest,
 Turns *Buffoon Statesman*, to make up the Jest:
 A third by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With awkward Body, and distorted Mind.

Supported by his nauseous Impudence,
 Proves an eternal Plague to Men of sense.
 And tho' scarce fit to make the *Rabble* sport,
 Sets up for tawny *Darling* of the Court,
 Another guilty of a worse mistake,
 Poor Man's in danger of *Narcissus* fate,
 Doats on his Person, thinks himself design'd
 For the relief of longing *Woman-kind*;
 Fancies his squinting Eye and clumsy Shape,
 On every Female Heart commits a Rape;
 Presumes too with that Face the prize to win,
 Fit only for *Lent-Preachers* threatening Sin.
 I mean the *Warrier*, famous far and near
 For *Dr——n's* wit, but for no borrowed Fear;
 Wisely he uses his Friends Head to write
 With more success than his own Arm to fight;
 Yet without wonder we look down and see
 Heroick *Blue* adorn his trembling Knee.
Ulysses with stout *Ajax* did contend,
 And by his crafty Cunning gain'd his end;
 But 'twas thought strange, that in the bloody Field,
 He should obtain the fam'd *Achilles* Shield.
 But here's the Prize of Honour stoln away
 By one who ne'r yet saw a *Scarlet Day*,
 But represented in some *Tragick Play*.
 Yet every *Collar* Feast he struts along,
 With Courage squinting on the gazing Throng.
 He pleads, and says *Ulysses* ne'er did more,
 He has deceiv'd, betray'd, and falsly swore.
 When if a Friend for Interest he expose,
 'Tis dull to gain a Regiment by Blows.
 In his designs upon frail *Woman-kind*,
 His ill Success has humbled so his mind,
 That like *Chameleon* living on the Air,
 He's satisf'd with Noise, and if the Fair.

Bethought his Prey, his *Coachman's Wife* supplies
The absent vainly wisht for *Deities*.

Such unregarded blindly we pass by,
And yet admired whar's less a Prodigy.
Do we not daily crowd with longing mind,
To see a Feast of an unusual kind,
Some odd uncommon Creature, that the *Fade*
Its *Mother* has brought forth in *Masquerade*.
Whilst the Chief *Monster Man* unminded goes,
Tho' of the two, the fitter for the Shows.
He's the most strange, and should the most surprize,
Who will be so, yet can be otherwise :
Whose all mistaken Talents spur him on
To lead a Life in contradiction.

This brings to mind a Knight of mighty Fame,
Fairly in publick he plays out his Game,
Eximes bespeaks *Balconies*, for I know
He'll teach you how to handle angry Foe.
In *Cheapside* next he'll deal most deadly Blows,
If not prevented by a scratch on's Nose.
Of what I've said, I this Example bring,
This contradicting, proud, vain nauseous thing,
Warthy his Skin, a hanging Look on's Brows,
His Head with Whimseys fill'd, and made as *How's* ;
His Sword-like Pen he handles writing fair,
Quivering makes Dashes in the wounded Air ;
Yet the vain Fool expects the *Women* all
Should breathless at his feet admiring fall.
Queen *Sheba* would have travell'd twice as far,
Could she for *Solomon* have met Sir *Car*.
How do these Twins in all things but Estate,
Gail at themselves, whilst they each other hate !
Each on his Dunghil proudly does insult ;
For Conscience rules, and Peace is the result.
Nearch ne'er met two to compare so fit,
And in their Eyes alike, as in their Wit.

Equally vain, they love with like success,
 Their wrongs with equal Fortune they redress.
 Each, tho' a naked Sword does make him start,
 Looks big, admiring his own martial Heart.
 The one too scribes, but in Lines as dull,
 As those of our new-made Governour of *Hull*.

For Prowess, Wit, Good-Nature, Honesty,
 Religion, Honour and Humility,
 One only *Hero* dares with these contend,
 The brave Lord Og——'s Paramour and Friend,
 His Ancestors were Men of mighty Fame,
France felt an Earthquake at the very Name;
 But he whose Soul can no harsh thought admit,
 Takes care to cure it of its Ague fit;
 His tender Heart in softer Brest enshrined,
 For gentler use by Nature was design'd.
 A just Revenge admittance seeks in vain,
 To his converted Soul where Peace does reign.
 What tho' his Father's bloody Murtherer live,
 His Charity compels him to forgive.

But now from railing let us rest a while,
 Some few have Merit in our wretched *Ile*.
 Those whom our honest *Poet* discommends,
 Because they've been his *Patrons* and his *Friends*,
 We may conclude 'tis Interest guides the Pen,
 And ranges Fools with wise deserving Men;
 Since in the front of our kept *Laureat's* Plays,
 Long Dedications speak a Booby's Praise;
 And Women of the highest Rank appear,
 As Chast, nay Chaster than *Lucretia* there.
 I write not for Applause, nor do I strain
 For Money a dull mercenary Brain,
 Measure not *Verse* as *Ribbon* by the Ell,
 My stock of *Wit's* not good enough to sell,
 Nor yet so Poor as that my needy Pen
 Should rail, for want of matter at good Men.

I will not, where no Fault is to be found,
 Slander the Dead, for Lies dig under ground;
 Nor to be thought a brisk aspiring *Wit*,
 Rail at a *Monarch* for my Praises fit,
 Centure, if to unbend his Head from Care,
 He with his Subjects in some Pleasure share;
 A Blessed Lot we to our *Sovereign* give,
 Permit him only as our *Drudge* to live:
 Excess of Goodness, which I own his Crime,
 Factionous Petitioners will cure in time;
 Then, like the *Frogs* in *Esop*, we may grieve,
 When foolishly we hoping to relieve,
 By changing our imaginary Smarts, (Hearts.
 Find 'us that Change that breaks our stubborn
 I'll not complain Honours bestow'd on him
 Who for his *Country* ventur'd that same Limb
 That's now adorn'd, whose gen'rous Courage too, }
 Aiding our Neighbours, to the *Frenchman's* Woe, }
 Shew'd 'em what *English* Swords were us'd to do. }
 Nor empty Paradoxes will maintain,
 Lift a malicious Arm, but all in vain,
 Striking at him the Ball rebounds and hurts,
 'Tis not like fighting Duels in our Shirts;
 'Tis trying to pierce Armour with a Sword,
 Calling him Fool, and when he speaks the word,
 Loudly proclaims the Liar; but 'tis fine
 To swear the *Sun* and *Moon* did never shine.
 I may mistake, but think my Nature Good,
 Yet some Temptations cannot be withstood.
 I cannot always with *Heracleus* weep,
 Nor in a drowsie Silence ever sleep.
 Faith I must laugh, seeing the Letter drop,
 Given the pert *Dame*, by disappointed *Fop*;
 Nor can I stifle my surprise, when I
 Follow Lord *All-Pride*, in his Train espy,

One who before did him no Injury,
 Crowning his Brows with deserv'd Infamy,
 But since his Wife he publickly call'd *Whore*;
 So much oblig'd he now can rail no more,
 'Twas what himself had often done before.
 His strict Attendance Gratitude does show,
 How comes our Metal'd Man to stoop so low!

Yet of all Frantick Fools none seems to me
 So vainly proud of his own Infamy,
 As he who pleas'd to head the factious Rout,
 Of gaping *Boors*, and lead the *Fools* about.
 Forfeits his Loyalty, his Friends and Fame,
 And all to crown the *Author* of his Shame;
 Yet in good humour pleas'd to be allow'd
 The most notorious *Guckold* of the Crowd.

The Deeds of mighty *Heroes* I rehearse,
 Crowd not four harmless Fools into one Verse.
 'Tis not a scabby Chin can raise my Spleen,
 Nor Rival to the *Moor* of *Mazarine*.
 My soaring *Muse* flies with a nimble Wing
 From such low Objects, scorns of such to sing;
 Shou'd she at ev'ry humble *Quarry* stoop,
 And range each puny gowring Fop with S——
 'Twou'd make those Shrubs of Folly hope to prove
 Equal to that tall Cedar of the Grove.

Y' expect some Sentence now e'er I conclude,
 I'm tir'd, excuse me therefore if I'm rude,
 And take my leave abruptly, faith 'tis time,
 When all Fools write, to think no more of Rime.

The ROYAL BUSS.

AS in the days of yore were odds
 Betwixt the Giants and the Gods,
 So now is ris'n a fearful Brawl
 Between the Parliament and *White-bull* ;
 But, blest be *Jove*, these Gods of ours
 Are greater in their Guilt than Pow'rs.
 Tho' then the *Heathens* were such Fools,
 Yet they made Gods of better Tools.
 No Altars then to Plackets were,
 Nor Majesty by *Buffs* would swear.
 They'd hang a Tippet at his Door,
 Should break a Parliament to please a Whore ;
 And further to oblige him to it,
 Would swear by *Portsm* — *b's C* — t he'd do it,
 And by Contents of th' Oath he had took,
 Kneel'd down in Zeal and kiss'd the Book,
 They think the Faith too much amiss
 That such Defenders had as this,
 And that Religion look'd too poor,
 Whose Head of th' Church kiss'd *A—se of W—re*.
 But this he did, much good may't do him,
 And then the Queen held forth unto him.
 The Devil take her for a Whore :
 Would he had kiss'd ten Years before,
 Before our City had been burn'd,
 And all our Wealth to Plagues had turn'd ;
 Before she had ruin'd (Pox upon her)
 Our *English* Name, Blood, Wealth, and Honour.
 Whilst Parliaments too flippant gave,
 And Courtiers would but ask and have.

VVhilst

Whilst they are making *English, French,*
And Money vote to keep the Wench,
And the Buffoons and Pimps to pay,
The Devil a bit prorogu'd were they.
The Kiss of T——t, instead had stood,
And might have done three Nations good.
But when the Commons would no more
Raile Taxes to maintain the Whore ;
When they would not abide the Awe
Of standing Force instead of Law.
Then Law, Religion, Property,
They forc'd 'gainst Will and Popery.
When they provide that all shall be
From Slavery and Oppression free.
That Writ of *Habeas corpus* come,
And none in Prison be undone.
That *Englishmen* should not, like Beast,
To War by Sea or Land be prest.
That Peace with *Holland* should be made,
When War had spoil'd our Men and Trade.
That Treason it should be for any
Without a Parliament to raise a penny.
That no Courtier should be sent
To sit and Vote in Parliament.
That when an end to this was gave,
A yearly Parliament we should have,
According to the antient Law,
That mighty Knaves might live in awe.
That King nor Council should commit
An *Englishman* for Wealth or Wit.
Prerogative being ty'd thus tight,
That it could neither scratch nor bite.
When Whores began to be afraid,
Like Armies, they should be cashier'd ;
Then *Portsm——th*, the incestuous Punk,
Made our most gracious Sov'raign drunk.

And

And drunk she made him give that *Buss*
That all the Kingdom's bound to curse,
And so red hot with Wine and Whore,
He kick'd the *Commons* out of Door.

WINDSOR, *By the Lord R—r.*

MEthinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant Angle trembling in his had,
Pleas'd with the sport, good Man, nor does he know,
His easie Scepter bends and trembles so.
Fine Representative indeed of God,
Whose Scepter's dwindled to a Fishing Rod.
Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
When his great Godship stoop'd to catching Flies, }
Bless us! what pretty sport have Deities!
But see he now does up from *Docket* come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd Gudgeons home.
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate, }
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A Prey to every *King-Fisher* of State.
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught,
Then listen now how he himself is caught,
So well alas, the fatal Bait is known,
Which R—— does so greedily take down,
And how'er weak and slender be the String,
Bait it with Whore, and it will hold a King.
Almighty Power of Women! oh, how vain
Are *Salique Laws*, for you will ever reign?
Yet *Lawson*, thou whose arbitrary sway
Our King must, more than we do him obey,
Who shortly shalt of easie *Charles's* Breast,
And of his Empire be at once possess.

Tho'

Tho' it indeed appear a glorious thing,
 To command Power, and to enslave a King;
 Yet e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
 A soft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
 O, yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the brink of Fate.
 Think who they are who would for you procure
 This great Preferment, to be made a Whore;
 Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *British* Story,
 For Lust and Drunkenness, with *Nell* and *L——*
 These, these are they your Lane would sacrifice,
 Your Honour sell, and you shall hear the price.
 My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
 But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine,
 Old *Richm——d* making thee a glorious Punk,
 Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be drunk.
 Her Brother *Buck——m* shall be restor'd,
Nelly a Countess, *L——* be a Lord.
 And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
 Both for his Father's merit and his own:
 For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clarendon*,
 And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son:
 A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
 To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

The Second Advice to a P A I N T E R.

By the Author of the First.

NOW Painter try if thy skill'd hand can draw,
The *horrid'st* Scene the trembling World e'er
saw.

Wipe all your Pencils that the former drew,
In dismal Colours dip them all anew;
Colours that may in lively parts express
The Plotted Fall of Monarchs, in a Dress (atone
May fright the World: Crimes which we can't
With our best Blood, and Christians blush to own.
But let me first advise you, e'er you take
This work in hand, a small Reflexion make,
Of all that's Heinous, Murthers, Treasons, Fires,
Perjuries, Incests, Rapines, hot Desires,
Of murdering Kings I tremble to rehearse,
A tottering World and sinking Universe.
Think well on these, e'er you begin the part;
I will heighten Fancy, and affect your Heart.
In th' upper part of all the Canvas paint
His Holiness the Pope that mighty Saint,
Old Satan his Associate too must stand
Behind his Chair to guide his heart and hand.
Draw him stuck round with all the Toys that come
From the grand Mint of Lies, old foppish Rome.
Balls, Dispensations, Pardons, all the baits
He lays for the dull Crowd; the Book of Rates
Will be convenient too, that of every Sin
The value may be known, pray cram them in.
Draw him dispersing with a bounteous hand,
For horrid Ends, the treasure of his land:

Dispensing

Dispensing with false Oaths, or any thing,
 So that they'll murder *Charles*, *Great Britain's* King
 Poor Fool! to think the Guardian of his Throne
 Is grown so dull, and senseless as his own.
 No, proud Impostor, no, thy Hand's too short
 To reach his Head, or make his fall thy sport.
 Next draw proud *France*, and his ambitious hope
 Of being mighty, cringing to the Pope.
 'Tis not his Zeal to him, or to his Laws,
 That cheats the World, this his Affection draws,
 'Tis Interest, mighty Interest bears the sway,
 He dare not, tho' he's willing, disobey.
 Base Prince, and foolish too, your self you cheat
 When on such terms as these you would be great:
 You feast your Senses at such costly rates,
 That nothing else can serve but Delicates.
 Dipt in the Blood of Princes, Death of Kings,
 In your Opinion, are but vulgar things:
 If thirst of Empire sway'd a generous Soul,
 These base low tricks could never sure controul;
 But when a Mind's so firm on mischief bent,
 No thoughts of Honour can its Crimes prevent.
 In meanest Actions Princes should be true,
 And act on Principles of Honour too:
 Then they are sacred to the World, and ought
 To be ador'd, then Disrespect's a Fault.
 But when both base, degenerate they're grown,
 The Vulgar hurl them head long from the Throne
 Go on, vile Prince, in all these Arts, and try
 How soon your Crown will fade, your Empire die
 By your Examples your own Subjects teach
 To strike at Empire, and at Scepters reach;
 And may their first attempt be on thy Head,
 Dethrone thee first of all, then strike thee dead.
 Now Painter, to our Subject, dip thy Pen
 In black, in horrid black, yet once agen.

For when a Subject from a King revolts, (faults,
 Conspires his Death, and thinks these things no
 The Scene must needs be horrid, first begin,
 With *Bel——*'s his foul ungrateful Sin;
 Draw him a Monster in as foul a dress,
 As e'er your Heart can think, or Hand express.
 Long did he in his Prince's Bosom lie,
 One would have thought, void of all Treachery;
 For what base Man but he, could e'er conspire
 To set that House wherein he lives on fire;
 Who would such Treason harbour in his Breast,
 'Gainst th' best of Princes, and to him the best.
 The other Lords must on the Stage be led,
 Draw out each Man with Halter on his Head,
 And Dagger in his Heart, with which in vain
 They often strove to stab their Sovereign.
 Base Rascals, do you thus your Prince reward?
 Have you no Honour left? or no regard
 To Clemency? which some of you, I know,
 Have tasted or y'had dy'd for't long ago.
 Had he been cruel, or tyrannick grown,
 You'd had more reason to usurp his Throne,
 But to a gracious, and obliging Prince,
 'Tis past all hopes of Pardon or Defence.
 Now Painter, draw me Hell in all its Heat,
 Let sulphurous Flames and dismal Darknels meet;
 Draw *S—— by*, *Col —— n*, and the Jesuits,
 And in the hottest place as best befits;
 Let them endure the flaming *Brimstones* Rage,
 These bloody traiterous Miscreants of our Age.
 These were the Men design'd (oh bloody Act!)
 Nay, were resolv'd on to commit the Fact. (hand
 Base Rebels, don't you know that Heaven's high
 Has ever kept the Monarch of our Land?
 And could you think to move our Scene, and do
 What Heaven's high Lord had ne'er consented to?
 Burn

Burn on, vile Wretches, think well on these things,
What Treason is, what 'tis to murder Kings.

Now draw in all his Majesty and State,
Our Sovereign Prince, just rising from his Fate:
Pray paint him laughing at the Follies done,
By th' *Pope* and *France*, his most unchristian Son.
Prithee old Fellow, prithee tell me why
Old *England* should so much disturb thy Eye?
It it because we do not doat on you?
And worship all your Saints, we never knew?
If these, old Man, your Aggravations be,
Know we defie thy Malice, Imps, and Thee.

Stafford's Ghost. Feb. 1682.

IS this the Heavenly Crown? Are these the Joys
Which bell'wing Priests did promise with such
noise?

Charming my Fears with such lewd Words as these
A Saint, a Martyr, Bliss, Eternal Ease?
Such promis'd Glories were for meaner Deeds,
He's trebly blest by whom our Monarch bleeds.
Curst Priests did me with other Fools delude,
Brib'd with their Gifts of the Beatitude.
Had I that Life so unadvis'dly lost,
'Tis not your fawning Jesuitish Host
Should e'er prevail on my misguided Sense,
To smother Guilt with Vows of Innocence:
Nor thou, false Friend, as false to me or more,
Than all thy Oaths for *Coleman's* Life before:
With thy true Catholick protesting Breath,
Wouldst e're betray me to a perjur'd Death.
Loaded with Zeal, what did we once admire
Thy Sulph'rous Soul, by Jesuits set on fire?

A head-strong, stupid, rash, bigotted Prince,
 Declar'd the open Enemy to Sense.
 Weak are the sacred Ties that should attend,
 The Name of Sov'reign, Brother, and of Friend;
 This pious *Sams'on* would with Joy o'erthrow
 The Universe, and perish by the blow;
 His Plots, tho' known, yet he will ne'er give o'er,
 But still intrigues with his dear *Babel VVhore*;
 So much infected by that Fatal Bitch,
 He's all broke out in scabby Zeal and Itch.
 Could we distinctly view his tainted Soul,
 That all the Reliques of S — were small,
 Compar'd with th' Scars of his P — spiritual:
 'Tis not the powerful Force of *Jordan's* Streams,
 Nor his dear Purgatories cleansing Flames,
 Can e'er remove from his polluted Soul
 The least remain of a Disease so foul.
 You'll say 'tis hard that such a one as he
 Should be depriv'd of *Naaman's* Remedy;
 But there's Distinction to be made, I hope,
 Twixt those that worship *Rimmon* and the Pope:
 'Tis for my intended Crimes I make,
 'Tis *Charles* from his Lethargick Sleep I wake,
 At such a Dose of Opiats they have given,
 To rouse him were a Miracle for Heaven;
 I hope, tho' when he hears what I can tell,
 Success may crown my Embassy from Hell.
 I boldly name those that pursue his Life,
 And 'mongst his Subjects foster endless Strife;
 Their Friends and their Advisers I'll reveal,
 Those Holy Men that, toucht with pious Zeal,
 Are such Well-wishers to the Common Weal,
 That's most belov'd and boldest Friend is he,
 Who knows he must succeed by *Godbury*;
 Yet some with VVonder are surpriz'd to find,
 That in the Loyal Ague of his Mind,

His hot fit comes in such a proper time,
 Whose cold one thought the Covenant no Crime.
 The next a Slave to his ambitious Pride,
 Must be the chief, though of the falling side.
 This hot-brain'd *Machiavel* once vainly strove,
 For what he ne'er can hope, the Peoples Love.
 But foil'd he flies for Refuge to the Throne,
 Trusting to th' Bladders of his Wit alone,
 Without one honest Thought to fix them on.

The third a Wretch of the divided Chits,
 Better than jilting Whore he counterfeits;
 But not his treach'rous Eyes dissolv'd in Tears,
 Nor the false Vizard his Ambition wears,
 Can blind the World, or hide what must be seen.
 His Practices with *J——* and *Mazarine*.
 Vote on, poor Fools, ye Commons vent your spleen
 Sure *France* and *York* are a sufficient Skreen :
 A Tax at home's a Project old and dull,
 He'll find new ways to keep his Coffers full.
 The *French* shall some of our fled Gold restore,
 They suck like Leeches, but they ruin more,
 When they spue back part of th' infected Ore :
 'Tis his Contrivance too, by Change of Air,
 To ease our Monarch of his Fears and Care,
 They jointly toil to make thy Burthen light,
 Knowing that Quiet in thy chief Delight,
 They therefore hast and hurry thee to flight.
 No matter C——, thy Enemies they'll fright.
 One stamps, one talks, one weeps thy Foes to flight
 I come (dread Lord) from the dark Shades below
 To give thee timely notice of the Blow.
 Which thou may'st yet prevent, think well of this
 Whom now (mistaken) you believe your Foes.
 They who against your will would fix your Crown
 Giving you Riches, Happiness, Renown ;

Which *Metamorphose* should accepted be,
 Because redeem'd from Want and Infamy.
 (Observe, poor Wand'rer, now thou walk'st alone,
 Mighty is the *Atlas* that supports thy Throne)
 Haste to comply, defer it not too long,
 Thou can'st not stem a Current that's so strong.
 Trust to th' Affections of thy *Britains* bold;
 Give them but leave thy Honour to uphold;
 Tho' *Bessus*, yet a *Cæsar* thou may'st be,
 Opprest with Trophies of their Victory.

On the Duchess of Portsmouth's Picture.

September, 1682.

WHO can on this Picture look,
 And not strait be wonder-struck,
 That such a speaking dowdy thing
 Should make a Beggar of a King?
 Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
 And all their former Love to Fears,
 Ruin the Great, and raise the Small,
 Yet will by turns betray them all.
 Lowly born, and meanly bred,
 Yet of this Nation is the Head;
 For half *Whiteball* make her their Court,
 Tho' th' other half make her their Sport.
Monmouth's Tamer, *Jeffery's* Advance,
 Joe to *England*, Spy to *France*,
 False and foolish, proud and bold,
 Ugly as you see, and Old.
 In a word, her mighty Grace
 Is Whore in all things but her Face.

HOUNSLOW-HEATH, 1681

*Upon this Place are to be seen
Many Brave Sights. God save the Queen.*

Near Hampton Court there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither Man nor Woman;
The Heath of *Hounsflow* it is stil'd:
Which never was with blood defil'd,
Tho' it has been of War the Seat,
Now three Campaigns almost compleat.

Here you may see Great **JAMES** the Second,
(The greatest of our Kings he's reckon'd)

A Hero of such high Renown,
Whole Nations tremble at his Frown:
And, when he smiles, Men die away
In Transports of excessive Joy.

A Prince of admirable Learning!
Quick Wit! of Judgment most discerning!
His Knowledge in all Arts is such,
No Monarch ever knew so much.
Not that old blustering King of *Pontus*,
Whom Men call learned to affront us,
With all his Tongues and Dialects,
Could equal him in all respects;
His two and twenty Languages
Were Trifles, if compar'd to his,
Jargons, which we esteem but small,
English and *French* are worth 'em all.
What tho' he had some skill in *Physick*,
Could cure the *Dropsie* or the *Phthisick*;

Perha

Perhaps was able to advise one
To scape the danger of rank Poison,
And could prepare an Antidote
Should carry't off, tho' down your Throat ?
These are but poor Mechanick Arts,
Inferior to great *James* his Parts :
Shall he be set in the same Rank,
With a Pedantick Mountebank ?
He's Master of such Eloquence,
Well chosen Words, and weighty Sense ;
That he ne'er parts his lovely Lips,
But out a Trope or Figure slips :
And, when he moves his fluent Tongue,
Is sure to ravish all the Throng ;
And every Mortal that can hear,
Is held fast Pris'ner by the Ear.

His other Gifts we need but name,
They are so spread abroad by Fame,
His Faith, his Zeal, his Constancy,
Aversion to all Bigottry !
His firm adhering to the Laws,
By which he judges every Cause,
And deals to all Impartial Justice,
In which the Subjects greatest trust is :
His constant keeping of his Word,
As well to Peasant as to Lord ;
Which he no more would violate,
Than he would quit his Regal State.
Who has not his least promise broke ?
Nor contradicted what he spoke !
His governing the brutal Passions,
With far more Rigour than his Nations
Would not be sway'd by's Appetite,
Were he to gain an Empire by't.

From hence does flow that Chastity,
 Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
 And affected Pity,
 That just abhorrence of Ambition,
 Idolatry and Superstition,
 Which through his Life have shin'd so bright,
 That nought could dazle their clear Light.
 These Qualities we'll not insist on,
 Because they all are Duties Christian;
 But hast to celebrate his Courage,
 Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
 A Spirit which exceeds relation;
 And were too great for any Nation,
 Did not those Vertues nam'd before
 Confine it to its native Shore,
 Restrain it from the thirst of Blood,
 And only exercise't in Good!

The tedious *Mithridatick* War,
 (The Noise whereof is spread so far)
 Was nothing to what's practis'd here;
 Tho' carry'd on for forty Year,
 'Gainst *Pompey*, *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*,
 High sounding Names, brought in to gull us;
 In which the *Romans* lost more Men
 Than one Age could repair again;
 Who perish'd not by Sword or Bullet,
 But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet,
 Heroes of old were only fam'd
 For having Millions kill'd or maim'd;
 For being th' Instrument of Fate,
 In making Nations desolate;
 For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood
 Of those that in their Passage stood:
 And thought the Point they had not gain'd,
 While any Foe alive remain'd.

Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
 Has prov'd the Antients arrant Fools :
 He only studies and contrives
 Not to destroy, but save Men's Lives;
 Shews all the Military skill,
 Without committing ought that's ill.
 He'll teach his Men in Warlike Sport,
 How to defend, or storm a Fort ;
 And, in Heroick Interlude,
 Will act the dreadful Scene of *Bude* :
 Here *Lorraine* storms, the *Visier* dies,
 And *Brandenburgh* routs the Supplies ;
Roveria there blows up their Train,
 And all the *Turks* are took, or slain.
 All this perform'd, with no more harm
 Than loss of simple Gunners Arm :
 And surely 'tis a greater Good
 To teach Men War, than shed their Blood.

Now pause, and view the Army Royal,
 Compos'd of valiant Souls and loyal ;
 Not rais'd (as ill Men say) to hurt ye,
 But to defend, or to convert ye :
 For that's the Method now in use,
 The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuse.
 Time was, the word was powerful ;
 But now, 'tis thought remiss and dull :
 Has not that Energy and Force,
 Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horse.
 Thus, when the Faith has had mutation,
 We change its way of Propagation ;
 So *Mahomet*, with Arms and Terrors,
 Spread over half the World his Errors.

Here daily swarm Prodigious Wights,
 And strange variety of Sights,

As Ladies lewd, and foppish Knights,
 Priests, Poets, Pimps, and Parasites;
 Which now we'll spare, and only mention,
 The hungry Bard that writes for Pension;
 Old *Squab*, (who's sometimes here, I'm told)
 That oft has with his Prince made bold,
 Call'd the late King a Sant'ring Cully,
 To magnifie the *Gallick* Bully;
 Who lately put a senseless Banter
 Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Panther*,
 Making the Beasts and Birds o'th' Wood
 Debate what he ne'er understood,
 Deep Secrets in Philosophy,
 And Mysteries in Theology,
 All sung in wretched Poetry;
 Which rambling Piece, is as much Farce all,
 As his true Mirror, the *Rehearsal*;
 For which he has been soundly bang'd,
 But ha'n't his just Reward till hang'd.

*Now you have seen all that is here,
 Have Patience till another Year.*

*The Dissenters Thanksgiving for the Late
 Declaration 1685.*

FOR this Additional Declaration,
 This double Grace of Dispensation,
 For Liberty and Toleration,
 Against *Antichristian* Violation.
 Whatever Zeal misguided Passion,
 Persuades the Sons of Reformation;
 'Tis but a sly Insinuation,
 To work a *Papish* Inundation,

We of the new Regeneration ;
 The well affected of the Nation,
 That will be useful in our Station,
 Do offer up our due Oblation ;
 And make our humble Supplication,
 While Test and Penals are in fashion ;
 We be not brought in tribulation
 By the next Synod of the Nation.

The DISPUTE.

By the E. of R. —

BETWIXT Father *Patrick* and his Highness of late,
 There happened a strong and a weighty Debate.
 Religion the Theme. 'Tis strange that they two
 Should dispute about that which neither of 'em knew ;
 When I dare boldly say, if the Truth were but known
 The Weakness of *Patrick*, and Strength of his own ;
 He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a Curse,
 To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is
 worse ;

But the reasons which made most his Highness to yield,
 And willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the Field,
 Were —

First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th' Lurch,
 Who tell you there can b' any more than one Church.
 And, next unto that he averr'd for a certain ;
 No Footsteps of ours could be found before *Martin*.
 Now at these two Reasons, so deep and profound,
 His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon ;
 But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find
 By the sudden Conversion, and Change of my mind,
 If

It is not your Reason, nor Wit can afford
 Such Strength to your Cause; 'tis the Finger o'th' Lord,
 For now I remember he somewhere has said,
 That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd,
 Thus ends the Dispute 'twixt the Priest and the
 Knight,
 In which, to say truth, and to do 'em both right,
 He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-fight.

Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium.

HIC jacet Julius Mazarinus
 Galliarum Rex Italicus
 Ecclesiarum præsul Laicus
 Europæ prædo purpuratus
 Fortunam omnem ambiit, omnem corrupit,
 Ærarium administravit & exhaustit,
 Civile Bellum compressit, sed commovit,
 Regni jura tuitus est & invasit,
 Beneficia possedit & vendidit,
 Pacem dedit aliquando, diu distulit,
 Hostes cladibus, cives oneribus afflixit,
 Arrisit paucis, irrisit plurimos,
 Omnibus nocuit.
 Negotiator in templo, Tyrannus in Regno,
 Prædo in ministerio,
 Vulpes in concilio,
 Grassator in bello.
 Solus nobis in pace hostis.
 Fortunam olim adversam, aut elusit aut vicit;
 Et nostro sæculo vidimus
 Adorari fugitivum,
 Imperare civibus exulem,
 Regnare proscriptum.
 Quid deinde egerit, rogas? Paucis accipe,
 Lusit.

Lusit, fefellit, rapuit,
 Ferreum nobis induxit, sæculum sibi
 Ex auro nostro, aureum fecit.
 Quorundam Capitis nullius fortunis pepercit
 Homo crudeliter clemens.

Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit
 Plures ei à cœlo mortes erogata,
 Cui Senatus olim unam tantum decreverat.
 Vincentinis se arcibus inclusit moriturus,

Et quidem apte
 Quæsit Carcerem.

Diu cedentem animam retinuit, ægre reddidit,
 Sic retinere omnia didicerat,
 Nihil suâ sponte reddere.

Constanter tamen visus est mori, quid mirum!
 Ut vixit sic obiit dissimulans.

Nemotum quidem novere qui curabant,
 Hac una fraude nobis profuit,
 Fefellit Medicos.

Mortuus est tamen ni fallimur, & moriens.
 Regem regno, regnum regi restituit.

Reliquit
 Præsulibus pessima exempla,
 Aulicis infida consilia,
 Adoptiva amplissima spolia
 Paupertatem populis,
 Successoribus suis omnes prædandi artes,
 Sed prædam nullam,
 Immenſas tamen opes licet profuderit,
 Id unum tantum habuit ex suo quod daret,
 Nomen suum.

Pectus ejus post mortem apertum est,
 Tum primum patuit vasrum Cor

M A Z A R I N I.

Quod nec præcibus, nec lacrymis, nec injuriis moveretur.
 Diu

Dix quæſivimus invenire Medici
 Cor Lapideum,
 Quod mortuus omnia adhuc moveat & adminiſtret ne
 (mireris,

Stipendia in hunc annum accepit,
 Nec fraudat poſt mortem Vir bonæ fidei,
 Quo tandem evaſerit forſitan rogitas ?
 Cœlum ſi rapitur tenet, ſi datur meritis longe abeſt.

Sed abi, Viator & cave,
 Num hic tumulus
 Eſt Specus Latronis.

S A T Y R Unmuzzled.

WHo'd be the Man lewd Libels to indite,
 Yet fears to own what he ne'er fears to write
 And meanly ſneak his Lampoons into th' World,
 Which are i' th' Streets by Porters dropt and hurl'd,
 Or elſe by *Julians* 'mong the Bullies ſpread,
 That and his Pimping brings him in his Bread ?
 Who'd be the Wretch to hear himſelf abus'd,
 By ſome Men cenſur'd, and by ſome accus'd,
 For libelling the Town, with his ſharp Pen,
 And they with Cudgels lampoon him again ?
 To name great Men is Malice groſſy ſhown,
 As if they could not by their Crimes be known :
 For what Fool knew not, when you nam'd a Bear,
 Without a Comment *Pembroke* was not there.
 When we ſay Fool, then all Men muſt agree,
V—— to name would be Tautology.
 Who to the Sin of Pride does lay moſt claim,
 Need we ſay *P*—— *A*—— or *M*——

With these before the Wits have had a bout,
I'll pick out some the Poets have left out ;
And yet not name the Men, but swings their Faults,
For so wise Satyrs makes his best Assaults.

One play'd at Dice all night at *Locket's* door,
Quarrell'd and cuff'd till he was Blood all o'er ;
Next day he set at the wise Green-cloth board,
And with great Gravity said ne'er a word,
There fell asleep, then wak'd with angry Face,
And swore G—— damn him his throw was Amis-ace,
So swept the Money that o'ch' Green cloth lay,
And vow'd he dreamt he won it all at play.
To cheat the King he has left off being brave,
From Captain turn'd a formal Green-Cloth Knave.

Next comes a Wretch whom all Mankind does hate,
Curst by his Servants for his Pride and State.
Keeps Bawds, and has his Banco for the Gout,
Which is a modest Word for Pox, no doubt ;
No Lampoon ever thought him worthy yet,
Having not matter to afford them wit.
Lewdly his out-side, as his Soul within,
One that deserves to be, for his proud sin,
Toss'd up to Heaven, to tumble down agen.
Fam'd for his Vertue and good Nature too,
Yet both conceal'd, and never came in view,
His Office shews the Devil and he are Twins,
Being Privy-Purse to all the Privy Sins.

Search the whole Court, in all that blessed Race,
No one Mans planted in his proper place ;
Scarce one Man just or faithful found to be,
Only Brand N—— Henry K —— 20,
Why did I name 'em since ye all well know
When we say faithful, it implies them two ;

Once

Once faulty Men, but now as just are known,
 They mortgage Oaths, and lay their Honour down
 To every Footman lends them half a Crown.

Now for a Brute whose *Species* is unknown,
 Like Man, but Hell best knows he is not one.
 Full as destructive as the Wind *North-East*,
 And much more ominous to Man and Beast.
 Swell'd like a Toad, his Soul just speckled so,
 And poisons all things, where he does but blow;
 Whose crooked Nature forces so much evil,
 Thus chang'd his *Species* from Mankind to Devil.
 'Tis not the Form, but the brave noble Mind,
 That makes us worthy to be call'd Mankind.
 He left a Conquest that the Duke had gain'd,
 A greater Blemish *England* ne'er sustain'd.
 No more of that, let's sleep out all the rest,
 For silence in this case is safe and best.
 He's Cofferer now, in great esteem and grace,
 But Sledge and *Tyburn* is his proper place.

Our late Secretary fell into Disgrace,
 And *Ignoramus* stept into his place.
 By our great *Filt-Royal* he had his Fall,
 She that commands the Court, the Devil and all,
 To us who know these things, 'tis no great wonder
 For Court and Devil ne'er live far asunder.
 She that to th' Eye of State is such a film,
 Who sits in Pomp to guide and steer the Holm,
 And will in time the tall Ship over-whelm.
 The Fool of Honour, like a nimble Eel,
 Has wriggled through the muddy Fortunes Wheel,
 Slipt into place improperly by Fate,
 Whose Parts were ne'er cut out to serve the State,
 But fawning well on Madam did the feat,
 She's a great Bubble to a cringing Cheat.

One thing I wonder at, and shall do still,
To see a Fool act wise *Achitophel*.
Could Booby think you'd e'er be in a Plot,
Whose stock of Brains would lie upon a Groat,
But that was not his but the King's great Fault.
Had he for Murders hang'd him, in all reason,
We may believe he'd ne'er committed Treason.
Thou weak *Achitophel*, to undertake
By thy wise Counsels a false King to make.
But thou and *Absalom* thy weaker Friend,
Your damn'd Ambition now is at an end ;
Go, get thy Living with thy old Man *Thomas*,
That lusty Drudge will prove thy best *Mandamus*.

Now for a She-Buffoon, who, as 'tis said,
Crawl'd into th' World, without a Maiden-head ;
It is most sure 'twas never had by Man,
Nor can she say where it was lost, or when,
We must conclude she never had one then.
Her Mother griev'd in muddy Ale and Sack,
To think her Child should ever prove a Crack ;
When she was drunk she always fell asleep,
And when full *Maudlin*, then the Whore would weep.
Her Tears were Brandy, *Mundungus* her Breath,
Bawd was her Life and Common-shore her Death.
To see the Daughter mourn for such a Beast,
Is like her Life, which make up but one Jest,
Of all her Jokes this Mourning is the best.
As Jews, descended from the High Priests Race,
Were thought the fittest to supply that place.
So she best satisfies lustful Amours, (Whores!
Whose Line from *Adam* have been Bawds and

Now will I speak of all those foolish Duns,
Who trust the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, and the *Huns*,

Such

Such as do run on every Tradesman's Score,
 Nay basely tick with every little Whore,
 And still tick on, till they can tick no more.
 When Dun comes, each Man asks what he'd be at
 And swears and rants at the old *Vandal* rate,
 Then pays his Score off with a broken Pate.
 Bilks the poor Coach-Man, wretched Link Boy
 cheats,

And brags next day of his Heroick Feats.
 Such mean base things the Goatish Gentry do,
 The *English* keep their Fame and Honour too.
 Most highly scandalous are all the rest,
 And proud gay Fool and Fop includes the best,
 All Golden Out-sides with false Tinsel Hearts,
 They only make a shew of worthy Parts;
 The Name of Gentleman's grown odious now,
 It is become great Honour's Overthrow.
 Full as reproachful to the Men we find,
 As Common Whore is to all Womankind.
 Here the whole Race of Gentry lies at stake,
 The guiltless suffers for the guilty's sake.
 Pity it is that Men of noble Fame,
 Should lose their Honour merely for the Name.
 'Cause *Tom's* a Knave, must every *Tom* be so?
 Must we, *Draw-Car-Sir* like, slay Friend and Foe?
 No general Rule without Exception is,
 Those few unblemish'd are not meant in this.

THE
HIND
AND
PANTHER

TRANSVERS'D

To the STORY of

The Country-Mouse, and the City-Mouse.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*
Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

F

PREFACE.

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesqu'd; and Virgil Travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from the Buffoonery; and that in like manner the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, tho' 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, That those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and This naturally falls into Redicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First, as to the general Design: Is it not as easie to imagin two Mice bilk-ing Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining a Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son Rodriguez wrote very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and

contradictory to the Rules and Example of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries: where they wrote in Signs, and spake in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the Vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog who snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horses. That would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Daw, who was proud of her borrow'd Plumes, lookt very ridiculously when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him. But this is his new way of telling a Story and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the Word was written, said
the Hind,
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all
Mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? Or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lambs, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the Scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country Wench use the language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther? To bring them in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Tho' as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are fitted to the Capacity of the Beasts; and we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge

ledge misunderstood or not at all better sense than understanding misunderstood, tho' 'tis confess the Author can play with Words so well, that this an twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bays himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turks for Gluttony; People that debate in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any Man who had not renounc'd his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen.

Difference He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which a Protestant wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible God affirm the same thing. There are many mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as Rhime?

We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equal

equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his Mother Mind; she Dis-
 ciplin'd him severely, she commanded him, it seems to Sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it effectually he published this learned Piece. This is the favourable Con-
 struction we would put on his Faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural
 Propensity he has to Malice, and a parti-
 cular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to Libel the Court, Pag. 87,
 Blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greatest Part of his
 Country, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only established Religion? And we
 must now Congratulate him this Felicity,
 That there is no Sect or Denomination of
 Christians, whom he has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Suc-
 cess been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels look to
 themselves, he has already begun the War
 upon them. When once a Conqueror grows
 thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his
 Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no
 Alliance to be made with one that will face

about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick Temper of his has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concerned, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER
TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of the *Country* and the
City-Mouse.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson.

H AH! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*,
what lucky Chance has thrown
me upon you? Dear Rogue,
let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off,
and come not within my Sword's point, for
if you are not come over to the Royal Party, Pref. p. 13
I expect neither fair War nor fair Quarter
from you,

Johns.

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend and assault your old acquaintance! O' my *Conscience*, my intentions were Honourable

Bayes. *Conscience!* Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough; let me have the *Marks* of your *Conscience* before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, Gad I may be knock'd down for all your fair Promises.

Pref. ib.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou'st under these apprehensions? Upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou lookest a sneaking and frighted as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Pref. ib.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation* is in too high Ferment for me to expect any Mercy, or I gad to trust any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend who, you know, never trouble our Head with National concerns till the third Book has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Pag. 5.

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophaneity, I am alter'd since you saw me and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read *Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you the *Considerations on the Council of Trent*; and Gentlemen your humble Servant. —
Good life be now my Task.

Johns. Nay, faith, we won't part so; believe us, we are both your Friends; let us stay

to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. VVell, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again I hope : Come, what VVine are you for ?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your Palat ? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *Senses* must be sav'd, that the *Soul* may be gratified.

Men of your *Kidney* make the *Senses* the *Supreme Judge*, and therefore bribe 'em high ; but we have laid both the use and pleasure of them aside.

Pag. 21.

Smith. VVhat, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides ? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, when ever you see a fat *Ibid.* *Rose*-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, be neither a *Protestant* or a *Turk*.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your *Conversion* ; methinks thou hast as much the Face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by Nature still I

Pag. 5.

am. But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this pumper'd Paunch fitter for the straight Gate.

Smith.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe Rules than he practises ; for not long ago a *Fat Friar* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings : but since you have put me upon that Subject, I'll shew you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the King's Health to thee--- Communicate.

Bayes. Well Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest piece the World ever saw, a *Non Pareil*, I faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. VVhy then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt contrivance indeed : what do you make a *Fable* of your Religion ?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too, for I tread in no Mans steps ; and to shew you howfar I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, I have so out-done him you shall be asham'd for your *old Friends*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse* ; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit

Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere *Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the VWorld so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *beighsten*, and *elevate a Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Ass* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad Here I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Discourses*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you VVon't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; All this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not Great and Heroical? But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I gad I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

A milk-white Mouse immortal and un- Pag. 1.
chang'd.

laid on soft Cheese, and o're the Dairy rang'd;
Sublime, unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn.

Johns.

Johns. Methinks Mr. Bayes, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for *Celestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Pag. 1. *Yet had we oft been scar'd by bloody Clay
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkins Pat*

Pag. 2. *Aim'd at her destin'd Head which made it
fly,
Tho' she was doom'd to Death, and fated
to dye.*

Smith. How came she that fear'd no danger in the line before, to be scar'd in this Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it changed if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid; mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was she doom'd to Death, if she was fated not to dye; are not doom and fate, much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay Gentlemen, if you question my skill in the Language, I'm your humble servant; the Rogues the Criticks, that will show me nothing else, give me that; for that made the Word, know best what was meant by it; I assure you, *doom'd and fated*, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, *Mr. Bayes*, if you were
damn'd to be hang'd, whatever you were
fear'd to 'twould give you but small com-
fort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that,
Mr. Smith mind the business in hand.

Not so ber young, their Linsy-woolly Line, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half humane, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly these *Hero's half Hu-*
man, half Divine, have very little of the
Moose their *Mother*.

Bayes. Godsoakers! *Mr. Johnson* does your
friend think I mean nothing but a *Moose*
by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a
Church, and these young Gentlemen her
sons, signifie *Priests, Martyrs, and Confes-*
sors that were hang'd in *Oat's Plot*. There's
an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a
mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum, semen*
ecclesie, and I think I have not wrong'd it
in the Translation:

These a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
These sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood; Pag. 2.
Multipl'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. Pag. 3.

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred
seed was increased?

Bayes. Why, thy Head's running on the
Moose again; but I hope a *Church* may be
one, tho' the *Members* be increased, mayn't
Johns.

Johns. Certainly, Mr. Bayes, a *Church* which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can mu-
less be said to be *alone*.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opin-
on? Take it from me, Mr. Johnson you
are wrong; however to oblige you, I
clap in some *Simile* or other about the *Chil-*
dren of Israel, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one wo-
more, Mr. Bayes? What could the *Ma-*
(for I suppose you mean her now) do more
than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were
her own?

Bayes. Do, why she *reign'd*; had a *Di-*
adem, *Scepter* and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so increas'd
we may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so she may before
have done with her; it has cost me long
pains to clear her Title. VVell, but Mu-
for that, Mr. Smith.

The common Hunt, She timorously past by
For they made tame, *disdain'd* her company
They grin'd, She in a fright tript o're

Pag. 3.

Green,
For She was loved, where-ever She was

Johns. VVell said, little Bayes, I faith
Critick must have a great deal of leisure
that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him who
he is, *offender solido*; but I go on.

The Independent Beast. —

Page 31

Smith. Who is that, *Mr. Bayes*?

Bayes. Why a *Bear*; *Pox*, is not that obvious enough?

— *she* groans her hate express:

Which I gad, is very natural to that *Animal*.
Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the
Quaker; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull*! no, no,
Here, a quaking *Hare* ——— *Armarillis*,
because she wears *Armour*, 'tis the same
figure; and I am proud to say it, *Mr. John*,
no Man knows how to *pun* in *Heroicks*
but my self. Well, you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking *Hare* Page 32

Her cruel Foe, because she would not swear,
And had profess'd *Neutrality*.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, *Mr. Bayes*;
what *Vars* were there?

Bayes. *Vars*! why there had been bloody
Vars, tho' they were pretty well recon-
ciled now. Yet to bring in two or three
such fine things as these, I don't tell you the
King's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty Pa-
pers after, tho' 'twas really done before I had
finish'd my Poem.

G

Next

Pag. 3. *Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his body bent,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Compliment.*

That gauls somewhere; I'gad I cannot
leave it off, tho' I were cudgel'd every day
for it.

Pag. 4 *The bristl'd Baptist Boar impure as he.*

Smith. As who?

Says. As the Courtier, I let 'em e'en take
it as they will, I'gad, I seldom come a-
mongst 'em.

Pag. 10. *Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.
The Wolf with belly-gaunt his rough crest red
And pricks up——— Now in one word
will I abuse the whole Party most damna-
bly———and pricks up——— I'gad, I am
sure you'll laugh---his predestinating Ear-
rithee, Mr. Johnson, remember little Bayes
when next you see a Presbyterian, and take
notice if he has not Predestination in the
shape of his Ear: I have studied Men
long, I'll undertake to know the Arminian
by the setting of his V Vig.*

His predestinating Ears. I'gad there's not
a Presbyterian shall dare to shew his Ear
without a Border: I'll put them to the
expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. Bayes, if any of 'em
should come over to the Royal Party, would
their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? I'gad, they would shed their *Fantastical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance to fail, you might lose 'em, for *what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind——

These fiery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred. Pag. 11.

Smith. Those I suppose are some *Outlandish Beasts*, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beasts! a good mistake! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company because they were Enemies to my *Mouse*, and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors, Captains, Horses and Horsemen*, in the very same Breath. You shall hear now I go on now. Pag. 39.

Or else reforming Corab spawn'd this Class. Pag. 87.
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

Jobn. For all, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes, they were all lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman Lake*: as a *Catholick Queen* sunk at *Waring-cross*, and rose again at *Queenbake.*

The Fox and he came suffled in the dark, Pag. 11.
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.

G a

Here

Here I put a Quære, VWhether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I am not very well satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the VWorld was drown'd for that *Hereſie*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, theſe Monſters bred.

In fenny Holland, and on Fruitful Tweed.

Now to write ſomething new and out of the way, to elevate and ſurprize, and all that, I fetch, you ſee, this *Quickening Fire* from the bottom of *Bags* and *Rivers*.

Jobaſ. VWhy, Faith, that's as ingenious a contrivance as the *Virtuoſo's* making a *Burning-Glaſs* of Ice.

Bayes. VWhy was there ever any ſuch thing? Let me periſh if ever I heard it: The *Fancy* was ſheer new to me; and I thought no Man reconciled thoſe Elements but my ſelf. VVell Gentlemen, Thus far I have follow'd Antiquity, and as *Homer* hath numbred his Ships, ſo I have rang'd my Beaſts. Here is my *Boar*, and my *Beaſt*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the reſt of them all againſt my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I ſuppoſe you make them fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as ſoon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have

have plai'd their parts sufficiently already ;
I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the
Company, and rais'd your Expectation.
And now whilst you hope to see 'em bait-
ed, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles,
they sculk off, and you hear no more of
them.

Smith. VVhy, Faith, Mr. Bayes, now
you have been at such an expence in setting
forth their Characters, it had been too
much to have gone through with them.

Bayes. I'gad so it had : And then I'll tell
you another thing, 'tis not every one that
reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill
the first part with Flowers, Figures, Fine-
Language, and all that ; and then I'gad
sink by degrees, till at last I write but little
better than other People. And whereas
most Authors *creep servilely* after the old
Bellows, and strive to grow upon their
Readers ; I take another Course, I bring
in all my Characters together, and let 'em
see I could go on with them ; but I'gad, I
won't.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. Bayes !
There's no Body doubts that ; You have a
most particular Genius that way.

Bayes. Oh ! Dear Sir, you are mighty
obliging : But I must needs say at a *Fable*
or an *Emblem* I think no Man comes near
me, indeed I have studied it more than
any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr.
Johns, of a little thing that has taken migh-
tily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot* ?

Jobns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-house.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other day at *Wills*, throwing out something of that Nature; and I gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a Dozen of them for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket, would you please to accept it, Mr. *Jobnsou*.

Jobns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, If I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland* and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtick Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and shew that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blacksmith in the Abyss of Pag. 15.
Light.

Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

But he work'd hard to hammer out our
Souls,

He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the
Coals;

Long time he thought, and could not
on a sudden.

Read up with unskim'd Milk this rea- Pag. 16.
soning Pudding.

Tender and mild within its Bag it lay,
Confessing still the softness of its Clay,

And kind as Milkmaids on their
Wedding-day.

Till *Pride of Empire, Lust*, and hot Desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And understanding grown, *misunderstood*,
Burn'd him to th' Pot, and sour'd his
curdled Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane,
Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Kirgil* bring
in his *Gad Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay Sir, but never thought his
Hands the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine him an Earth-
y dirty *Blacksmith*? Gad you make it pro-
phane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much
difference betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my
Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen,

the Plot thickens, here comes my 'rotter
Mouse, the City-Mouse.

Pag. 19. A *spotted* Mouse, the prettiest next the
White.

Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty
quite,

Pag. 23. With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread,

Pag. 22. *Crozier* in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head.

Pag. 84. *Three Steeples Argent* on her *Sable Shield*.

Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Field.

Johns. This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed!
but as you have dress'd her, we don't know
whether she be *Jew*, *Papist*, or *Protestant*
Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johns*;
for that; you take it right. She is a most
Babel of Religions, and therefore she's a *spot-*
red Mouse here, and will be a *Mule* present-
ly.

But to go on.

This Princess——

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Pag 20. *Bayes.* Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell
you, an *Old Lion* made a *Left Hand Mar-*
riage with her Mother, and begot on her
Body Elizabeth Schism, who was married
to *Timothy Sacrilege*, and has Issue *Grav-*
els Heresy. V Who all give the same Coat
with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as
I told you before.

This

*This Princess, tho' estrang'd from what was
best,
Was least deform'd, because Reform'd the least.*

There's De and Re as good I'gad as ever was.

*She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love,
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Baccha-
nals above,
And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender
Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.*

*There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see
any Body else that can shew you such ano-
ther. Here now have I one damnable se-
pate reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to
it, can you help me Mr. Johnson.*

She——

*Humbly content to be despis'd at home,
Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for
some.*

*Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on
with it.*

*Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves
can rowl,*

*Johns. But does not this reflect upon
some of your Friends Mr. Bayes?*

Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my self off. I'll tell you lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer point and Satyr all through, I gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of VVit; that I must needs say. Now it happen'd before I could finish this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those People were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I lose my labour, or libel my Friend? 'Tis not every body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do I but write a smooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them, that the Satyr was not intended to them, and thus I did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to 'em against whom it was writ, certainly it has no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably I gad.

Smith. VVhy Faith, Mr. Bayes, there's this very contrivance in the *Preface to Dean Foy's Jests*.

Bayes. VVhat a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Richard the Fox*.

Bayes. VVhy there's it now; take it from me, Mr. Smith, there is as good *Morality*, and

as sound Precepts, in the *delectable History of*
Reynard the Fox, as in any Book I know, ex-
 cept *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any o-
 ther Author could I have found so pretty a
 Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee,
Mr. Smith, give me no more trouble, and
 let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Evening, when she went away from Pag. 29.
 Court,

Levee's and Couches's past without resort.

There's Court Language for you; no-
 thing gives a Verse so fine a turn, as an
 Air of good breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's* and *Cou-*
ches's of a *Mouse* are too great, especially
 when she is walking from Court to
 the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what
 told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray
 mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country-Mouse, whose
 fearful Face

Bebeld from far the common watering place. Pag. 16.
 nor durst approach——

Smith. Methinks, *Mr. Bayes*, this Mouse
 strangely alter'd, since she fear'd no danger.

Bayes. Godsookers! VVhy no more she
 does not yet fear either Man or Beast: But,
 poor Creature, she's afraid of the VVater,
 for she could not swim, as you see by this:

Nor

Pag. 30. *Ner durst approach, till with an awful Roar
The Sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.*

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that
told you she *fear'd no danger*; and I'gad
you will have no variation of the *Char-*
acter, you must ha' the same thing over and
over again; 'tis the Beauty of VVriting to
strike you still with something new. VVell
but to proceed:

Pag. 30. But when she had this sweetest Mouse
view,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heaven
Hiew!

Here now to shew you I am Master of
all Styles, I let my self down from the Ma-
jesty of *Virgil*, to the Sweetness of *Ovid*.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heaven
Hiew!

VVhat more easie and familiar! I writ the
Line for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will
be so fond of me to find I can yet be so con-
der. I hate such a rough unheav'n Fellow
as *Milton*, that a Man must sweat to read
Him; I'gad you may run over this, and be
almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse who saw the *Viceroy* come

So far to see her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now from the
Spotted Mouse, the Viceroy!

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her so?

Boyes. VVhy! Because it sounds pretti-

y: I'll call her the *Crown General* present- Pag 55.

, if I've a mind to it. VVell,

—— did invite her home.

To smook a Pipe, and o're a sober Pot

Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*. Pag. 31.

She made a *Courtesie* like a Civil Dame,

And being much a *Gentlewoman* came. Pag. 32.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first part fi-

nish'd, and I think I have kept my VVord

with you, and given you the *Majestick turn*

heroick Poessie. The rest being matter of dis-

pute, I had not such frequent occasion for the

significence of *Verse*, tho' I gad they speak

very well. And I have heard *Men*, and

considerable Men too, talk the very same

things, a great deal worse.

Johns. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Boyes*,

you have received no small advantage

from the smoothness of your numbers.

Boyes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Tho'

you must not think I have been so dull as to

find these things my self, but 'tis the advan-

age of our *Coffee house*, that from their talk

one

one may write a very good polemical Discourse, without ever troubling one's head with the Books of Controversy. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed your knotty reasonings, with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but I gad I can flourish better with one of the twinkling Arguments, than the best of them can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Moufe*, and now 'Ive brought 'em together, let 'em 'em speak for themselves, which they will do extremely well or I'm mistaken: And pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouse, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Page 32.

Dame, said the Lady of the spotted *Muff*,
Methinks your Tiff is sour, your Gall
meer stuff.

V Where did I not tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain
smoak?

And the V Veed worse than er'e Tom took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a spotted
Muff before.

Bay

Reyes. VWhy no more she has not now :
But she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted*
Muff. Ther's a pretty Figure now, un-
known to the Ancients.

Leave, leave († *she's earnest you see*) this † *Poeta*
hoary *Sbed*, and lonely Hills. *Loquax.*

And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoak at
Will's.

VWhat VVretch would nibble on a
hanging-shelf,

VWhen at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* him-
self?

Or to the House of cleanly *Rbenish* go;
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Chan-*
nel row?

Do you mark me now, I would by this
represent the vanity of a *Town-fop*, who pre-
tends to be acquainted at all those good
Houses, tho' perhaps he ne're was in 'em.
But hark! she goes on.

Come at a Crown a Head our selves
we'll treat,
Champaign our *Liquor*, and *Ragousts* our
Meat.

Then hand in hand we'll go to Court,
dear Cox,

To visit *Bishop Marist* and *King Bux*.

VWith *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about
the Park,

Finish at *Locker's*, and reel home i'th'
dark.

Break

Break clattering windows, and demolish
Doors,
Pag. 63. *Of English Manufactures — Pimps and Whores.*

Johns. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore* is an odd sort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of Trade at home.

*With these Allurements Spotted did invite,
From Hermits Cell, the Female Profelyte.
Ob! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd and Senses gratifi'd!*

Now would not you think she's going?
but I'gad, you're mistaken; you shall hear
a long Argument about Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

Pag. 69. But here the *White* by observation wise,
*Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying
Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and
grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis
dark.
Lest therefore we should stray, and not
go right,
Through the brown horror of the starless
Night.*

Pag. 37. Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*?

Starkly

Steady the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:

That Mice may err was never yet deny'd:

That I deny, said the Immortal Dame:

There is a Guide—— gad I've forgot Pag. 37:
his Name,

Who lives in Heaven or Rome, the Lord
knows where,

Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could
not err.

But heark you, Sister, this is but a VVhim;

For still we want a Guide to find out him. *Spotted*
Mouse

Here you see I don't trouble my self to *Loquitur.*
keep on the Narration, but write VVbite
speaks, or Dapple speaks, by the Side. But
when I get any noble thought which I en-
vy a Mouse should say, I clap it down in my
own Person with a Poeta loquitur; which *Pag. 69*
take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing
in my VVritings, than an Hand in the Mar-
gent any where else. VVell now says VVbite,

What need we find him, we have cer-
tain proof

That he is somewhere, Dame, and that's
enough:

For if there is a Guide that knows the way,
Altho' we know not him, we cannot
stray.

That's true, I'gad: VVell said VVbite.
You see her Adversary has nothing to say
for her self, and therefore to confirm the
Victory, she shall make a Simile.

H

Smith.

Smith. VVhy then I find Similes are a good after Victory, as after a Surprise.

Bayes. Every Jot, I' gad or rather better VVell, she can do it two ways, either about Emission or Reception of Light, or else about Epsom-waters, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

Pag. 37.

As tho' 'tis controverted in the School,
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*:
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather

From this diffension that they work by
neither.

And I' gad, she's in the right on't; but
mind now, she comes upon her, I wop!

All this I did, your Arguments to my.

And I' gad, if they had been never so
good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou VVretch, the
Pag. 54. *Guide am I.*

There's a Surprise for you now! Her
sneakingly t'other looks? VVas not that
ty now; to make her ask for a *Guide*;
and then tell her she was one? VVho could
have thought that this little *Mouse* had a
Pope & a whole *General Council* in her Bell?
Now *Dapple* had nothing to say to it
and therefore you'll see she grows peevish

Con

ing risks, and Pa. 101.

time Time,

own.

Find the way:

since an hour of

edious walk;

or Monic,

he Wise-Coffet-

h shalt go, and

and Poor Teaz

Quality well

Signer; those

nads, and rea-

e never made Pa. 111.

lighthy light,

a vast delight,

ed Wit,

his Glory fit.

pires the light,

mother Regions Pag. 28,

rom afar,

the better Star:

For

For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
 Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below
 From *French Tradition* while he does
 dispense
 Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd
 Offence,
 To question his, or trust your pri-
 vate sense.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johns*?
 gad forgive me, he is fast asleep! Oh
 the damn'd stupidity of this Age! alas
 Well, Sir, Since you're so drowsy,
 humble Servant.

Johns. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, faithfully
 you all the while *The White Mouse*.

Bayes, The VWhite Mouse! ay, I
 thought how you heard me. Your
 vant, Sir, your Servant.

Johns. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg
 Pardon, I was up late last Night, Pray
 lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know what
 was; well I'll begin. Here, mind,
 they are both come to Town.

But now at *Piccadilly* they arrive,
 And taking Coach, towards *Temple*
 they drive;

But at *St. Clements Church*, eat out
 Back;

And slipping through the *Palace*
 bilk'd poor *Hack*.

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in
all Poetry. Many a young *Templer* will save
his shilling by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any young *Templer* eat
at the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I gad, but you'll grant it is
mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask if *Chen-*
ticleer,

Of *Clergy* kind, or Counsellor *Chough* was Pa. 133.
there;

Or *Mr. Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown, Pa. 126.
By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known,

Or *Sister Partlet*, with the Hooded head; }
No, Sir; she's boot'd hence, said *Will* and Pa. 130.
fled.

Why lo? *Because she would not pray a bed.*

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! who can keep a-
heat such stuff? Pray, *Mr. Bayes*, lend
your Box again.

Bayes. *Mr. Johnson*, How d'ye like that
Pray take notice of it, 'twas given
by a *Person of Honour* for looking over
Paper of Verses; and indeed I put in all
the lines that were worth any thing in the
Poem. VVell, but where were we?
Here they are, just going up stairs
to the *Apollo*; from whence my *White*
has occasion to talk very well of *Tradis-*

Thus to the place where *Job* sits lat, w
climb,
Leaning on the same Rail that guide
him;
And whilst we thus on equal help rely
Our *VV* it must be as true, our Thought
as high.

Pag. 45.

For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*;
So this the *Back Band* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* were
Thus every step I take my Spirit
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more
more.

There's humour! Is not that the lively
Image in the World of a Mouse's going
a pair of *Stairs*? *More a Wit, and more*
more.

Swift. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your *Excuse*
heartily, I must be rude, I have a parti-
lar Engagement at this time, and I feel
are not near at an end yet.

Bayes. Godfokers! Sure you won't
me so: all my finest Descriptions and
Discourse is yet to come.

Swift. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an
traordinary Concern, I could not leave

Bayes. *VVell*? but you shall take
more, and here I'll pass over two de-
Episodes of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chimney*
Buzzards.

70

John. I know not why they should come
except to make yours the longest *Fable*
that ever was told.

John. Why the excellency of a *Fable* is
in the length of it. *Esop* indeed like a Slave
plots, made little, short, simple Stories
the dry Moral at the end of 'em; and
could not form any noble Design. But here
you give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you
are satisfied with Beasts in the first Course,
you give up a delicate dish of Fowl for the
second. Now I was at all this pains to abuse
a particular Person; for I gad I'll tell you
a trick he serv'd me. I was once trans-
lating a very good *French Author*, but being *Varillas*.
nothing long about it, as you know a Man
is always in the Humour; what does
he do, but puts out an Answer to my
and before I had half finished the Tran-
slation: So there was three whole Months
upon his Account. But I think I have
revenge on him sufficiently, for I let
the *World* know, that he is a tall,
black'd lassy Fellow, of a brown Com-
plexion, fair Behaviour, a Flame Tongue, and
amongst the *Women*; and to top it
that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Vir*,
than two *Sacraments*. Don't you
think this Fellow will hang himself? But
no, I have nickt his Character in a
line, as will make you split. I call
— I gad I wont tell you, unless you
remember what I said of him.

Smith. VVhy that he was much a *Scholar* and more a *Wit*——

Bayes. Right ; and his name is *Buzzard*.
Ha ! ha ! ha.

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a *B*, which makes me flily contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter : There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnson* ; learn'd it, I must needs confess, from the ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an ; because she's *Amiable* ; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I'gad.

Smith. VVell, I've done, I've done. He are Eight hundred Verses upon a rain Night, and a Birds Nest ; and here's three hundred more, translated from two *Papal Gazetts*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar of Muscovy*, and the *Emperor* ; which is a piece of News *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*, Now you must know 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne're had a *Bible* at all.

Ere that *Gazette* was printed, said the
White,

Our *Robin* told another story quite ;
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd ;
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be de-
ceiv'd.

By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow
And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no. Pag. 3.
Words I confess bound by, and trip so light,
We have not time to take a steady sight ;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when
writ,

To long examination they submit.

Hard things—— Mr. *Smith*, if these two
lines don't recompence your stay, ne're trust
John Bayes again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear
and full,

God mends on second thoughts, but Man Pag. 15.
grows dull.

'gad I judge of all Men by my self. 'tis
so with me, I never strove to be very exact
in any thing, but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to
be true, is it not a little too severe ?

Bayes, 'Tis no matter for that, these ge-
neral Reflexions are daring, and favour
most of a noble Genius, that spares neither
Friend nor Foe.

Johns.

John. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *slaving* of your noble Genius?

Bayes. Afraid! VVhy Lord you make so much of beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em e'en lay on, I'faith. I'll ne're baulk my fancy to save my Carkass: VVell, but we must dispatch, Mr Smith.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy fly their wings display;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray.

VVell, there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. Smith, if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best *Pill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: but here follows a dispute I shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the VVine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth, and I'gad. you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblige'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirra, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us VVine,
Four to my taste, and to my Eyes unline:
Says

Says *White*, All Gentlemen like it; Ah!

White,
What is approv'd by them; must needs
be right.

'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the Mouse
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Pag. 38.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and De-
ference, which our Mouse pays to the Com-
pany.

Not to their *Catholic* consent oppose
My erring Judgment and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nickt her; that's
up to the Hilt; I gad, and you shall see
People relent it.

Why; what a Devil shan't I trust my
Eyes?

Must I drink *Stout* because the Rascal
lies?

And Palms upon us *Catholic* Consent;
To give *sophisticated* Brewing vent?

Says *White*, what ancient Evidence can
sway,

If you must argue thus, and not obey?
Drum must be trusted, through whose
hands convey'd,

You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the
Trade.

For sure those honest Fellows have no knack
Of putting off *stumm'd* Claret for *Pantec*.

How

How long, alas! would the poor Vint-
 ner last,
 If all that drink must judge, and every
 Guest.
 Be allow'd to have an understanding
 Taste?
*Thus she: Nor could the Panther well enlarge
 With weak defence, against so strong a Charge*

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's
 spotted, which is such a blot to the *Reforma-*
tion as I warrant 'em they will never claw
 off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Town* that shew'd her
 pride,
 Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she ly'd.
White saw her canker'd *Malice* at that
 word,
 And laid her *Prayers*, and drew her *Del-*
phick Sword.
 T'other cry'd *Murder*, and her *Rege-*
strain'd:
And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
 But now alas! ———

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind this, Mr. *Smith*,
 I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that
 follows is so engaging; hear me but two
 Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if
 you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad mischances these pretty things befall,
These Birds of Beasts,

There's

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird* to call it *Beast* of a *Pa.* 129.
Bird: and a *Beast* is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reasoning Mice,

Vere separated, banisht in a trice.

VWho would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I gad, Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you. But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarm'd by this noise,
 Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
 And speaking to the *VVatch*, with head
aside,

Pa. 137.

Said, Desperate Cures must be to desperate
 Ills applied,

These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
 Can ne'r enjoy at once the *But and Peace*.

VWhen each have separate Interests of their
own,

Pa. 115.
Pa. 144.

Two Mice are one to many for a Town.

By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore,
 Brother,

Look you to one, and I'll secure the
 t'other.

Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
 Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers
 blow,

Or in the *Compter* lay concerns not us
 to know.

Pag. 98.

But

But the *immortal Matron*, *spotless White*
 Forgetting *Dapple's Rudeness, Malice,*
Spright,
 Look'd kindly back, and wept, and
 said, *Good Night.*

Pag. 145.

Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this
Moule,
 With Bills and Halberds, to her Coun-
 try House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judi-
 cious Author, that makes *Ten thousand An-*
gels wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too.
 I gad.——

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to
 pay.

Boys. What a Pox, are you in such
 haste? You han't told me how you like

John. Oh, extreamly well. Here, Dis-
 er.

State-Poems Continued:

The Man of HONOUR

Written by the Honourable Mr. Montagu;

Occasion'd by a Postscript of Pen's Letter.

NOT all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a *Crown*,
 A *Prince's* *Whisper*, or a *Tyrant's* *Frown*
 Can awe the *Spirit*, or allure the *Mind*
 Of him, who to strict *Honour* is inclin'd;
 Though all the *Pomp* and *Pleasure* that does wait
 On publick *Places*, and *Affairs* of *State*,
 Shou'd fondly court him to be *base* and *great*;
 With *even* *Passions*, and with *settled* *Face*,
 He would remove the *Harlot's* false *Embrace*.
 Tho' all the *Storms* and *Tempests* should arise,
 That *Church-Magicians* in their *Cells* devise,
 And from their *settled* *Basis* *Nations* tear,
 He wou'd unmov'd the mighty *Ruin* bear;
 Secure in *Innocence* contemn' em all,
 And decently array'd in *Honours*, fall.
 For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumley's* *Name*,
 Shall stand the foremost in the *List* of *Fame*,
 Who first with *steddy* *Minds* the *Current* broke,
 And to the suppliant *Monarch* boldly spoke.

Great

Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just
 Have we obey'd the *Crown*, and serv'd our Trust;
 Espons'd your *Cause* and *Interest* in distress,
 Your self must witness, and our Foes confess!
 Permit us then *ill Fortune* to accuse,
 That you at last *unhappy Councils* use,
 And ask the *only* thing we must *refuse*.
 Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* freely we'll expose,
Honour alone we cannot, must not lose:
Honour, that *Spark* of the *Celestial Fire*,
 That above *Nature* makes *Mankind* aspire;
 Ennobles the rude *Passions* of our *Frame*;
 With thirst of *Glory* and desire of *Fame*;
 The richest *Treasure* of a generous *Breast*,
 That gives the *Stamp* and *Standard* to the rest.
 Wit, *Strength* and *Courage*, are wild dangerous forces;
 Unless this softens and directs their *Course*;
 And would you rob us of the *noblest* part,
 Accept a *Sacrifice* without a *Heart*?
 'Tis much beneath the greatness of a *Throne*,
 To take the *Casket* when the *Jewel's* gone:
 Debauch our *Principles*, corrupt our *Race*,
 And teach the *Nobles* to be *False* and *Base*;
 What *Confidence* can you in them repose,
 Who e're they serve you, all their value lose?
 Who once enslave their *Conscience* to their *Lust*,
 Have lost their *Reins* and can no more be *Just*.

Of *Honour*, Men at first like *Women* nice,
 Raise *Maiden scruples* at unpractis'd *Vice*;
 Their *modest* *Nature* curbs the struggling *Flame*,
 And stifles what they wish to act, with *Shame*.
 But once this *Fence* thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may taste forbidden *Fruit* and live;

They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
 Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in sin;
 True to no Principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by Appetite their Will:
 Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
 But shift with every veering blast their Sails.
 Mark those that meanly truckle to your power,
 They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
 And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore!
 On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
 When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
 And shook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
 Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what
 Force,

Could they oppose to stop the Torrents Course?
 Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
 Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood;
 But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
 With the same Constancy they all resign.
 Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,
 And was the *Phosphorus* to the dawning Day;
 Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Host,
 Than any Age, or any Realm can boast:
 So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
 To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
 But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
 Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
 So high their Vertue as yet wants a Name,
 Exceeding Wonder, and surpassing Fame:
 Rise, glorious Church, erect thy Radiant Head,
 The Storm is past, th' Impending Tempell fled:
 Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Disgrace,
 It had not giv'n such Sons, so brave a Race.

When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,
The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds :
These Men would prop a sinking Nations weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse ev'n Fate.
Let other Nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil ;
In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
Let them excel, their Mastery we grant.
But to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
With Virtue, which no dangers can controul ;
Exalt the thought, a speedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend :
These are the *English* Arts, these we profess
To be the same in Mis'ry and Success ;
To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud :
Such are our Souls : But what doth Worth avail,
When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale ?
All Merit's light when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the State ;
Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
And blast that Honesty they cannot use ;
The strength and safety of the Crown destroy,
And the King's Power against himself employ ;
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave ;
Bereft of these, he must become their Slave.
Men, like our Money, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a coarse Allay.
The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
Of native Value, and exactest Mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
For vulgar use too precious and too fine ;
Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright
Coin of base Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Business of the Nation's turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn :

So shining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
 Whose guilty Actions fly the searching Light;
 Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
 Great without Pomp they willingly retire:
 Give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging Sense
 Increases the weak measures of their Prince;
 Prone to admire, and flatter him in ease,
 They study not his good, but how to please;
 They blindly and implicitly run on,
 Nor see those dangers which the other shun:
 Who slow to act, each bus'ness duly weigh,
 Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey;
 With Wisdom fatal to their Interest strive
 To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
 Such have no place where Priests and Women Reign
 Who love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of God-like Men,
 (Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
 Will make the Race of those I write appear
 Low as to glorious Valour, wretched Fear;
 To the smooth Lines in which those truths are told,
 (Lines justly happy as they're nobly bold)
 With Right from humble Muses hold esteem,
 And shew my Verse as distant as my Theme.
 Forgive me, you Betrayers of your Land,
 If I do scourge you with a wanting Hand;
 My Will is good to give you all your due,
 The Pope will pardon want of Pow'r in you:
 Your Aid, my Muse, this once I humbly ask;
 Exposing Villany's a noble Task;

Assist my Story with such ample Phrase,
 It may find leave to live and see good Days.
 Stamp an Eternal Value on the Brave,
 By drawing to the Life a sneaking Knave;
 Shew him how justly he's expos'd by all,
 And shew him time may come when he may fall;
 Shew him on what Foundation now he stands;
 Shew him, instead of Rocks, mistaken Lands;
 Shew him it lately fail'd believing Man,
 And will do so when time shall serve again.

V When *Oxford* Prophecies were come to pass,
 And many a squeamish Church-man prov'd an Ass;
 Then blockish Honesty was made give ground,
 And foolish Knaves were much more useful found;
 A search throughout the *Senate* pass'd for such,
 (Since fools would do, to find no more 'twas much)
 Vile Int'rest was oppos'd to Men of Sense,
 And many from that Hour did Rogues commence.
 Besides, with Gold the despicable *Slaves*
 V Were willingly thought Fools; they might be
 Knaves.

Of these the Chief a Consultation call,
 V Where they shall stop, or whether stop at all:
 Some faint resistance Conscience wou'd have made
 And Honour wou'd have spoke, but was forbid;
 Int'rest with Impudence assum'd the Chair,
 And thus address'd to each *Plebeian* Fool was there:

Of all Philosophers that plagu'd the V World,
 And curious Brains in various Labyrinths hurl'd,
 None far'd so ill, and yet so justly far'd,
 As 'those Preach'd Vertue for its own Reward;
 More useful Doctrines sprung from wiser Schools;
 They heard their Morals, and resolv'd them Fools.
 Mark those who strive the Multitude to please,
 Nice of their Honour, lavish of their Ease:

How

How in the gazing Croud they humbly stand,
With their perplexing Honesty at hand,
They dare not use the strength they may com-
mand.

They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
But he is great who can and dare controul ;
You'll soar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
And with contempt look down on rotten Praise ;
Laugh at dull Notions of a Glorious Name,
When Beggery's the Basis of its Frame.
More useful Honour shall attend your Fate,
You serve a Power can make you rich and Great,
Who scorns the Nations Love shall live above their
Hate.

Permit no Bugbear Thoughts against your Cause,
The loss of your Religion and the Laws,
Trifles to those who dare their God defie,
And can with copious Consciences comply.
Contemn the foolish Threats of distant Time,
'Tis plain that Honesty is yet a Crime ;
If things hereafter turn another way,
You'll still be right, for still you can obey :
Ne'er fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
The best of Courts will stand in need of such ;
Fools oft grow useless, and are laid aside,
But Knave of ! Conduct always will abide :
Old Honesty some poor Employ may get,
But he that sticks at nothing shall be great,
The Villain wisely thrives in every State.

Thus Int'rest spoke, and merits just Applause,
The Judges first declar'd against the Laws ;
Of Levi's Tribe not many went astray,
(Much wonder'd at, since they procur'd this Day)
But Men of Conscience oft in Judgment fail,
Mistaken Loyalty did once prevail,
But such Diseases now no more they ail.

Become good Christians by Affliction's Rod,
 Their King they honour, but they fear their God :

Of those that brand their Country with disgrace,
 Noble in Title as in Practice base,
 Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
 That sniv'ling Representer of the rest,
 Who in their Names the *Monarch* thus address :

Most glorious Prince, in whom all virtues shine,
 Where every worth in one great Soul combine !
 You for your gracious Deeds we come to bless,
 But most of all your Constancy confess;
 Safe by your Word, in Peace your People sleep,
 Your sacred Word which you so nicely keep;
 That Word so much throughout your Land
 In which Equivocation ne'er was found. (now
 On this it is so firmly we rely,

You cannot ask the thing we can deny;
 As Heav'n has taught the Soul of Man to know,
 Whate'er it plealeth to dispense below,
 Shall to Advantage of Believers tend,
 And bless their blind obedience in the end ;
 So we such awful Thoughts of you receive,
 Whate'er you'll do, we for our good believe;
 Our grand Ambition is our King to please;
 We ne'er can want Repose while he's at ease.
 When by Obedience we have giv'n you rest,
 And blasted ev'n the frightful Name of Test,
 But smile upon us, and your Slaves are blest.

Thus spake the fawning Minister of State
 Poor in Esteem, and despicably great ;
 The easie Monarch blest the Priesthoods skill,
 Forsakes his Reason to perform his Will,
 Deserts his noble Friends for flatt'ring Knaves,
 Neglects his Subjects while he favours Slaves.

Rise up, brave Prince, attend your Nature's course
 We know that's Noble, when exempt from force;

Spren

Spread your relenting Arms, imbrace your Friends,
 They'll help you to attain more noble Ends;
 You know their Love, the Rebels know their force,
 Serve God with speed, annul th' unjust Divorce,
 Then shall you stand great in your Peoples Love,
 A lively Emblem of the mighty *Jove*.
 Then shall your haughty Rival cease to soar,
 And tremble at the Neighb'ring *British Shore*;
 The Senate's Bounty shall preserve you still,
 With chearful Tribute all your Coffers fill,
 All Kings shall gaze with Envy on your Throne,
 Then with Contempt look down upon their own;
 To gain your Smiles shall be their utmost Pride,
 And happy he who nearest is Ally'd.
 Belov'd by God and Men you shall remain,
 Great without War, and undisturb'd your Reign.
 Then when the Remnant of your Days are done,
 The Thred of glorious Life at length is spun,
 Sincere in Grief your People all shall mourn,
 Some goodly Fabrick shall your Grave adorn
 With this Inscription, for Eternal Praise,
Here lies the only Prince who left all evil Ways.

The VISION.

TWas at an Hour when busie Nature lay,
 Dissolv'd in slumbers from the noisie Day,
 When gloomy shades and dusky Atoms spread
 A Darkness o'er the Universal Bed,
 And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled;
 My flatt'ring fancy 'midst the silent peace,
 Careless of *Sleep*, and unconcern'd with *Ease*,

Drew to my wandring Thoughts an Object near,
 Strange in its *form*, and in *appearance* rare.
 Methought (yet sure it could not be a Dream,
 So real all its Imperfections seem)

With *Princely* Port a stately *Monarch* came,
Airy his Mien, and Noble was his Frame :
 A sullen Sorrow brooded on his Brow ;
 He seem'd beneath some weighty Fate to bow ;
Distrust and *Grief* upon his Eye-lids rest,
 And shew the struggling troubles of his Breast.
 Upon his Head a *nodding Crown* he wore,
 And in his Hand a *yielding Scepter* bore ;
 Forlorn and careless did his Strokes appear,
 And ev'ry motion spoke a wild *Despair*.

This mournful Scene did all my Passions move,
 And challeng'd both my *pity* and my *love* ;
 And yet I thought him, by the ruins made,
 Above my *pity*, and beyond my *aid* ;
 Long did he in a pensive Silence stand,
 For sure his thoughts cou'd not his words command :
 Too big for Speech —

Till sullen murmurs from his Bosom flew,
 And thus a draught of his Disorders drew.

Almighty pow'rs ! by whose consent alone
 Ordain'd, I did ascend the *Regal* Throne,
 Led by your dark Decrees, and Conduct there,
 I, as your great *Vicegerent*, did appear
 Beneath my Charge, whilst crowding Nations sat,
 And bow'd, and did *admire* my rising Fate :

'Twas then my *Laurels* fresh and blooming grew,
 And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew ;
 My willing Subjects bless and clap the Day ;

The bravest and the best were all my Friends,
 Whilst Faction in Confusion sneak'd away ;

At distance grin'd, but could not reach their
 ends.

Such

Such Faith unto my Promises were shown,
 My word they took, for Oaths were useless grown;
 My very Word compos'd their Hopes and Fears,
Sacred 'twas held, and all *Serene* appears:
 Until my *Fate* revers'd did backwards reel,
 Blurr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's wheel;
 Ye Gods! why did ye thus unconstant prove?
 Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?
 Or was this stately Majesty but giv'n
 To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry ev'n of *Heav'n*?
 Can ne'er a Saint implore Celestial Aid?
 Nor yet the *Virgin Goddess* intercede?
 'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suff'ring lie;
 'Twas to advance her just Divinity;
 Yes, I avow, the Quarrel and the Cause,
 'Twas for my *Faith*, and to out-cope the *Laws*,
 I'd rather be forsaken and alone,
 Than sit a *craving* Monarch on a *Throne*:
 Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,
 Pawn on th' Invading Foe, and kiss his Hand;
 Leave me, their *Prince*, forsaken and forlorn,
 Expos'd to all their Sights and publick Scorn.
 Let after-Ages judge the mighty Test,
 Judge the Magnetick Grandeur of my Breast.
 I saw my great Fore-father yet afore,
 Seal all his Sacred Vows with Martyr'd Gore;
 His Royal Issue branded with Disgrace,
 Saw all th' efforts they us'd t' Exclude the Race:
 And yet these Terrors all I dare invade,
 Thus *Conscience*, thus *Religion* does persuade.
 I'll stand or fall by both those Tenets still,
 And be the second *Martyr* to my *Will*,
 And then he stopp'd; his fiery Eye-balls move,
 And thus with his resisting *Fate* he strove,
 And stood, like *Capaneus*, defying *Jove*.

When

VWhen strait a Noise, from whence it came un-
 Was heard to answer in an angry tone ; (known,
 Dye then unpity'd, *Prince*, for thus thy Fate,
 Long since, by its Decrees, did antedate :
 To such *Perverseness*, what regard is shown ?
 What *Merit* could'st thou plead to mount a Throne ?
 To thy repeated Wishes Heav'n was kind,
 And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy Mind ;
 It put a Scepter in thy eager Hand,
 Yet not to oppose the *Genius* of the Land ;
 If Reason could not sway thy Actions here,
 Heav'n's not oblig'd by *Wonders* to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a distance stand,
 Skulk from thy Troubles to a safer Land ;
 Those who their Being to thy *Beauty* own,
 Forsake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
 Those who were *Friends* to thee and to thy Cause,
 Bold for their *Right*, and for their *Countries* Laws,
 Thou from thy darker Counsels didst remove,
 And want their aid, now they refuse their Love.

Some more imperfect Sounds did reach my Ear,
 But Sense return'd, and Day-light did appear.

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
 To write of Converts Apostolick,
 Describe their Persons, and their shames,
 And leave the World to guess their Names ;
 But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme ;
 Was for Heroick Song too mean ;

Their

Their Characters we'll then rehearse
In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse ;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll sing,
That chang'd their Faith to please their King:

The first an Antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloath'd in Plaisters Aromatick,
And Flannel by the help of a Stick,
And like a grave and Noble Peer,
Out-lives his Sense by sixty Year ;
And what an honest Man would anger,
Out-lives the Fort he built at *Tangier* ;
By Pox and Whores long since undon,
Yet loves it still, and fumbles on :
Why he's a Favourite few can guess,
Some say it's for his Ugliness ;
For often Members (being rare)
Are valu'd equal to their Fate :
For in his Mistresses, kind *James*
Loves ugliness in its extremes ;
But others say its plainly seen,
'Tis for the choice he made o'th' Queen ;
When he the King and Nation blest
With Off-spring of the House of *Es* ;
A Dame whose Affability
Equals her Generosity :
Oh! well match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the Aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Vertues turn'd ;
But 'twas not Conscience, or Devotion,
The hopes of Riches or Promotion,
That made his Lordship first to vary,
But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary* ;
And she to make Retaliation,
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.

The

The next a Caravanish Thief,
 A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef;
 Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
 But very Rhynocercical,
 Was Married e'er the Cub was lick't,
 And now not worthy to be kick't;
 By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
 To save his Coat, to *Italy*,
 Where *Hains* and he, that Virtuous Youth,
 Equal in Honour, Sense, and Truth;
 By Reason and pure Conscience urged,
 Past Sins by Abjuration purged:
 But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
 More worldly Motives had to veer;
 The Scoundrel *Plebeian's* swerving
 Was to secure himself from starving;
 And that which made the Peer a Starter,
 Was hope of a long wish'd for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who sits at Helm,
 And long has steer'd the giddy Realm,
 With Taylor's Motion, Mien, and Grace,
 But a right Statesman in Grimace;
 The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
 The dully Grave, the Frowns and Scorns,
 Promises all, but nought performs:
 But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
 He's very humble in Devotion;
 With Taper Light, and Feet all bare,
 He to the Temple did repair,
 And knocking softly at the Portal,
 Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
 And for a Sinner make some room,
 A Prodigal returned home.
 Some say that in that very Hour,
 Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at Door;

}
}

So both with penitent Grimace,
Statef-man and Bawd with humble pace
Enter'd and were receiv'd to Grace.

The next a Knight of high Command,
'Twixt *London-Bridge*, and *Dover-Sand* ;
A Man of strict and holy Life;
Taking Example from his Wife ;
He to a Nunnery set her packing,
Lest they should take each other napping.
Some say *L'E*—— did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit ;
Good-natur'd, as you may observe,
Letting his Tit'lar Father starve ;
A Man of Sense and Parts, we know it ;
But dare as well be damn'd as show it ;
Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant,
At *Kings Bench Bar* appear'd most fervent,
Against his Honour for the *Test*,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a Numerous store,
Whose best Example is they're poor,
Meerly drawn in, in hopes of Gains,
And reap the scandal for their pains ;
Half-starv'd at Court with expectation,
Forc'd to return to their *Scotch* Station,
Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

}
}

A paltry Knight not worth a mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Pension ;
After upon true Protestant Whore,
H'had spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Colonel next does come,
VWith *Stradling* Legs and Massie Bum :
With many more of shameful Note,
VWhose Honour ne're was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch ;

If abler Men do not support her weight,
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight*.

The humble Address of your Majesty's Poet Laureat, and others your Catholick and Protestant Dissenting Rhymers, with the rest of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, Inferiour Versifiers and Sonetters, of Your Majesty's Ancient Corporation of Parnassus.

Humbly Sheweth,

THat we your Majesty's poor Slaves,
Your merry Beggars, witty Knaves,
Being highly sensible how long
And dull dry Prose addressing Throng,
Have daily vext your Royal Ears
With fulsome Speeches, canting Pray'rs,
Unanimously think it better
T' address your Majesty in Meter.

Great Sir, your healing Declaration
Has cur'd a base distemper'd Nation;
The Godly hug it for the ease
It gives to squeamish Consciences;
And by the Mammonists, 'tis made
The grand encouragement of Trade;
But we must reckon it (in our Sense)
A gracious Poetick Licence.

'Tis your peculiar Excellency,
 T' indulge Religion to a Frensie;
 And our Religion is our Fancy:
 For which, we judge 'twould be a crime,
 Not to present our Thanks in Rhime;
 We, with all Subjects of our mind,
 Do pay, like us, their Dues in kind:
 That jealous Protestants would greet
 With *Tests* and *Laws* you Royal Feet;
 That all would sacrifice in course
 Their stubborn Consciences to yours;
 That th' Academies wou'd oppose
 On no pretence your Royal Cause,
 But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws.
 That Corporations yield their Charters,
 And no more grudge your Soldiers Quarters;
 That *Borough-Towns* would chuse such Men,
 As you shan't need send home agen;
 That all right Members take their Stations,
 Such as Sir R—— and Sir P——
 That your new Friends stand every where,
 Of which we recommend one pair,
 Honest *Will. Pen*, and *Harry Care*.
 Dissenters will with all their Heart-a
 Vote for a Gospel *Magna Charta*,
 Your Judges too will over-awe
 The poor dead Letter of the Law;
 Your High Commissioners from whom
 The obstinate receive their doom,
 For trusty Catholicks make Room.
 Only one resty part o'th' Nation,
 Wou'd bound your Pow'r of Dispensation;
 For which we'll bait the Rogues again,
 With Second Part of *Hind* and *Pan*:
 We'll Rhime 'em into better manners,
 And make them low'r their Paper Banners;

Nor

Nor is this all that we will do,
No, Sir, we'll pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Apollo* bless you,
May *Juno* help your budding Issue;
May you attempt no Enemies
To skirmish with but Butterflies:
Nor exercise your *Martial Arms*,
But in mock *Sieges*, false *Alarms*.
May you have long and peaceful Days,
And may we live to sing your Praise;
And after all, may you inherit
The over-plus of the *Saints* merit.

The LAUREAT.

Jack Squabb, *his History in little drawn*
Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.

A Ppear thou mighty Bard, to open view:
Which yet we must confess you need not do.
The labour to expose thee we may save,
Thou stand'st upon thy own Records a Knave;
Condemn'd to live in thy Apostate Rhimes,
The Curse of ours, and scoff of Future Times.
Still tacking round with every turn of State,
Reverse to *Sb——ry* thy cursed Fate
Is always at a Change to come too late:
To keep his Plots from Coxcombs was his Care,
His Policy was mask'd, and thine is bare:

Wise Men alone cou'd guess at this Design,
 And cou'd but guess, the Thred was spun so fine: }
 But every purblind Fool may see through thine. }
 Flat Dick still keep the Regal Diadem,
 Thou hadst been Poet Laureat to him,
 And long e'er now, in Lofty Verse proclaim'd
 His high Extraction, among Princes Fam'd;
 Diffus'd his Glorious Deeds from Pole to Pole,
 Where winds can carry, and where waves can rowl.
 Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heav'n's severe Decree,
 Been found and Murther'd in the Royal Tree,
 Ev'n thou hadst prais'd the Fact; his Father slain,
 Thou call'dst but gently breathing of a Vein:
 Impious and Villanous! to bless the blow }
 That laid at once three lofty Nations low, }
 And gave the Royal Cause a fatal Overthrow. }
 What after this cou'd we expect from thee;
 What cou'd we hope for, but just what we see?
 Scandal to all Religions, New and Old;
 Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and fold, }
 And mortgag'd Happiness redeem'd for Gold: }
 Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you must allow;
 Who ever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou?
 Even thy own *Zimri* was more stedfast known;
 He had but one Religion, or had none:
 What Sect of Christians is't thou hast not known,
 And at one time or other made thy own;
 A Bristled *Baptist* bred; and then thy Strain
 Immaculate, was free from sinful Stain.
 No Songs in those blest times thou didst produce,
 To brand and sham good Manners out of use;
 The Ladies then had not one Bawdy Bob,
 Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet *Squab*.
 Next thy dull Muse, an *Independant* Jade,
 On Sacred Tyranny five *Stanza's* made.

Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both extreame did run,
 To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.
 When *Charles* came in, thou didst a Convert grow,
 More by thy Int'rest, than thy Nature so.
 Under his livening Beams thy Laurels spread,
 He first did place that Wreath about thy Head ;
 Kindly reliev'd thy wants and gave thee Bread. }
 Here 'twas thou mad'st the Bells of Fancy Chime,
 And choak'd the Town with suffocating Rhime.
 Till Heroes form'd by thy creating Pen,
 Were grown as Cheap, and Dull, as other Men,
 Flush'd with success, full Gallery and Pit,
 Thou bravest all Mankind with want of Wit.
 Nay, in short time, wer't grown so proud a Ninny,
 As scarce t'allow that *Ben* himself had any.
 But when the Men of Sense thy Error saw,
 They chek'd thy Muse, and kept the Termagant
 in awe.

To Satyr next thy Talent was Address,
 Fell foul on all, thy Friends among the rest :
 Those who the oft'nest did thy wants supply,
 Abus'd, Traduc'd, without a Reason why.
 Nay, ev'n the Royal Patron was not spar'd,
 But an obscene, a fantring Wretch declar'd.
 The Loyal Libel we can still produce,
 Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse.
 O strange return, to a forgiving King !
 But the warm'd Viper wears the greatest Sting.
 Thy Pension lost, and justly without doubt,
 When servants snarl, we ought to kick 'em out ;
 They that disdain their Benefactors Bread,
 No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
 That lost, the Vizer chang'd, you turn about,
 And strait a true blue Protestant crept out ;
 The *Frier* now was writ ; and some will say,
 They smell a Malecontent through all the Play.

The

The *Papist* too was damn'd, unfit for Trust,
 Call'd Treacherous, Shameless, Profligate, Unjust,
 And Kingly Pow'r thought Arbitrary Lust.
 This lasted till thou didst thy Pension gain,
 And that chang'd both thy Morals and thy Strain.
 If to write Contradictions Nonsense be,
 Who has more Nonsense in their works than thee?
 We'll mention but thy *Lay-man's Faith* and *Hind*,
 Who'd think both these (such clashing do we find)
 Cou'd be the product of one single Mind:
 Here thou wou'dst Charitable fain appear,
 Find'st fault that *Athanasius* was severe;
 Thy Pity strait to Cruelty is rais'd,
 And ev'n the pious Inquisition prais'd,
 And recommended to the present Reign:
 "O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain*!
 Have we not Cause, in thy own Words to say,
 Let none believe what varies every day,
 That never was, nor will be at a stay.
 Once, Heathens might be sav'd you did allow?
 But not, it seems, we greater Heathens now:
 The Loyal Church, that buoys the Kingly Line,
 Damn'd with a Breath, but 'tis such Breath as thine:
 What Credit to thy Party can it be,
 Thave gain'd so lew'd a Profligate as thee?
 Stray'd from our Fold, makes us but laugh, not
 weep;
 We have but lost what was disgrace to keep:
 By them mistrusted, and to us a scorn;
 For it is Weakness at the best to turn.
 True, hadst thou left us in the former Reign,
 T'have prov'd it was not wholly done for Gain;
 Now, the Meridian Sun is not so plain,
 Gold is thy God, for a substantial Sum,
 Thou to the *Turk* wou'dst run away from *Rome*,
 And sing his holy Expedition against *Christendom*.

But to conclude, blush with a lasting Red;
 (If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already said)
 To see thy Boars, Bears, Buzzards, Wolves & Owls,
 And all thy other Beasts, and other Fowl's,
 Routed by two poor Mice : (unequal fight)
 But easie 'tis to Conquer in the Right.
 See there a Youth (a shame to thy gray Hairs)
 Make a meer Duncce of all thy threescore Years.
 What in that tedious Poem hast thou done,
 But cramm'd all *Æsop's* Fables into one.
 But why do I the precious Minutes spend
 On him, that wou'd much rather hang than mend.
 No, Wretch, continue still just as thou art,
 Thou'rt not in this last Scene, that Crowns thy
 part ;
 To purchase Favour veer with every Gale,
 And against Interest never cease to Rail ;
 Tho thou'rt the only proof how Interest can
 prevail.

On the Bishops Confinement.

WHere is there Faith and Justice to be found?
 Sure the World trembles, Nature's in a
 To see her Pious Sons design'd to fall, (swound;
 A Victim to Religion ; Truth, and all
 The Charms of Piety are no Defence
 Against the new-found Power that can Dispencc)
 With Laws to Murder Sacred Innocence :
 Surely, unless some pitying God look down,
 And stem this Torrent, it will shortly drown
 Divinity it self —————
 The Bishops Prisoners ! Can we tamely see
 Those Reverend Prelates bow the Knee.

To *Antichrist* ? No, mighty Monarch, no
 Though we must pay to *Cæsar* what we owe,
 There is a Power Supream, by which you live ;
 Whose Arm is longer, and Prerogative
 Larger by far than yours ; whose very Word •
 Can blast your Hopes, and turn your two edg'd
 Sword ;
 Can make his Secular Vicegerent know,
 Vertue, like Palms deprest, do higher grow.
 Though Rob'd in all the Grandeur of your State,
 Courtiers, like Radiant Stars, about you wait :
 Midst of your glorious Joys, when you put on
 That awful Presence which becomes a Throne ;
Belshazzar-like, three words upon the wall
 Shall blast your Joys, and make your Glories fall
 His Holiness that Patriot of Strife,
 Though he can grant you Pardon, cannot Life.
 Arise then, Mighty Sir, in God-like Mien,
 As of thy Valour let thy Truth be seen ;
 Free from Mistrust, let all your words be clear ;
 By Actions let your Promises appear :
 Protect that Church which brought you to the
 Crown ;
 You know 'tis Great and Honourable to own
 A kindness done but to reward with Death,
 That happy Instrument that gave you Breath,
 Is mean, and might a *Cath'lick's* Conscience Sting,
 To cut the Hand off that Anoints you King.

*Advice to the Prince of Orange, and the
 Packet-Boat returned.*

Adv. **T**HE Year of wonder now is come,
 A Jubilee proclaim at *Rome* ;
 The Church has pregnant made the Womb.

134 State-Poems Continued.

Pac. No more of the admired Year,
No more of Jubilee declare;
All Trees that blossom do not bear.

Adv. *Orange* give o'er your hopes of Crowns,
And yield to *France* the *Belgick* Towns,
And keep your Fleet out of the *Downs*;

Pac. We'll wait for Crowns, not Interest quit,
Let *Lewis* take what he can get;
And do not you proscribe our Fleet.

Adv. Ye talk of Eighty *Men of War*,
Well rigg'd and Mann'd you say they are;
'Twas joyful News when it came here.

Pac. Well may the sound of Eighty Sail,
Make *England's* greatest Courage fail;
When half the number will prevail.

Adv. But we have some upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.

Pac. Talk not as if you'd match our Cocks,
And Launch your few Ships on the Stocks;
And if you can, secure your Docks.

Adv. Besides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army roam,
But you, they say, won't let them come.

Pac. Your Subjects in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with *Proclamation* greet,
Will all obey when they think fit.

Adv. Soldiers and Seamen both we need,
Old England's quite out of the Breed;
Feather and Scarf won't do the deed.

Pac. Of Men and Arms never despair,
The Civiliz'd Wild *Irish* are
Couragious even to Massacre.

Adv. Now if you'd be Victorious made,
Like us, on *Hounslow* Masquerade;
Advance your Honour and your Trade.

Pac.

Pac. Then take this Councel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign;
And fight in earnest on the Main.

Adv. *Buda* we storm'd and took't with ease;
Do you the same upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you please.

Pac. The Storming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-spring are
Of them that made all *Europe* fear.

Adv. Such Warlike Actions will at least
Inspire each Neighbouring Monarch's breast,
Till *Lewis* shall compleat the rest.

Pac. Such Camp, such Siege, and such sham Shews,
Make each small State your pow'r oppose,
And *Lewis* lead you by the Nose.

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend Tripes, Guardian of the Law;
Sacred to Justice, Treasons greatest awe!
Do thou decide the Nations weighty cause,
And judge between the Judges and the Laws.
So shall no guiltless Blood thy Timber e're pollute,
But Righteous Laws shall vouch all thou shalt
execute.

Harry Care's Last Will and Testament.

NOt Hell it self, nor Gloomy Fate can save
The lewdest Sinner from his Destin'd Grave:
But all the footy Surges once must try,
Old *Charon's* Boat's a certain Destiny.

136 *State-Poems Continued.*

This *Harry* found, whose mouldring Corps did call
For Phyfick props t'uphold the human Wall;
Thinking himself to *Ne plus ultra* come,
He thought of Winding Sheet, and of his Tomb:
Summon'd his glorious Kindred to appear,
To see his laft, and his Laft will to hear;
The weeping Crowd the mournful Chambers fill,
While he in dying Accent makes his will.

Imprimis, For my Soul (if fuch I have)
I wifh it bury'd with me in my Grave:
For if what great Divines do preach and tell,
Be real Verities to Heaven and Hell,
Down to the gloomy Shores I furely go,
The fame I ferv'd above, muft ferve below.

And next, for my dear Wife, who weeps my fall,
And is chief Mourner at my Funeral;

My fole Executrix I do here make,
And let her all my Goods and Chattels take:
Besides, my Province too let her command,
That undiscover'd lies in *Fairy Land*.

To her my unfold Pamphlets I bequeath,
To buy her Brandy, and Tobacco with:
And if ſhe do a Male or Stallion take,
I hope he'll uſe her kindly for my ſake;
With equal ſtrength the Marriage yoke ſhe'll draw
If he but drench her well with *Uſquebaugh*.

My daughter next, the Off-fpring of my Bed,
I pour a double Portion on her Head:

The only Legacy I can beſtow,
And more than Heav'n gave me here below:
May ſhe the *Irish* Witneſs wed, and raiſe,
A Race of Evidences for our Cauſe.

And for thoſe kinder Folks that propt my Pains,
I freely leave them both my Pen and Brains:

May they my little Artifices uſe,
To raiſe up Faſtions, and the Crowd amuſe,

Till

Till being doubly dipt in Infamy,
Like me unpitied, and unenvy'd die,
Now to the num'rous Crowd that do's survive,
I only can my Dying-Counsel give:
The *Western* Emissaries I approve,
And even dying do declare my Love.
I charge them to stand firm unto their Trust,
Accounting what's their Interest to be Just.
The Females I commend to Brother Cox,
Who if he cannot cure, can give the Pox ;
And may he still the vigorous warmth retain,
Impart to stroaling She in Street or Lane.
I've nothing more to give to all the rest,
But leave ten Thousand Curses on the Test :
And who do its Abolishing withstand,
Leave upon them an Eternal Brand.
And for the Penal Laws they like so well,
I'll write for their Repeal when I'm in Hell ;
And if Damn'd *Pluto's* Laws are like to these,
I'll quickly Sue him out a Writ of Ease,
Where will my Occurrence truly state,
Whilst some Internal *Larkin* Prints the Cheat ;
Hell's black Tyrant will both sooth and praise,
And even in Sulph'rous *Styx* Sedition raise.

New Catch in Praise of the Reverend Bishops.

Rue Englishmen, drink a good Health to the *Mitre*.
Let our Church ever Flourish tho' her Enemies Spight her :
May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
And their Malice, as well as their Arguments,
fail.

Then

Then remember the Seven which supported our
Cause,
As Stout as our *Martyrs*, and as Just as our *Laws*.

*Protestantism Reviv'd : or the Persecuted
Church Triumphant.*

IN Sable weeds I saw a Matron clad, (was sad)
Whose Looks were grave, whose Countenance
Pensive with Care she musing fate alone,
Her State too, too unhappy to bemoan :
Deep bitter Pangs, I saw her undergo,
And pay the tributary drops of woe.
So wept *Ducalion* when he saw the State
And face of Nature chang'd and desolate.
By this dumb Elegy a while sh' exprest
The gloomy Sorrows of her troubl'd breast.
Then heaving up her Head, the Silence broke,
And with a heavy sigh dejected spoke.
Good God ! what Grief surrounds my aged head !
What new distracting woes I daily wed,
Who am by spiteful Foes in triumph led !
They pierce my side with wound, they break my
rest,
And snatch my sucking Children from my Breast
My Elder Sons inhumanly they treat,
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit :
Thus they insult, thus put me to disgrace,
And spit their frothy Venom in my face :
My growing Sorrows to compleat the more,
I'm flouted by a *Babylonish* Whore.
Put me to Death they can't, since Heav'n decreed
I must not die, though with my Saviour bleed,
But humbly should in after-times succeed :

What

What most my anxious Soul tormented hath,
 As he that should defend, betrays my Faith.
 Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Griets betray'd,
 Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made.
 Who e're was curb'd by such a Concubine !
 Who so perplex'd ! was ever Grief like mine !
 Then she bow'd down her head, and with her tears
 Bedew'd the parched Earth : when strait appears,
 Comforter by pitying Heav'n sent,
 To raise her drooping Spirits almost spent :
 Who when he had respectful Homage paid,
 In terms obliging Reverently said,
 Mother, I know the Cause of all thy Grief,
 I'll send thy Succour, and thy true Relief :
 My God has heard thy sighs, thy faithful Pray'rs,
 And graciously receiv'd thy flowing Tears :
 I'll wipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expel,
 And usual Joy shall in thy Count'nance dwell :
 I'll make thy haughty Domineers bow,
 And own their Lives they to my bounty owe :
 I'll foil'd them all, I have disarm'd them quite ;
 They have the Power to bark, but not to bite.
 To ease your pain, by th' God of Heaven I'm sent,
 I'll act, and I'm the Honour'd Instrument.
 Then she arose, Joy smiling in her Eye,
 And with a cheerful Voice did thus reply :
 Thanks gracious God, thanks thou Victorious Son,
 Whom I have my wonted Glory won :
 Rejoice my Sons, and *Hallelujahs* sing
 To our Saviour, our *Triumphant King*.
 For I an *Anthem* will compose, and then,
 We'll sweetly sound it to our God. *Amen*.

The Council

To the Tune of *Jamaica*.

I.

TW O *Toms* and *Nat*,
 In Council sat,
 To rigg out a Thanksgiving,
 And make a Prayer,
 For a thing in th' Air,
 That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *Est*,
 As 'tis Express'd,
 In her late quaint Epistle,
 Did to our Lady,
 Bequeath the Baby,
 With Coral, Bells and Whistle.

III.

With this intent, she to her sent
 Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
 That to conceive,
 She might have leave;
 And is not this an odd thing ?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale,
 To the *Prince of Wales*,
 Though some are of Opinion,
 That when't comes out,
 A Double Clout
 Will cover his Dominion.

The Audience.

TH E Criticks that pretend to Sence,
 Do cavil at the Audience,
 As if his Grace were not as good,
 To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
 Did not our Fathers heretofore
 Their senseless Deities adore?
 Did not Old *Delphos* all along
 Sent Oracles without a Tongue?
 And wisest Monarchs did importune
 From the dumb God to know their Fortune.
 Did not the speaking-Head of late,
 Of Matters Learnedly Debate?
 And rendred without Tongue or Ears
 Give Answers to his whisp'ring Peers;
 And shall we to a living Prince
 Deny the State of Audience?
 That tho' the Bantling cannot speak?
 Yet like the Blockhead he may squeak?
 Give Audience by Interpreter,
 The wisest Prince can do no more.
 Then enter with a *Prince's Banner*,
 As *Charles*, after the usual manner.
 Great Sir, *His Holiness from Rome*
 Meets your high Birth. The Prince cry'd Mum.
 The Consecrated Pilch and Clout,
 You'll vouchsafe to hear me out,
 And many other Toys I'm come
 To play them at your sacred Bum.
 O young, yet such a God-like Ray!
 Behold, your Dad, was Priest Dad a.
 That Prince, I have no more to say.

Con-

142. *State-Poems Continued.*

Conducted next, there comes, *Great Sir*,
 An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
 To Gratulate your lucky *Fate*,
 That gives to *England's* Throne new date ;
 We Joy that any thing should Reign,
 To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
 The Youth, to see them thus beguil'd,
 In token of his Favour smil'd.
 But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright,
 As sham'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
 Next, having pass'd the inward Centry,
 The doubtful *Monsieur* made his entry :
The King, my Master, Sir, has sent
 Your *Royal Birth* to Complement ;
 If you will make it but appear,
 That you are *England's* Lawful Heir.
 Here Lady *Powis* took him short,
Have you a King? Thank Maz'rine for't !
 Fr. Man] *Who'er the Father was, the Mother*
Was France's Q. (P——is) who questions t'other?
 At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purse,
 And parting made his peace with Nurse.
 The *Dane*, the *Swede*, with other Nations,
 Come in with loud Congratulations.
 Upon the *Swede* so fam'd for Battle,
 He cast a frown and shook his Rattle.
 And for the *Dane*, who took the part
 Of good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
 This put him to a sullen fit,
 Nurse scarce could dance him out of it.
 When an Ambassador from *Poland*,
 Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holland*,
 He crying suck'd, and sucking cry'd,
 When Lady *Governess* reply'd,
 Peace, *Prince*, peace, *Prince*, peace pritty *Prince*.
 And let the *States* have Audience.

Dutch

Dutch-man] From Holland I am hither sent,
 To Challenge, not to Complement.
 Prepare with speed your Twenty Sail,
 Your twice four Thousand on the Nail;
 Which by your Senate was enacted,
 With Orange, when your Sire contracted.
 The Name of Holland did affright,
 And make th' young Hero scream outright.
 But Orange nam'd the Royal Elf,
 The sweet, sweet Babe, besmit himself.
 Myrretonnel, who came o're no less
 Than to be made his Governess.
 To take her leave, by luck came in,
 He suck'd his Nose, and lick'd him clean.
 Next came the Lady H——— from Play,
 Who'd by Instinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
 And posted to the Queen away.

An Epistle to Mr. Dryden.

Dryden, thy Wit has Catterwaul'd too long,
 Now *Lero, Lero*, is the only Song.
 That Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
 Off, and set off our goodly Farce of State?
 Albevil can turn a deep Intrigue,
 And first well warm'd with Bishop Talgol's Jigg.
 ——— cannot sleep, or if a Nap he takes,
 A Dream some old *Tresilian* Ballad breaks.
 It was e'er seen the like in Prose or Metre,
 Or this mad Play, or work of Father Petre?
 Court no longer Punchionello takes,
 Each Scene, Part, Cue, mishapen to the Mac's.

Such

144 *State-Poems Continued.*

Such Plot, and the Catastrophe is such,
 We must be either *Irish* all, or *Dutch*.
 Our very Judges in *Westminster-Hall*,
 Like their old Roof were *Irish* Timber all.
 And (bless us!) *Irish* Wolves are brought to keep
 The Nation, grown now all such silly Sheep;
 Such errand Asses, errand Cattel made,
 Or to be yok'd, or saddl'd, fleec'd, or flea'd.
 O Martyr's Son thy Destiny is shown;
 Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
 So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
 By Heav'n deny'd, did Hell's black Pow'rs engage
 Yet sped the Hero: *Jove* and Fate were strong;
 Religious care! He took his Gods along:
 But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lyon roars,
 And shakes afar the *French* and *British* Shores:
 One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
 Lord! what they tell us of some Prince from *Frize*
 Arms, and the Man they sing, no *French* fineness
 But hearty blows, and *Brandenburgh* Address.
 Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes agen,
 We rise, and walk, all true erected Men.
 The force of those *Circean* Cups subdu'd,
 And the Wild Charms our new *Armada* brew'd,
 The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
 And grubs the base pretenders to his stock.

But oh! what Spirit of Deceit afar,
 Possess'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar!
 What Bane, what Mischief on poor Mortals shed
 By Vermin, from the Laws Corruption bred.
 Tho' to their *Irish* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
 Below, what strife and endless Toils they weave
 Wanting brave strength to strangle Men to death
 What Frauds they hide! what Venom underneath
 And when some shorter course to Murder's shown
 Cry, O that (luscious) Point! they gain'd the
 Crown. Sons

Sons of the Pulpit the same measures keep,
 And of that same stumm'd Cup have drunk as deep.
 Agog for some odd Transubstantiate thing,
 Chimera Reign, or Metaphysick King,
 Sublim'd to School-Divinity extreams,
 Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
 So high from solid honest Wisdom blown,
 They'd have some *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne.
 Not Law ordain'd, but by some God appointed,
 Not Lay-elected, but by Priest anointed.
 Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Priestcraft Prince,
 Give us a King *Divine*, by Law and Sense.
 Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons a sport,
 Their Cause is carry'd to the last Effort.
 Princes in more compendious Method teach,
 Force is their way? let Old Apostles Preach.
 What's stablish'd Law, where standing Armies come,
 Who'll talk Gospel to a Kettle Drum?
 When God would hear, where Giants did oppress,
 The several Nations had their *Hercules*.
 Were the Horns of grizly Violence broke;
 People freed from triple *Geryon's* Yoke.
 The various Snake in *Lerna*-Lough that bred?
 That loll'd and hiss'd to Death, at every head,
 The mean Lion, *Erimanthian* Boar,
 Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:
 By his God-like Prowess done away,
 Their Lawless Rule, and that Gigantick sway.
 In vain whilst this high Vertue Nations fought,
 The *Nassau*-House were never yet without.
 Or is confin'd to *Provinces* their care,
 Their gen'rous labour neighb'ring *Kingdoms* share,
 As the foul Herd flee from his lifted hand,
 That long had made a *Stable* of the Land.
 The Monster of the Lough, new *Lerna* Plague,
 But scarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teague*.

146 *State-Poems Continued.*

The ravenous Kind, the Harpies sharp for prey,
 With Birds obscene, and uncouth to the day.
 No Den, no Ditch, no rousting for them more,
 Now, now is come our *Hercules* ashore.
 Vile *Fraud* dispell'd, and superstitious Mists :
 He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Priests.
 Then warmer *Wallop*, in due Scarlet shewn,
 To *Coffee-Dick* bequeaths his rusty Gown.
 Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
 How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas*-Shoulders shine
 How wou'dst thou all the Maids of Honour fright,
 With naughty Tale, of *Fifty* in a Night?
 Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
 No Miracle to forty thousand Men.
 When Law, and hald Divinity begins,
 Why then the marvel that a Poet sings.

The DREAM.

W Eary'd with Bus'ness and with Cares oppress
 My Faculties were Doz'd, and fond of rest
 An unusual Heaviness did on me creep,
 My soul indulg'd it, yet I could not sleep.
 Dreams short and frightful vex't me all the Night
 I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light ;
 The first such Wonders brought within my view,
 And when I wak'd I almost thought them true.
 Methought I saw great *Julius* sadly lie,
 Bleeding from all his Wounds and *Brutus* by,
 The ungrateful *Brutus* which he doted on,
 With *Meager Cassius* pleas'd with what he'd done
 Crying, the World and *Brutus* are my own.

I near

I nearer drew to view the Ghastly Trunk,
 But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cesar* was sunk;
 'Twas *Charles* the Second, which lay mangl'd
 The Sacrificing Tribe too did appear, (there,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *York* and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, grasp'd his Brother by the hand,
 I heard him sighing say within my Land,
 A Faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
 Who in the utmost of Extremity,
 When all but her, and much upbraided I
 Wou'd from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
 Reach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
 And in thy Banishment maintain thy Cause;
 Active Obedience thou hast much in store,
 But do not urge it to thy utmost pow'r.
James to preserve her most devoutly Swore;
Charles dy'd, and *James* discharg'd his Oath next
 Saw the Priests flock in: the *Bishops* out, hour.
 Saw *Petres* cram the Wafer down his Throat,
 Tho' dead, it sav'd the Heretick no doubt:
 Saw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
 Wretched Train, and a more wretched fight;
 To me it seem'd a Fun'ral in Disguise,
 Or fear his Creditors shou'd his Body seize.
 Saw him shewn for two Pence in a Chest,
 Like *Monk*, old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the rest,
 And if the Figure answer'd its intent,
 Ten Years time 'twould buy a Monument.
 My Fancy brought me back again to Court,
 Where only *Fools* Advise, and *Knaves* Resort,
 Or Kingdoms Curse, and other Nations Sport:
 Hear the *Jesuites* in a grand Cabal,
 Resolve to Root out *Heresie*, or fall.
 Whose particular Opinion gave;
 They cry'd, an Opportunity we have
 To fetter her, who kept us long her Slave:

148 State-Poems Continued.

Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
 How to suppress it by a forward Fool;
 A bawling blundering senseless Tool.
 Whose Mouthing at *White Chappel* first began,
 Who regularly to his Greatness ran,
 Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
 And now Usurps the Court of Equity?
 He said, If you would bring the Clergy down,
 Erect a Court-Commission from the Crown,
 And for Dispensing Law let me alone.
 They hugg'd their bubble, and the deed was done
Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*,
 Canker'd the Worthy *Universities*. (mand
 The seats of Learning *Black-Heads* might come
 Yet the King's Promise to the Church doth stand
 Next, *Liberty of Conscience* was Ordain'd;
 The *Bishops* for Contempt were then Arraign'd;
 The Nobles and the Commons Closetted,
 The *Penal Laws* must be Abolished:
 If you refuse, your *Principles* are base,
 Disloyal, and you lose our Royal Grace,
 And each that has Dependencies his Place.
Rochester fell, the Loyal *Herbert* starv'd;
 Each that forsook his God, his *Monarch* serv'd:
Somerset lost his Troops, and *Shrewsbury*,
Oxford was stripp'd. So *Scarsdal*, *Lumley*;
 And many more too tedious to relate,
 By whom in safety, *James*, thou now dost sit.
 When thou perceiv'dst no comfort from this Will
 Thy Dame immediately was quick with Child
 The *Princess* at the Bath when it was Born,
 The *Bishops* in the Tower, yet had he sworn
 The *Church of England* never should be wrong'd
 Upon this News the Hot-brain'd *Papists* Throng'd
 I wak'd, and as I on my Dream Reflected,
 My reasonable Notions thus projected:

O King

O King, I cry'd, thy Measures run too fast,
 And thou wilt find the Curse of it at last ;
 Why dost thou wrong thy Country, shame thy life,
 To please false Priests, and an ungrateful Wife ;
 A Wife, whose Character has always been
 A Fawning Dutches, and a Sawey Queen ?
 How canst thou suffer *Petre's* Insolence,
 Who only makes the Harvest of his Prince.
 A Slave, to Rule three Kingdoms, Govern thee,
 Yet ne'er was Master of a Family ?
 This Serpent envying thy Happiness,
 Has crept into thy *Eve*, whose wilfulness
 Has certainly betray'd thy Paradise ;
 Bitterning *Hattifax* thy Fall foresaw ;
 And early did his slighted Faith withdraw,
 He needs no pardon for the Advice he gave,
 Which shews him honeste'r than some that have.
 Under the Rose Men use their mind to tell,
 But now *Myne-Heer* 'tis under the Broad Seal ;
Nassau, with thy promis'd Succours come,
 And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rohie* :
 My Wife shall young *Octavia's* place supply,
 And those that have betray'd our Country fly ;
 Unless the King to prove the Prince his own,
 Shall to the Lyons Den present his Son ;
 And if the Royal brute do not destroy,
 The Infant, By *Christ* 'tis his none Joy.

Over the Lord Dover's door, 1686.

Unhappier Age who'r saw,
 When Truth doth go for Treason ?
 Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
 And Coxcomb's Sense for Reason.

I 50 *State-Poems Continued.*

Religion's made a *Bawd* of State,
To serve the Pimps and Panders,
Our Liberty a Prison Gate,
And *Irish-Men* Commanders.

O wretched is our Fate !
What Dangers do we run !
We must be wicked to be Great,
and to be Just, undone.
'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
And makes the Nation great ;
To *Irish-Men* he trusts the Sword,
To *Jesuits* the State.

Over the Lord Salisbury's door, 1686

IF *Cecil* the Wise,
From his Grave should arise,
And look the fat B——t in the Face,
He'd take him from Mass,
And turn him to Grass,
And Swear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'M come my future Fate to seek,
Speak then, *Cœlestial* Block-head speak.

Answer.

(*Rome.*

Had'st thou not consulted with the Witch at
Thou need'st not thus like *Saul*, to *Endor* come,
To seek out (Brother solid-head) thy Doom.

The

The Hearts of all thy Friends, are lost and gone ;
Gazing they stand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And scarce believe thou art the Martyr's Son.

Those whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace,
They, to their Interest, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in sorrow make thee end thy Days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud ; why should'st thou, Monarch,
why,

Live unbelov'd, and unlamented die ?

*Essay written over his Door upon an In-
stitution, and Induction.*

I.

'TIS a strange thing to think on,
That old Tom of Lincoln,
Who writ for the Reformation,
Shou'd so basely submit,
Without Honour or Wit,
To be Reading the Declaration.

II.

Whoever takes Order
From this Satan Recorder,
And thinks to go out a Divine,
will find it a Folly,
To expect the Ghost Holy,
'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine.

*The Fable of the Pot and Kettle, as it
was told by Colonel Titus the Night
before he Kiss'd the Kings Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Brass Kettle flow'd
The heavy Caldron, sinking and distress'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppress'd,
Slily bespoke the lighter Vessel's aid;
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly said,
Come, Brother, why should we divided lose
The strength of Union, and our selves expose
To the Insults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with United Forces we can stem?
Tho' different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendship understood,
And made this Answer; Tho' I wish for Ease
And Safety this Alliance does not please;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Constitution is too rough for me;
If by the Waves I against you am tost,
Or you to me, I equally am lost;
And fear more Mischief from your hardned side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
I calmer Days, and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and serve your end,
To perish by the *Rigor* of my Friend.

The Moral.

Learn hence (ye Whigs) and act no more like Fools,
Nor trust their Friendship who wou'd make you
Tools ;
While empty Praises and smooth Flatt'ers serve,
Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd Smiles
deserve :
But let not the Alliance further pass ;
Nor know that you are Clay, and they are Brass.

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Dissenter here does lie indeed,
He ne'er with any or himself agreed ;
But rather than want Subjects to his spite,
Wou'd Snake-like turn, and his own Tail wou'd
bite.
Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faster side ;
But when he came by Suff'ring to be try'd,
The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride :
Hence, *Settle*-like, he to recanting fell
Of all he wrote or fancy'd to be well ;
Thus purg'd from good ; and thus prepar'd by
evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and marcht off to the Devil.

*A Lenten PROLOGUE refus'd by the
Players, 1682.*

OUr Prologue-wit grows flat : the Naps worn off,
 And howsoe'er we turn and trim the Stuff,
 The Gloss is gone, that look'd at first so gaudy ;
 'Tis now no Jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
 But Plots and Parties, give new Matter birth ;
 And State-Distractions serve you here for mirth !
 At *England's* cost Poets now purchase Fame,
 While Factionous Heats destroy us, without shame
 These wanton *Nero's* fiddle to the Flame.
 The Stage, like old Rump Pulpits, is become
 The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum.
 Here Poets beat their Brains for Volunteers,
 And take fast hold of Asses by their Ears. (low
 Their gingling Rhime for Reason here you swallow
 Like *Orpheus* Musick makes Beasts to follow.
 What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread ?
 How it can change a *Libellor's* heart, and clear
Laureats Head !

Open his Eyes till the mad Prophet see *Med*
Plots working in a future Power to be. p. 4
 Traitors inform'd to his *Second Sight* are clear ;
 And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear ;
 Rebellion is the *Burden* of the *Seer*.
 To *Bays* in Vision were of late reveal'd
Whig Armies, that at *Knightsbridge* lay conceal'd
 And tho' no mortal Eye could see't before, *Rob. Cam*
The Battle was just entering at the door ! p. 18
 A dangerous *Association* sign'd by none ! *Rob. Cam*
 The Joyner's Plot to seize the King alone ! p. 5
Stephen with *Colledge* made his dire Compact ;
 The watchful *Irish* took 'em in the Fact--
 Of riding arm'd ; Oh Traiterous *Overt Act* !

With

With each of 'em an ancient Pistol sided ;
 Against the Statute in that Case provided.
 But why was such an Host of Swearers prest ?
 Their Succour was ill Husbandry at best.
 Boys's Crown'd Muse by Sovereign Right of Satyr,
 Without Desert can dub a Man a Traitor.
 And Tories, without troubling Law or Reason,
 By Loyal Instinct can find Plots and Treason.
 But here's our Comfort, though they never scan
 The Merits of the Cause, but of the Man,
 Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake
 Law-- that is made by Judges whom they make.
 Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease
 They turn those pliant Puppets as they please.
 With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
 Such shall be sure to meet--but when there's need;
 When a sick State, and a sinking Church call for 'em,
 Then 'tis our *Tories* most of all abhor 'em.
 Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of Defence
 Grateful to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,
 If it dare speak the untamper'd Nations sense. }
 Nay, Paper's Tumult, when our Senates cease ;
 And some Mens Names alone can break the Peace.
 Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet ;
 As choosing honest Sheriffs makes a Riot.
 To punish Rascals, and bring *France* to Reason,
 Is to be hot, and press things out of Season ; }
 And to Damn Popery, is *Irish* Treason. }
 To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
 Is a Fanatick Plot against the State.
 To Skreen his Person from a Popish Gun,
 Has all the Mischief in't of *Forty One*.
 To save our Faith, and keep our Freedom's Char-
 Is once again to make a Royal Martyr. (ter,
 This Logick is of *Tories* deep Inditing,
 The very best they have. --- but Oaths and Fighting.
 Let

Let 'em Chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,
 And *Roger* vapour o'er us in *Effigy*.
 Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent,
 And sing up Nonsense to their Hearts content.
 If for the King (as All's pretended) they pray,
 Do here drink Healths, and Curse; sure we may
 Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*,
 Safe from old Foes—but most from his new Friends!
 Such Protestants as prop a *Popish* Cause,
 And Loyal Men, that break all Bounds of Laws!
 Whose Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed,
 And when they've scarce left him a Crust of Bread,
 Their corrupt Fathers foreign steps to follow,
 Cheat even of Scraps, and that last Sop would swal-
French Ferrers may this Isle no more endure; (low-
 Spite of *Rome's* Art stand *England's* Church secure,
 Not from such Brothers as desire to mend it,
 But false Sons; who designing worse to mend it,
 With leud *Lives* and no *Fortunes* would defend it.

*On Easter-day 87. this was found fixt
 on the King's Chappel Door.*

WHEN God Almighty had his Palace fram'd,
 That Glorious shining Place he Heaven
 Nam'd;
 And when the first *Rebellious* Angels fell,
 He Doom'd them to a certain place; call'd Hell.
 Here's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd by Sacred Story,
 But yet I ne'r could read of Purgatory,
 That cleansing-place which of late years is found,
 For sinning-Souls to Flux in till they're found:
 The Priett form'd that for the good *Roman* Race,
 Our Maker never thought of such a place,

Oh

Oh Rome! we'll own thee for a Learn'd wise Nation,
To add a place wanting in God's Creation.

Upon K. J. Pistalling a Mastiff Dog at
Banbury, in his last Progress.

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to please us,
Of mighty *Perseus*, *Hercules*, and *Theseus*;
And several other gallant Heroes too,
Who ev'ry one their several Monsters slew.
The *Minotaur* did *Theseus* bravely Slaughter,
And then as bravely Sw--d the King's own Daugh-
Nemean Lyon bold *Hercules* did choak, (ter,
And of his Skin made him a lasting Cloak.
The far fam'd *Perseus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
And all t'enjoy *Andromeda's* brown Tail
Historians all the great *St. George* admire,
For murd'ring horrid Dragon that spit Fire.
But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
One of these Heroes slew the Dog of Hell;
Renown'd Attempts (you'll all confess) if true,
But our great J--s did more than this, (*Morbleau*:)
He who before, t' immortalize his Name,
Lost dreaded *England* all her Navel Fame;
He who return'd from *Belgick* Lions Roar,
When *Sandwich* funk in fight of *Southwold* Shore;
He who two Summers but of late sat down
With all his Forces before *Hounslow* Town, }
And nothing else but bare dishonour won;
He, when he saw his Loving Friend assail'd
By furious Mastiff-Cur, Ear snip'd, bob tail'd,
Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woa's* fierce,
Ready to seize the Lord-Lieutenant's Horse:

'Tis

158 *State-Poems Continued.*

'Tis true, quoth he, to shew that wonderous might
Which I have long conceal'd from Humane Sight:
With furious Tone pursuing then his Speech,
Fanatick-Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,
(He cry'd) *For know thou art but bluntly pointed,*
Tho' sharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lords Anointed.
To which the Dog, who never Scripture read,
And scorn'd to call an Earthly Monarch, Dread
I am no Dog (quoth he) to Fawn and Flatter,
But I Address according to my Nature :
However, know I am a Dog of Sense,
That's more than may be said of many a Prince.
With this the mighty J—— a Pistol drew,
Discharg'd, and shot the Mastiff 'thro' and thro' :
Some say, that *Vulcan* like, he riv'd his Brain,
No Matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane,
By Royal Hand for saucy Language slain,
And both got Honour, Dog and Sov'reign,
The Sov'reign had the Honour Dog to kill ;
The Mastiff, that a Prince his Gore did spill ;
Now then, come down from Heaven (ye Cur
come down,

Thou whom the sultry Summers so renown :
Resign that place of thine more justly due,
To this same Dog, whom God's Vicegerent flew :
Surely a Dog so dignify'd in Story,
Is th'only Dog with Constellations Glory.

And you, who in your Signs *St. George* advance
Trampling o'er Dragon's Jaws, pierc'd through
with Lance,

Alter your painting, and set up in place,
The bravest Hero of the *Scottish* Race,
Discharging Thunder from his gaudy Sattel,
And Mastiff prostrate in a goary Puddle :
So shall your Truth advance o'er Fabulous Toys
And Dog and Monarch both Immortalize.

The Metamorphosis.

HAd the late fam'd Lord *Rochester* surviv'd,
 We'd been inform'd who all our Plots contriv'd,
 Authors and Actors we had long since seen,
 In sharpest Satyrs they'd recorded been,
 Tho' Captain, Doctor, Lord, Duke, K--g or Q--n :
 His bold and daring Muse had soar'd on high,
 And brought down true Intelligence from the Sky,
 He oft the Court has of its Vices told,
 While Priests pretend they dare not be so bold ;
 Tho' they're Heav'n's Messengers, it's Livery wear,
 Receive it's bounteous Salary, yet they dare,
 Neglect their Duty, or for Gain or Fear,
 Connive at what's directly opposite, (lite :
 And e'er they'll give Offence, each turn a Prose-
 Witness the dismal Change that now is come,
 Long since expected by the Church of Rome.
 The Calves of *Dan* and *Bethel* bleat aloud,
 And *Feroboham* worships in the Croud ;
 Our upstart Statesmen turn with every Wind
 That blows from *Rome*, to Sense and Truth are blind.
 But yet, though ten of our twelve Tribes should fall,
 And worship *Dagon*, *Ashtaroath*, and *Baal* ;
 A Remnant will remain, who firm will stand,
 To God, Religion, and their Native Land,
 Who will not bow themselves to th' *Romish* Yoke,
 Tho' they share *Sydney's* or brave *Russel's* Stroke,
 Nor can this *Egypt's* Darkness long remain,
 A Star of *Jesse* will once shine out again ;
 Scotch Vermin, *Irish* Frogs, *French* Locusts ; All
 That swarm both at *St. James's* and *Whitehall* ;
 Though now advanc'd to all Trust, all Command,
 All Offices enjoy by Sea and Land,
Shall

Shall, when this Sun doth set, no more appear
Within the Confines of our Hemisphere.

A Princely Branch remains will on us smile,
And spread its goodly Boughs quite o're the Isle;
Confirm our staggering Hopes, remove our Fears,
And turn to Balm of *Gilead* all our Tears;
The Church and State shall nourish as before,
Just Judges to the needful Bench restore; (those
And thoroughly purge the Judgment-Seat from
Who make the Laws themselves the Laws Oppose.
For such there are, and in the highest Place,
Who their Profession do so much disgrace;
That many fear their Grievance to unfold,
Where Law and Conscience both are bought and
Our Pulpits too shall be adorn'd with those (sold,
Who turn not with each blast of Wind that blows;
Who dare teach Truth, and dare that Truth main-
tain,

Not moved by Threatnings, Frowns, Favour, or
Gain;

That dare declare against the Sins o'th Nation,
While others of that Tribe embrace the Fashion.
Nor henceforth shall those Black-coat Vipers come,
Who here are daily disembogu'd from *Rome*;
Where Sins of all Kinds, and of all Degrees,
(The Church Revenues, and the Office Fees
Being Discharg'd) Religiously are done,
Tho't be to murder Father, Brother, Son?
Ravish a Sister, with a Daughter do
What Nature has a just abhorrence to;
For which if Purgatory or Hell you'll shun.
Fee the Priests largely, and your work is done;
They're Delegates to him that keeps the Keys,
And can't admit one Soul without the Fees;
For he, as God, in Heav'n and Earth has Pow'r
To Crown and to Uncrown in the same Hour;

Un-

Unmake and make, create and uncreate,
 To Torments after Death can give a Date ;
 From him proceeds inevitable Fate. }
 These Imps do now in Crowds each other follow,
 And hope e're long Churches and Bells to hallow ;
 To teach you how to worship to the *East*,
 Prescribe us Fasts, while they themselves do feast ;
 Whole Loads of Reliques they have got together,
 Ay, and Saint *Peter's* Shadows gliding hither ;
 In th' Abby shortly will be kept a Fair,
 Where you may buy such consecrated Ware, }
 As *England* has not seen this hundred Year. }
 For 'tis not *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Spain*,
 That can the thousandth Part of Saints contain ;
 For Saints, by Canonizing, do become
 By an infallible Deception made at *Rome*,
 Not only Omnipresent, but beside,
 One into twenty thousand they divide :
 The like with other Reliques they can do,
Joseph's old Coat, the Virgin *Mary's* Shoo ;
 Saint *Peter's* Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear ;
 The Hoof's o' th' filly Ass which Christ did bear :
 The right Eye of *John Baptist*, and the Apostle,
 St. *Thomas's* Shoulder Blade-bone, with the Gristle ;
 The Virgin *Mary's* Milk sold by the Quart ;
 Nay, th' Blood and Water, which from Jesus's Heart
 Was by a Soldier let out with a Spear,
 By Miracle kept 'bove sixteen hundred year :
 Besides all this, more Nails to shew there be,
 That fix'd our Saviour Christ unto the Tree.
 Than twenty Smiths in a whole day can make ;
 Yet all these for the same the Church does take.
 Bless me, thought I, good Heaven ! What does
 this mean ?
 Such Trumpery by me shall ne'er be seen ;

M

No

No, nor the Monsters, that were nam'd before,
 Altho' a Trumpet stood before the Door,
 And, after dismal found on *Ludgate-Hill*,
 Where Porcupine of you did cast his Quill ;
 Where Crocodile, Rhinoceros, and Baboon,
 With other Progedies are daily shown ;
 Invite me in, I wou'd not stir, I swear,
 To see those more Prodigious—— there.

Cæsar's Ghost.

T Was still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
 Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere
 But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
 As if old *Chaos* were again return'd ;
 When not one Gleam of the Eternal Light
 Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night ;
 In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
 And all the Winds were burid in the Deep ;
 No whispering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
 Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below ;
 No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purl'd ;
 But all conspir'd to hush the drowsy World.

When on my Couch in thoughtless Slumbers
 wrapt,
 I lay repos'd ; —— My very Soul too slept
 In peaceful dulness, silent and serene,
 Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.
 Methought I saw a dark and dismal Vault,
 Whose Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
 And seem'd by some Infernal Magick wrought :
 So vast and so perplexing intricate,
 As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate ;

And

And yet of Kings the great Repositer;
 And only Royal Dust lies mouldering here:
 Amongst these Monuments of Sacred Fame,
 Great *Cæsar* stood; *Cæsar*, whose deathless Name,
 When Shrines decay, triumphant shall remain,
 While Sense, good Nature, Wit, and Love shall reign.
 While I with awful Fear and Trembling, paid
 Humble Oblations to the mighty Dead.

Metthought the sweating Marble did uncloze,
 And from Death's Mansion the dead Monarch rose,
 His Eyes o're all scatter'd a fullen Light,
 Such as divides the breaking Day from Night;
 By whose faint Rays the Object I discern'd
 All pale———with ghastly Majesty adorn'd.
 His stiffen'd Loyns a purple Mantle bore,
 His Brows a wreath of wither'd Lawrels wore,
 Such as had flourish'd there in Life before.

Now forth he stalks, silent as Shadows glide,
 Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divide;
 As quick as thought the faithless Town he past,
 And towards the *Camp* of wonderful Fame does hast,
 While Midnight Fogs surround his awful Head,
 And down his Locks their baneful Poyson shed;

The wandering airy *Dæmons* at the View,
 And all the *Ignis Fatuus*'s withdrew;
Hecate let fall her charm-preparing weeds, (treads
 Wondring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface
 Which more than that which she invokes, she
 She flies all frightened with erected Hair, (dreads.)
 And scarce her Broomstaff bears her thro' the Air;
 From his dread Presence every Evil ran,

Except that more-exalted Evil, Man:
 Not the first Race of less corrupted Fiends, (Sins.
 Till taught by Man, knew half their new-coin'd

Thrice with Majestick pace he walks the round,
 Surveying the Pavilions utmost bound,
 And useless Grandeur every where he found. *Phi-*

Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pharsalian* Field,
 Did not more signs of Glorious Action yield ;
 But this was all for show, not Terror made,
 'Twas *Hounslow* Farce, a Siege in Masquerade.

More near he views it, and found within,
 All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin ;
Alsatia's Sink into this Common shore,
 Did all its vile and nasty Nufance pour;
 Fat Sharpers, Broken Cuckolds, Gamesters, Cheats,
 What *Newgate* dissembogues, find here Retreats;
 The Groom and Footman from their Liv'ry stript,
 With Scarf, Gay Feather, and Command equipt.
 Promotion gives to Sauciness Pretence,
 And Greatness is mistook for Insolence ;
 And to evince their Valour every Hour,
 Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r;
 Yet to the Country Ladies these appear
 So Novel, witty, *Beau en Cavalier*,
 That scarce a tender Heart is left behind,
 Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find !
 The Phantom to that Quarter first resorts,
 Where the Illustrious Gen'als keep their Courts.

I.

Great *Fever*—— the Foremost of the Crew,
 Whose Uncle *Turein* well cou'd fight we know.
 He who so often do's repeat the Jest
 How he subdu'd the Monarch of the *West*,
 (Or wou'd have done had he not been undrest.)
 This rough stern Hero of the *British* War
 To Neighbouring Tents is always born in Chain,
 For fear of Incommodement from the Air.

II.

It wonders what did *Chur*——// recommend,
 Who never did to Deeds of Arms pretend :
 Love, all his Active Youth, his bus'ness was,
 Love that best suits his handsome Shape and Face.

But

But Armies are like Verse, whose Doggrel Lines
 Are here for Sense, and there for gingling Rhimes.
 (Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
 And learns to be more charming Company,
 Where the ill-manner'd God has nought to do :)
 Some few for fighting are, but most for shew ;
 Where rich imbroider'd Cloaks *a la Campagne*
 So often shine, unless it chance to rain.
 Then Lord how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling !
 Undone, 'tis spoil'd, e're shown before the King ;
 In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they're basking laid
 As fine as young Birds on *Persian* Carpets tread, }
 That o're the spacious Floor in wanton Pride are
 spread.

Like Feasting Gods luxurious, and, they say,
 As arrant Fornicators too as they.
 None come amiss when Lust their Fancies lead,
Alcmena, nor the sweet-fac'd *Ganimede* ;
 And, like those Gods, they all are giv'n to Love,
 But none we hear e're thunder'd but old *Jove*.

III.

Here one the Hero acts in *Lovit's* Arms, }
 And calls his Passions out in warlike Terms,
 Tells of soft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms;
 How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
 And how at the first Onset he gave ground ;
 He who ne'er yet did to a Conqueror bow,
 Yet kisses and adores his Fetters now ;
 While all the Batteries ever he assay'd,
 Have been against some Female Fortless Maid ;
 But *Love-it*, who has less of Love than Pride, }
 Being with gilt Coach and Country-House sup-
 Makes that atone for all Defects beside. (pli'd)

IV.

Here lay a Youth of all his Wits bereft,
 Who this Campaign was by his Mistress left.

166 *State-Poems Continued.*

A nauseous Strumpet, Insolent and Loud,
 False and Destructive, basely Born, and Proud.
 Oh bubb'd Fool, thou that had'st seen the Fate
 Of Cully Ba—*she's* quickly spent Estate :
Collier undone, and forty Rake-hells more
 For an old common o're grown flabby Whore,
 Whose Bastard-Son may vie with thee for Age,
 A Trader twenty years upon the Stage :
 What from th' expensive Folly couldst thou see,
 But shameful Ruine, laught at Infamy ?
 Thy Eyes I know were open'd long before,
 But still the Jilt betray'd thee to the Whore ;
 Debas'd thy Noble Spirits to her Rule,
 And turn'd thy once fair Fame to ridicule ;
 Debauch'd thy Sense with Conversation base,
 Whores, Eating Pimps, Play'rs, a numerous Race,
 While thou the treating Cully art despis'd,
 And Cuckold by the Slaves thou Gormandiz'd.
 Return, thou Prodigal from Husks and Swine,
 The Ruin of the first, was Cause of thine :
 They say thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
 And we'll believe thou can'st be braver yet :
 Thou'lt yet a Nobler Race of Life to run,
 Leave *Her*——d to her now to be undone :
 But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade,
 Love cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangieren* he beheld,
 More mawl'd by Love then e're he was in Field ;
 Yet wondrous Amorous still, and wondrous gay,
 Old *January* dizen'd up in *May* ;
 His Zeals as Trophies of his Victory Graces, } Coll.
 But all adorn'd with many Looking-glasses, } Sac. A
 In which he practises *Bon Mein* and Faces ; }
 How well to manage *Ogling*, and what Air
 He shou'd maintain, when cock, when frisk his Hair ?
 What

What Affectation best wou'd Youth express,
And least the Ruins of his Age confess;
Half-choak'd with monstrous Cravat-string, Dis-
putes

What Colour best to his Completion suits ;
And all in middle Gallery to pore,
And claim which is his Joy, some low priz'd Whore,
Vain self-admiring Fop, though every day
Thou dost thy antiquated Form survey !
But to be well deceiv'd, cease playing the Afs
Six hours each Morn before a Looking-Glass, }
And trust the wiser Valet with thy Dress ?
For whilst thou dost not thy ag'd Face behold,
Thy Dress may flatter thee thou art not old.

VI.

Chett, that Scoundrel, he whom Nature made
An arrant Fool although a Rogue by Trade,
Which he industriously improv'd so well, }
He does in nicest Villany Excel,
And from the Trumpet rais'd the Colonel ;
Yet lives a double Scandal in his Race,
His Morals are as odious as his Face :
Though Knave and Coward in his Front be writ,
He has one Virtue recommends him yet ;
A Passive Valour that can kicking bear, }
A Caution that secur'd him in his Fear
Behind the Canon in the *Western* War.
And farther to this Honour has Pretence,
Can cheat his Men with matchless Impudence :
But that's the gen'ral Cry, while no bold Tongue
Is found to tell *Augustus* of their wrong.

VII.

Next a *Gabresious Allonier* ; who fate
Like *Bacchus* on his Tun in Drunken State,
With all his mellow Gang encompass'd round,
In high Debauch of Wine and Bawdry down'd.

VIII.

That Monster G — dy of prodigious size,
 A Body fitted to his beastly Vice;
 A Face to all more formidable far
 Than *Gorgon's* Head, or to that Coward *War*;
 In Youth mean Cheats and Rooking with his Trade,
 Now (starving) got Command—for Drink—not
 Bread.

IX.

V — our new *Troy's* *Hector*, and its hope,
 Preferr'd from Tail of Coach, to Head of Troop;
 'Twas no true Valour got him first a Name,
 But some Welsh Fury did his Blood inflame,
 And sure he never fought when he was ta'en.
 No Brutal Coward Tyrant *Algerine*
 Ne're treated Slaves so ill as his have been;
 As if to him Authority were new,
 It is but damn the Rascal, and a Blow.
 For they so oft false Musters we observe,
 Rather than follow him the Rogues will starve;
 And wou'd, if e'er indeed there came a War,
 Be justly shot like wry neck'd *Chevalier*,
 By some of his own Soldiers in the Rear.
 But V — n's not alone, more of his stamp,
 That better merit *Tyburn*, rule the Camp.

X.

Among this Crew M — // that Fornicator,
 Incamp'd with Grandam *Dox*y and her Daughter;
 The good old Soul he loves because she's handy,
 Can Joque and Smoak, & hold him tack with Brandy
 Full Threescore Years in wise Experience bred;
 Preferr'd from drawing Ale to M — //s Bed;
 She's old enough to Witch, and by her Art
 Has struck some crooked Pin quite thro' his Heart.
 Or has some damn'd Infirmity unseen,
 That makes him dote on such a rivall'd Queen.

XI.

Among this Drunken Club was Beau Sir Tom,
 Dubb'd for his Brother's Merits not his own;
 From drudging City-Prig advanc'd to be
 Right Worshipful, in Place of High Degree,
 But knew not how to manage Quality ;
 And thought the nearest way was to be lewd,
 While all Degrees the Debauchee pursu'd ;
 But like true Cit did always over-do,
 As well in Lewdness as in Fashions too ;
 Drinking's his leading Vice, his darling Sin,
 That pumps his duller Inclination in
 Then loud as Storms, encourag'd for all Evil,
 Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.
 By chance the Poet *Elkanah* was there
 To make them sport, for 'twas not yet the Fair ;
 With many more too scandalous to name,
 Whose Talents are to Sware, Whore, Drink & Game;
 At a large Table they were seated round,
 With Bottles, Snuff, foul Pipes, and Glassess crown'd,
 Boxes and Dice——but whether false or true,
 Leave it to the Fools that Night shall rue ;
 For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
 That came to see the Show, look'd to by Bully,
 Where bubbled of their Coin, they heeled are
la Campagne, —— that is with Chear entire :
Amme, cries *Grab*, each Prig his Buttock bring,
 And let us forthwith fall to managing ;
 When I am boozing, clear old Dudgeon's Drolish,
 When let my Natural be a Jump, a Polish,
 Sink her down——Then makes some nasty Jest,
 And crowns it with a Bumber to the Best ;
 And calls for a Link-boy, swears his Pego's nice,
 And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
 Then to the height of Lewdness they retire,
 And *Venus* must extinguish *Bacchus* fire.

Thus

Thus 'tis when Men forsake an honest Trade,
 How much the better Pedant thou hadst made ;
 Or (bilking sharp) hadst bulli'd up and down,
 And scar'd the trembling Mortals of the Town ?
 This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere ;
 Yet still this Part of thee remains while here,
 That thou canst Cheat, Oppress and Domineer.
 Though thus much by thy Foes must be confess'd
 Of all thy roaring Tribe thou art the best.

The rest such Cowards, Sots, such hard'ned Rogues
 Blasphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines and Dogs
 Have newer Sins than were to *Sodom* known,
 And if just Heav'n should send his Vengeance down
 There's not one *Lot* to save a sinking Town.

But numberless and endless 'twere to tell
 All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.
 All which the Phantom does in hast survey,
 He scents the Morning-Air, and must away,
 And on the *Eastern* Hill he views the breaking Day.
 Yet e'er he goes with a Remorse extreme,
 Looks back and Sighs o'er this *Jerusalem* ;
 Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
 In whispering Our pronounc'd thrice - *Wo, wo, wo*
 And then methought I heard a hollow Sound,
 Like Ecchoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound
 And thus it spake — *Full five and twenty Years*
I Reign'd, without the Noise or Toil of Wars,
Bore all th' Indignities of Faction's Power,
And saw my life in danger every hour ;
Yet rather had resign'd it up in Peace,
Than ow'd my Safety to such Brutes as these,
At best a Scare-crow Rebels to affright,
Put them to Action, and scarce one will fight.

Ah, great Augustus ! thou deserv'd an Host
Of Heroes, such as Ancient Rome produc'd ;

When each Commander should like Scipio be ;
 Or rather like the yet more God-like thee,
 Brave, Temperate, Prudent to the last degree.
 The common Rout all Sceva's in the Field,
 Who bore a thousand Arrows in his Shield.
 At least they shou'd have Souls to be inspir'd,
 And by thy great Example to be fir'd ;
 Thy Constancy and Valour imitate,
 And raise at once thy Glory and the State.
 This said, and parting with a pitying Look,
 Tow'rd his Eternal Hope, his way he took,
 And blest his Fate he cou'd again return
 To the blest Confines of his peaceful Urn.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau to W. K.
 1687.

Believe me, *Will*, that those who have least Sense,
 Think they to Wisdom have the sole Pretence ;
 And that those Wretches who in *Bethlem* are,
 Deserve it less than those who put them there.
 The haughty Pedant, swoln with Frothy Name
 Of Learned Man, big with his Classick Fame ;
 A thousand Books read o're and o're again,
 Does word for word most perfectly retain,
 Heap'd in the Lumber Office of his Brain ;
 Yet this cramm'd Skull, this undigested Mass,
 Does very often prove an arrant Ass ;
 Believes all Knowledge is to Books Confin'd,
 That reading only can inform the Mind ;
 That Sense must Err, and Reason ramble wide,
 If Sacred *Aristotle* ben't their Guide.

While,

172 *State-Poems Continued.*

While, on the other hand, a Flutt'ring thing,
 ith a full Roll, and three pil'd Crevat string,
 Whose Life's a *Visit*, who alone takes care
 To say fine things, write Songs, and count the Fair;
 Laughs at the Musty Precepts of the School,
 Calls the Learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
 Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
 A well-bred Person, or a Man of *Wit*;
 Names proper only to the Sparks o'th' Town,
 And damns his Scholar to his Colledge Gown.

The fierce Bigot, who vainly does believe,
 His bantring Zeal can Heaven it self deceive;
 With Saint-like Looks the bleer-ey'd Crow doe
 And the Jilt Villain damns all Humane kind. (blind)

While the wild Libertine, that Beast of Prey,
 Who bears down all that stops him in his way,
 Ranges o're all, and takes his savage fill
 In the Wild Forest of a Boundless Will:
 Swears that Heav'n, *Jove's*, and Hell's Eternal Pain,
 Are the sick Dreams of a Distemper'd Brain,
 Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Jest,
 To starve the People, and to glut the Priest

The sharpest Satyrift with Poetick Rage
 Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
 Laughs at the *Fool*, and at the *Villain* rails;
 Yet *Folly* reigns, and *Villany* prevails;
 While the crack'd Skull shows all that has been
 said,

Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
 For partial Man, try'd by himself alone,
 Protesting every Sentence but his own;
 Severe to all Men, to himself too kind,
 Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.

The fordid Miser, a meer lump of Clay,
 Form'd into Man e're from its gross Allay
 It was refin'd by the Soul's Heavenly Ray;

}
 Whose

Whose Thirst of Wealth encreases with his Store,
And to spend less, does covet to have more ;
Who *Midas*-like, to feed his Avarice,
Scarves in the enjoyment of a golden wish ;
Thinks himself wise, boasts of being provident,
And downright Scraping call good Management.

The Love of Wealth is madness, and I hate
The very trouble of a great Estate :

'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal,
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has spent it all, }
The beggar'd Fool calls himself Liberal. }

Now weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
Which of the two seems the most prudent Man :
The Gamester Swears both shou'd in *Bethlem* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddest of the three,
Whose Life, whose Soul, whose very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws them all away ;

Who every moment waits his Destiny
From the uncertain running of a Die ;
And, if he chance to lose, then how he stares !
Then how the Fury, with his bristled Hairs,
Curses his Fate, Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies,
And with Oaths heap'd on Oaths, he storms the
Skies.

I could name thousands more, but to draw all
The Shapes of this false Reasoning Animal.
You'd be as hard, as to count all that die
Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury* :
Or say, how oft th' impatient Heir, to have
The Old Man's Wealth, has wish'd him in his Grave :
A Drudgery so great my Pen declines,
Content to sum up all in these four Lines.

Greece boasts seven Sages, but the *Story* lies,
For the whole World ne'er saw one truly Wise :
All Men are Mad ; and the sole Difference
Lies in the More or the Less want of Sense.

A Con-

*A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness
the Prince of Orange his coming into
England. Written by Mr. Shadwell.*

OUR *Glorious Realm*, o're all the Earth *Renown'd*
Once with the *Noblest Government* was *Crown'd*
By which all *Foreign Tyrannies* were aw'd,
Easie we were at *home*, and *Terrible* abroad.
All our wise *Laws of Empire* were design'd
Not for the *Lust* of one, but good of *all Mankind*
The great *Prerogative* was understood
A vast *unbounded pow'r* of doing good :
From doing ill, by *Laws* it was confin'd ;
If *Sanctions, Pacts, or Oaths*, could *Princes* bind,
By *Ancients Usages* and *Laws* they sway'd,
Which both were by the choice of *Subjects* made.
Old *Customs* grew to *Laws* by long *Consent*;
And to each *Written Law* of *Parliament*,
Freedom in *Boroughs*, and in *Land Freehold*,
Gave all, who had them, *Voices*, uncontroul'd :
But few *new Rights* were by *new Laws* obtain'd,
Only some *ravish'd Liberties* regain'd.
Who had no *Voices*, yet alike were *bound*
By the *Protection* which from *Laws* they found ;
For every one in those had *equal Right*,
And no great *Man* could *injure*, or *affright*.
Where *Subjects* in the *Laws* can claim no share,
'Twixt them and *Cattle* no distinctions are.
This was the *Constitution* of our *State*,
And true *Religion* flourish'd in its height :
From lying *Legends*, false *Traditions*, free,
From *Monkish Ignorance*, *Schoolmens Frippery*,
From *Idols*, and from *Papal Tyranny*.

Their *building* made of *Stubble*, and of *Hay*,
 Was by our *Wise Reformers* swept away ;
 Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union,
 Under the great *Eliza*, perfect grown, }
 Hers and the Peoples Int'rests, were thought one. }
 She, and the Realm, with mutual kindness strove
 Great its Obedience, and as great her Love ;
 Long might such happiness have been enjoy'd,
 Had it not been b' Ambitious Priests destroy'd.
 Those haughty Priests cou'd not contented be
 With what remain'd from Popish Dignity,
 But would their Hierarchy have greater made }
 With cast off Rights the Laity they invade, }
 And call in *Jus Divinum* to their aid. }
 With that invisible Commission arm'd
 Our Kings with Sov'raign, and Inherent charm'd,
 With Sacred Person, Power without a Bound, }
 Prerogative unlimited, no ground }
 Whereof is in our Constitution found.
 Thus they, by Ecclesiastick Flattery,
 Turn'd Kings to Tyrants, and to Slaves the free ;
 These furious Fools yet Wise Divines contemn'd ;
 And their rash Doctrines, privately condemn'd ;
 None dare in publick say they were unsound,
 But Fines, and Pillories, and Brands, were found.
 For now Commission'd from above the Sky,
 Kings soon were deem'd for Laws & Oaths too high,
 Notly 'twas taught, they were not bound by Oaths ;
 Because no Pow'r above them to impose.
 'Twas now no Kingly Office, nor a Trust,
 No Laws to Rule by but their Sov'raign Lust ;
 And all the Land for their Estate they own'd,
 The Subjects were their Stock upon the Ground.
 At length, to rivet on the Chains we wore,
 And Knaves in Quoifs yield the Dispensing Power, }
 Which never Tyrant here had claim'd before. }
The

176 *State-Poems Continued.*

The Scandals of the Bar must now be found
 To give the Government this mortal wound ;
 Which at one blow took all its strength awa,
 And down in pieces dash'd, the Noble Structure lay.
 Ruin and Rubbish cover'd all the Ground,
 And no Remains were of the Buildings found.
 Monsters of *Roman* and *Hibernian* Race,
 With Phangs and Claws infect the wasted Place ;
 With one of *British* kind, who swallow'd more
 Than any other bloody Beast of Pow'r,
 Fiercely he goggled, his Jaws open wide,
 Louder he roar'd than all the Beasts beside.
 Some like *Jaccals*, before him prey'd for Blood,
 And to his Rav'nous Maw brought all they cou'd
 Against the Rapine of these Beasts of Prey,
 First *London's* Noble Prelate stood at Bay ;
 One fit t' attone for all the Clergies Blots,
 For three vile *English* Bishops, and twelve *Scots*.
 Then valiant *Fairfax* and brave *Hough* made head,
 But by these Monsters were discomfited ;
 And now the trembling Church began to reel,
 And the effects of Non-resistance feel ;
 Where *Jus Divinum* was not on their side ;
 They strove to stop the fierce impetuous Tide ;
 Seven suffering Heroes gave it such a shock,
 It seem'd to dash its Surges on a Rock ;
 But show'rs of Locusts came with thickest Fogs,
 From *Tyber's* Marshes, and from *Shanon's* Bogs,
 Vast Clouds of Vermin hasten to their aid,
 And intercepting light, thick darkness made ;
 All clouded was our Sullen Hemisphere,
 But Lo ! the Glorious *Orange* does appear !
 And by his Universal Influence,
 Does to our Drooping Land new Life dispence ;
 His heat ferments that Lump was dead before,
 Which now in every Part exerts its Pow'r ;

State-Poems Continued 1471

To purge its self, that it may clean become,
The Fermentation soon throws off the Scum.
And ev'ry part does tow'rd's Perfection move,
Tow'rd's Strength and Soundness, Harmony and
Love.

When Earth oppress'd with darkness overspread,
From filthy Boggy Exhalations bred :
The Sun with noiseless Marches of his light,
Discusses Vapours, and dispels the Night :
With equal silence in his glorious Race,
Our noysome Fogs does the Brave *Orange* chase ;
Does all the Pow'rs of Darkness put to flight,
And the Infernal Ministers of Night ;
The Guilty Spirits shun th' approach of Light.

When undistinguish'd in the mighty Mass,
And in Stagnation Universal Matter was.

Huddled in Heaps the differing Atoms lay
Quiet, and had no Laws of Motion to obey :

Th' Eternal Mover threw the Ferment in,
The solid Atoms did their Course begin ;
The quickning Mass moves now in ev'ry part,
And does its Plastick Faculties exert.

The jarring Atoms move into a peace,
And all confusion and Disorders cease :

The ugly undigested Lump became
The perfect, glorious, and well order'd Frame.

Let there be Light, th' Almighty *fiat* run ;
No sooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done :
Inspir'd by Heav'n, thus the great *Orange* said ;
Let there be Liberty, and was Obey'd.

Vast wonders Heav'n's great Minister has brought,
From our dark *Chaos*, beaut'ous Order brought :
Invaded us with Force to make us free,
And in another's Realm could meet no Enemy.
Hail Great Asserter of the Greatest Cause,
Man's Liberty, and the Almighty's Laws :

N

Heav'n

178. *State-Poems Continued.*

Heav'n greater Wonders has for Thee design'd,
Thou Glorious Deliv'rer of Mankind!

*A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illu-
strious Queen Mary, upon her Arrival
in England. By Thomas Shadwell.*

M A D A M.

IMmur'd with Rocks of Ice no Wretches left
Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light bereft,
Under the Influence of the rugged *Bear*,
Where but one Day and Night in all the Year,
With ne'er so much transporting *Joy* could meet
The dawning Day, as your Approach we greet:
Your *Beams* reviv'd us from the *Belgian* Shore:
Which now our long lov'd *Princess* does restore.
What could make us so rich, or them so poor;
The *World* nought equal to our *Joy* can find,
But the despairing *Grief* you left behind.
We from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more
Than by our *Aid* they ever got before.
When the Great *Vere's* and *Sidney's* won such Fame
That each of them *immortaliz'd* his Name.
Not *Alva's Rage* would have *distress'd* them so,
As, M A D A M, we have done, recalling You.
Our ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* lent,
Is home to us with mighty Int'rest sent:
For we, with her, have won the Great *Nassau*,
Whose Sword shall keep the *Papal World* in awe.
She comes, she comes, the *Fair*, the *Good*, the *Wise*
With loudest *Acclamations* rend the Skies;
Rock all the *Steeple*s, kindle ev'ry *Street*,
Thunder ye *Cannons* from each *Fort* and *Fleet*.

To all the neighb'ring Lands sound out your Joys,
 And let France shake at the Triumphant Noise.
 Bless'd be the rising Waves, the murm'ring Gales,
 Sustain'd the Mighty Cargo, swell'd the Sayls.
 Bless'd be the Vessel, as that was which bore
 The Sacred Remnant, when there was no Shore.
 Not the returning Dove they welcom'd so
 As we our M A R Y, who brings Olive too;
 That only promis'd safety to their Lives,
 This out lost Peace and Liberty revives.
 Bless'd, bless'd be his Invasion, which made way
 For this most happy and Illustrious Day.
 So brave an Action, so Renown'd a Name,
 Was ne're yet written in the Book of Fame.
 Let Parasites call Princes Wise, and Brave,
 Who bear inglorious Arms, but to enslave. (bind :
 Our Prince will break those Chains wherewith they
 'Tis his true Glory to enlarge Mankind.
 In any Land You would Dominion gain ;
 And MADAM, in each Commonwealth would Reign.
 Where'er your God like PRINCE from us should go
 They would, like us submit without a Blow.
 In his short Sway more Wisdom He has shown.
 Then here before in Ages has been known.
 The Name of KING adds nothing to his Fame ;
 But his great Vertues dignify that Name.
 What Land can boast of such a matchless Pair,
 Like Him so wise, so brave ; like You so wise, so fair ?
 Where'er so many sacred Vertues join,
 They to a Scepter shew a Right Divine.
 Who are approv'd so Valiant, Wise and Just,
 Have the Titles to the highest Trust.
 Though from the Loins of greatest Kings deriv'd,
 That Title's not so strong, nor so long-liv'd ;
 For Princes more of solid Glory gain,
 Who are thought fit, than who are born to Reign.

The *OBSERVATOR*,

*Or the History of Hodge, as reported by some ;
From his siding with Noll, and scribbling for Rome!*

STand forth thou great Impostor of our time,
The Nation's Scandal, Punishment and Crime ;
Unjust Usurper of ill-gotten Praise,
Unmatch'd by all but thy *Brother Bays* ;
How well have you your sev'ral Gallants chose,
Damnably to plague the World in Verse and Prose
Like two *Twin Comets* : when you do appear,
We justly may suspect some danger near.
He lately did under Correction pass,
Honour'd by that great Hand that gave the Lash,
A doom too glorious for that cursed Head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he lead ;
But you are to a viler Fate design'd,
To suffer by a vulgar hand like mine ;
We'll tear your Vizard, and unmask your Shame
And at each Corner Gibbet up your Name.
Expose you to the Scorn of all you meet ;
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.
Under Usurping *Noll* you first began
To rear your Head, and shew your self a Man ;
Unpitying saw the Royal Party fall,
And Danc'd and Fiddl'd to the Funeral ;
Disclaim'd their Int'rest, and renounc'd their Side,
And with the Independant strait comply'd ;
Officious in their Service wrote for Hire ;
A brisk Crowdero in the Faction's Quire :
Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run ;
The Horoscope still opens to the Sun.

There

There 'twas in those unhappy Days,
 You laid foundation for designed Praise;
 By disrespectignobly purchas'd shame,
 And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name;
 When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
 You fac'd about, and quickly chang'd the Scene;
 Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary Strings,
 Began to play Divinity of Kings:
 Your former Master straitways is forgot,
 Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief, Murderer, what not?
 Such recompence he doth deserve to have,
 Who for his Int'rest durst employ a Knave.
 Now 'twas a time you thought to take your ease,
 After such great Exploits perform'd as these:
 Applauding to your self your own Deserts,
 You strait set up for a Vain Afs of parts;
 Resolving that the Ladies too should know,
 What other Tricks and Gambals you could do.
 Was there a skipping Whore about the Town,
 Or private Baudy house to you unknown?
 Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went;
 To do both Drudgeries alike content.
 Butill success you had with Madam C——k,
 Whom in the very Act her Husband took:
 Strong *Bastinado* o're your shoulders laid,
 Made you a while surcease that lecherous trade,
 Till growing old in customary Sin,
 You with a Chaster Lady did begin,
 Whom when you found she all Assaults refus'd,
 And would not yield her self to be abus'd;
 Down on your Knees you presently was laid,
 And thus (O Righteous Heaven) devoutly pray'd:
 Since you disdain the kind Request to grant,
 Dear, Madam, let me lay my hand upon't.

182 *State-Poems Continued.*

This is the Man whose whole Discourse and Tone,
 Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion;
 Was such a Godly Rascal ever known?
 But now reform'd by indigence of Gold,
 Your former wanton course grew slack and cold,
 For 'twas at first indeed too hot to hold.
 Now new expedients must employ your Brain,
 And other Methods for advance of Gain;
 Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,
 Which made you timely think of a retreat;
 Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,
 A guilty Conscience has Quick sighted Eyes.
 When you return'd you fell to work amain,
 And took up your old Scribbling Trade again;
 Some sorry Scandal on Fanaticks thrown,
 And viler Canting upon Forty one,
 You thought sufficient to oblige the Crown;
 Then who but you, the World was all your own.
 Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
 A witty Zealous Protestant appear;
 Your secret Spies and Emisseries use,
 To pay for false Intelligence and News.
 When nam'd in two Diurnals you dispencc
 Equally void of Reason, Truth, and Sense.
 Guineas now from every Quarter came
 To pay respect to your encreasing Fame,
 While you at *Sam's* like a grave Doctor fate,
 Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate;
 Who lickt your Spittle up and then came down,
 And shed the nasty Drivel o're the Town.
 Ay these were blessed Times and happy Days,
 When all the World conspired to your praise:
 He who refus'd and would no Token send,
 Must be traduc'd as the Dissenters Friend:
 And that your Greatness no regard might lack,
 You got a Knighthood chopt upon your Back.

But something now has stopt that Rapid Stream,
 And you have nothing more to say for them :
 Your piercing Eye discovers from afar,
 The glittering Glory of some Further Star,
 Which bids you pay your Adoration there. }
 Inconstant Rover, whither do'st thou tend ?
 When will thy tedious Villanies have an end ?
 Whither at last do'st thou intend to go ? }
 Of which Party wilt thou e're prove true,
 To Turk or Pope, or Protestant or Jew ? }
 Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
 To what a mighty Sum do they amount ?
 Thy Solemn Protestations, Oaths and Lies,
 Devices, Shams, Evasions, Perjuries ;
 My Paper to a Volume would exceed,
 Of greater bulk than *Hollingshed* and *Speed*,
 For thou art now so scandalously known,
 And so remarkable in Vice alone,
 That every one can find a Stone to throw.
 At such a snarling pimping Cur as thou.
 But Wretch ! if still thou art not past all Grace,
 And wholesome Counsel can with thee find place ;
 If thou at last sincerely wouldst atone,
 And expiate thy former Mischiefs done,
 Like dying *Judas* render back thy self,
 Recant thy Books, and then go hang thy self.

The Miracle; how the Dutcheſs of Modena (being in Heaven) prayed the B. Virgin that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady ſent the Angel Gabriel with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.

To the Tune of O Youth, thou haſt better been ſtarv'd at Nurſe. In Bartholemew Fair.

I. (rejoyce)
YOU Catholick Stateſmen and Church-men
 And praife Heaven's goodneſs with Heart and
 with Voice;

None greater on Earth or in Heaven than ſhe,
 Some ſay ſhe's as good as the beſt of the Three.

Her Miracles bold,
 Were famous of Old,
 But a Braver than this was never yet told;
 'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,
 Had not heard on't before the laſt day of Thankſgiving.

II. (giving)
 In Lombardy-Land, great Modena's Dutcheſs
 Was ſnatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel
 Clutches;

When to Heaven ſhe came (for thither ſhe went)
 Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content.

On her Knees ſhe fell down,
 Before the bright Throne,
 And begg'd that God's Mother would grant her one
 Boon;

Give England a Son (Son at this Critical Point)
 To put little Orange's Noſe out of Joynt.

III.

As soon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, the strait gave Commission;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her *Shoulder Divine*,
And charg'd him to hasten to *England's* fair Queen.

Go to the Royal Dame,

To give her the same,

And bid her for ever to praise my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work such a Wonder,
Shall keep the most Insolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my best Son) his part of the matter
Must be with this only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand;
Then let him go Travel to visit the Land;

And the Spirit of Love,

Shall come from above,

Though not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he shall come in some likeness or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Message with hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was *Q. M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Dissenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, and Commons,

Consenters,

You Commissioners all,

Ecclesiastical,

From *M* ——— the Dutiful, to *C* ——— the Tall;
Pray Heav'n to strengthen Her Majesties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

Dialogue

DIALOGUE.

M. **W**H Y am I daily thus perplex'd ?
 Why beyond Woman's patience vex'd
 Your Spurious Issue grow and thrive,
 While mine are dead e'er well alive.
 If they surviv'd a nine days wonder,
 Suspicious Tongues aloud do Thunder;
 And strait accuse my Chastity,
 For your damn'd Insufficiency :
 You meet my Love with no desire,
 My Altar damps your feeble Fire :
 Though I have infinite more Charms
 Then all you e'er took to your Arms.

The Priest at th' Altar bows to me ;
 When I appear he bends the Knee.
 His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt ;
 His Pray'rs to Heav'n and me are mixt ;
 Confusedly he tells his Beads,
 Is out both when he Prays and Reads.

I Travell'd farther for your Love,
 Then *Sheba's* Queen ; I'll fairly prove,
 She from the *South*, 'tis said, did come,
 And I as far from *East* did come.
 But here the difference does arise,
 Though equally we sought the Prize ;
 What that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,
 But I soon found your Treasury drain'd,
 Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
 'Tis sad Experience tells this Truth :
 Though I had Caution long before
 Of that which I too late deplore.

J. Pray, Madam, let me silence break,
 As I have you, now hear me speak.

These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.

But, if you'll smoothe your Brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great'st Aggressor are.

I took you with an empty Purse,
Which was to me no trivial Curse;
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me surprize

With Wonder, not with Admiration;
Astonishment but no Temptation:
Nor did I see in all your Frame,
Ought could create an am'rous Flame,
Or raise the least Desire in me,
Save only for Variety.

I paid such Service as was due,
Worthy my self and worthy you:
Carels'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
When soon I found your haughty mind
Was unto Sov'rainity inclin'd;

And first you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
While I your Property was made,
And you, not I was still obey'd:
Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.

I took such measures as you gave,
All Day your Fool, all Night your Slave.
Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You still resolve your Course to steer:
All that oppose you, you remove;
Twas much you'd own the Pow'rs above.

Now

Now several Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply,
To Mother Church you take Recourse,
She tells you 't must be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and Execute the way.

When mounted to the place you sought,
It no Contentment with it brought :
One Tree within your prospect stood
Fairest and tallest of the Wood :
Which to your prospect gave offence,
And it must be remov'd from thence.
In this you also are Obey'd,
While all the Fault on me is laid.

Now you was quiet for a while,
As flatt'ring Weather seems to smile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found fresh matter for your spite,
And set to work your busy Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some Wise, some Valiant, you remove,
'Cause they your Maxims don't approve;
And in their stead such Creatures place,
Which to th' Employments bring disgrace :
While whatsoe'er you do I own,
And still the Dirt is on me thrown.

Strait new Chimera's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again ;
A Goal Delivery now must be,
All tender Consciences set free ;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Design
To make Dissenters with us join,
To pull down Test and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause,
The sly Dissenters laugh the while,
They see where lurks the Serpent's guile;

And

And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause,
We did confine, though 'gainst the Laws:
But soon was glad to set 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.

Now all is turning upside down,
Loud Murmurings in every Town,
We've Foes abroad and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets against us come:
The Protestants do laugh the while,
And the Dissenters sneer and smile,
But no assistance either sends.
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what must be done,
Consult your Oracle of ROME,
For next fair Wind be sure they come.

On the University of Cambridge's burning the D. of Monmouth's Picture, 1685. who was formerly their Chancellor. --- In Answer to this Question, In turba semper sequiter fortunam & odit damnatos. By Mr. Stepney.

Y E S, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.

The

190 *State-Poems Continued.*

The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
 To save the Image of the tall young man,
 Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
 That with strong thoughts she might improve her
 But all in vain, since the wise House conspire (race,
 To damn the *Canvas Traytor* to the Fire,
 Lest it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg* incite
 Scythemen next Harvest to renew the fight :
 Then in comes Mayor *Eagle* & does gravely alledge,
 He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
 But the man of *Clarehall* that proffer refuses,
 'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses
 And orders Ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
 On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of
James :

And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
 On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that hen't enough.
 The Heads lest he get all the profit to himself
 (Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf)
 This motion deny, and Vote that *Tue Tillet*
 Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
 The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it
 The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it :
 Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
 As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Chedder*
 Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
 The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and
 the Proctors, (in all

While the Troops from each part of the Country
 Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of state
 But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
 Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
 The tender Creature could not see his fate,
 With whom she had danc'd a Minuet so late.
 The Heads who never could hope for such frames,
 Out of envy condemn'd Sixscore pounds to the flames,
 Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
 As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz :

So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Kettles.

Nulla manere diu nequæ vivere car-
minant possum, quæ scribuntur aque
notoribus.

By Mr. *Aloffe*, T. C. C.

HE that first said it, knew the worth of wit,
Lov'd well his Glass, and as he drank he writ;
Wast was his Soul, and sparkling was the Wine,
Which strangely did inspire each mighty Line.
The war'ry Springs of *Helicon* are Theams
Fit for dull Freshmen, and dull Doctors Dreams;
Not Flood of *Cam*, or well of *Aristotle*,
Yield half the pleasure of the charming Bottle;
Poor Scribes then that bread and Water use,
The slender diet of a *Bridewel* muse.
As easily may Water Poets make,
As Coffee Politicians does create,
The Two Grand Whigs of Poetry and State,
When Booths on *Thames* were built, and Oxen roasted
Poets the strength of waters might have boasted;
And might have made their frozen Verse to pass,
As well as he that put out Ice for Glass:
Though our good Proctor otherwise does think,
Our Mother *Cambridge* kindly bids us drink;
She holds the Candle and the Sacred Cup,
And as the one wasteth, cries, Drink t'other up.
Twas drinking got our Ancestors Renown,
And Claret first that di'd the Scarlet, Gown.
As well may *Dutchmen* without Brandy fight;
As *English* Poets without Claret write.
Not moderate Learning, nor immoderate Fees
Are of themselves sufficient for Degrees: Wine,

192 *State-Poems Continued.*

Wine, and the Supper, must the Act compleat ;
 And he does best dispute who best does treat :
 'Tis *Carnival*, and we'll the time enjoy,
 This day, and next, while Wine and wit run high.

And the forty days
 Preachers in vain may bid the Court repent,
 But Poets sure did never write in Lent.
 Now in the name of Dulness and small Beer
 Ye *Nothern* wits of fam'd St. *Johns* appear,
 That scarce taste Wine, or wit throughout the Year.
 Had she who by the powerful Charms of Wine
 Transform'd *Ulysses* men to Gruntling Swine ;
 Had she and you the Experiment try'd again,
 By contrary effects ye had Poets been.
 Next the pert Fops by Title dignifi'd,
 Wise to themselves, and Fools to all beside,
 Whom Company nor Drinking can refine,
 Blockish and dull beyond the pow'r of Wine ;
 Who after the first Bottle still the same,
 Can never higher raise than Anagram,
 Or at most quibble on their Dowdy's name.
 When *Whig* Religious, Trimmer Loyal turns,
 When *Cambridge* wives, and *Barnwel* whores turn
 Nuns,
 When Curate's Rich, and the fat Doctor's poor,
 When Scholars trick, and Townsmen cheat no
 more :

When am'rous Fops leave hunting handsome Faces,
 When craving Beadle begs no more for Places :
Hopkins and *Sternhold* with their paltry Rhimes,
 Shall please us now, and take with future Times
 And *Water-drinkers* then shall famous grow
 Settle the Poet to my Lord-Mayor's Show
 Shall *Dryden*, *Cowley*, and our *Duke* outgo.

To Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd. By Mr. P. - r.

When Crowding Folks, with strange Ill Faces,
 Were making Legs, and begging Places;
 And some with Patents, some with Merit,
 Tired out my good Lord D ———'s Spirit:
 Sneaking, I stood, among the Crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited, while the Clock struck thrice,
 And Footman brought out fifty Lies;
 Till Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry:
 But did Opine it might be better,
 By Penny-post to send a Letter.
 Now, if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'm balk'd again, and may go Whistle.
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place,
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,
 Much Need, and very small Desert.
 Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
 Always begg'd, you always granted:
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Give me my Learning, and my Vittle:
 Ask't for me, from my Lord, Things fitting
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Seven
 As S——d has left *Mun. St——n*.
 No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
 When he's grown up to Dogs Estate:

Nor Parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious Barns that Strowlers dropt;
 Leave 'em when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:
 No thank 'em for their Love that's worse,
 Than if they'd throttled them at Nurse.

My Unkle, rest his Soul, when Living;
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
 Taught me with Syder to replenish
 My Fatts or ebbing Tide of Rhenish.
 So when for Hock I drew Prickt White wine
 Swear't had the flavor, and was right Wine:
 Or sent me with ten Pounds to *Furney-*
Vall's Inn, to some good Rogue Attorney;
 Where now, by forging Deeds and cheating,
 I'd had some handfom ways of getting.
 All this you made me quit to follow,
 That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*
 Sent me among a Fiddling Crew
 Of Folks, I'd never see nor knew;
Calliope, and God knows who.

To add no more Invectives to it,
 You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
 That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman.
 Among all honest Christian People
 Whoe're breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way
 And your Petitioner shall pray——

There's one thing more I had almost slip't,
 But that may do as well in Post-script;
 My Friend C—— & M———e's prefer'd
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one Mouse eats while t'other's starv'd.

*The true and genuine Explanation,
Of one King Jame's Declaration.*

J. R.

WHereas by misrepresentation
(Of which Our self was the Occasion)
We lost our Royal Reputation,
And much against Our Expectation,
Laid the most Tragical Foundation,
Of vacant Throne, and Abdication:
After mature Deliberation
We now Resolve to Sham the Nation
Into another Restauration;
Promising, in Our wonted Fashion,
Without the least Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for Our Reinauguration
We chuse to owe the Obligation
To Our kind Subjects Inclination;
For whom we always shew'd a Passion.
And when again they take occasion
To want a King of Our Perswasion,
We'll soon appear to take Our Station,
With the ensuing Declaration.
All shall be safe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more believe in J. R.

J. R.

When we reflect what Desolation
Our Absence causes to the Nation,
We would not hold Our self exempted
From any thing to be attempted,
Whereby Our Subjects, well beguil'd,
May to Our Yoke be reconcil'd.

Be all assur'd, both Whigg and Tory,
 If for past Faults you can be sorry,
 You ne're shall know what we'll do for you,
 For 'tis our Noble Resolution
 To do more for your Constitution,
 Than er'e we'll put in Execution.
 Tho' some before us made a pother,
England hath never such another,
 No not our own Renown'd, Dear Brother.
 We have it set before our Eyes,
 That our main Interest wholly lies
 In managing with such Disguise,
 As leaves no room for Jealousies.

And to encourage Foes and Friends
 With Hearts and Hands to serve our Ends,
 We hereby Publish and Declare
 (And this we do because we Dare)
 That to evince We are not sullen,
 We'll bury all past Faults in Woollen;
 By which you may perceive we draw
 Our wise Resolves from Statute-Law :
 And therefore by this Declaration
 We promise Pardon to the Nation,
 Excepting only whom We please,
 Whether they be on Land or Seas.

And farther Bloodshed to prevent,
 We here Declare Our self content
 To heap as large Rewards on all
 That help to bring us to *Whitehall*,
 As ever did Our Brother Dear
 At his Return on Cavalier :
 Or we, to Our immortal Glory;
 Conferr'd on Non-resisting Tory.

Then be assur'd the first fair weather
 We'll call a Parliament together,
 (Chuse right or wrong no matter whether)

Where

Where with United Inclination
We'll bring the Interest of the Nation
Under our own Adjudication:

With their Concurrence we'll Redress
What we Our self think Grievances,
All shall be firm as Words can make it,
And if we promise, what can shake it?

As for the Church we'll still defend it,
Or if you please, the Pope shall mend it:
Your Chappels, Colleges, and Schools
Shall be supply'd with your own Fools:
But if we live another Summer,
We'll then relieve them from St. Omer.

Next for a Liberty of Conscience,
With which we bit the Nation long since,
We'll settle it as firm and steady,
Perhaps as that you have already.

We'll never violate the Test,
Till 'tis Our Royal Interest,
Or till we think it so at east,
But there we must consult the Priest.

And as for the Dispensing Power
(Of Princes Crown the sweetest Flower)
That Parliament shall so explain it,
As we in Peace may still maintain it.

If other Acts shall be presented,
We'll pass 'em all, and be contented.

Let H——y, W——k, and old C——s

Draw Bills enough to load three Barges,

We'll give them thanks, and bear their Charges:

Whether they be for Partial Trial,

Judges Pride, or Self-Denial,

For Royal Mines, or Triennial.

Whatever Laws receiv'd their Fashion

Under the present Usurpation,

198 *State-Poems Continued.*

Shall have Our Gracious Confirmation,
Provided still we see Occasion.

Our Brother's *Irish* settling Act,
(Which we 'tis true repeal'd in Fact)
We'll be contented to restore,
If you'll provide for *Teague* before;
For you your selves shall have the Glory,
To re-establish wandering Tory.

But now you have so fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time you should consider
What Funds are proper to supply Us.
For that, and what your Hearths save by Us;
Therefore consult your Polyhymne
To find another Rhime to Chimney,
Or if I bleed the Devil's in me.
And lest a Project in its prime
Should be destroy'd for want of time,
We'll soon refer the whole Amount
To your Commission of Account.
Thus having tortur'd Our Invention,
To frame a Draught of our Intention,
By the Advice of *H———ton*,
Wife *Ely*, *Fenwick*, and *Tom D——*
And, of all Ranks, some Fifty One,
Who have adjusted for Our coming
All Gimcrack's fit for such a mumming,
And 'tis their business to perswade you
We come to succour, not invade you.

But after this we think it Nonsense
(Besides it is against our Conscience)
To trouble you with a Relation,
Of Tyranny, and Violation,
Or Burthens that oppress the Nation,
Since you can make the best Construction
Of what may turn to your Destruction.

But

But since our Enemies would fright you,
 Telling our Debt to France is mighty,
 As positively we assure you,
 As if we were before a Jury,
 That he expects no Compensation
 For helping in our Restoration,
 But what he gains in Reputation:
 And all must own that know his Story
 How far his Interest stoops to Glory:
 Whose Generosity is such,
 We doubt not he'll out-do the Dutch,
 We only add, that we are come
 By Trumpets sound and beat of Drum,
 For our just Titles Vindication,
 And Liberties Corroboration.
 So may we ever find Success,
 As we intend you nothing less
 Than what you owe to old Queen Bess.

On the Death of the Queen. By my Lord Cutts.

SHE'S gone! The Beauty of our Isle is fled;
 Our Joy cut off, the great MARIA dead.
 We faint beneath the Stroke: But weep no more,
 Waft not our Sorrow to a Foreign Shore;
 Lest ALBION'S Enemies with impious Breath
 Trophane our Sighs, and Triumph in her Death,
 Tears are too mean for her; our Grief should be
 Dumb as the Grave, and Black as Destiny.
 For such a Loss let universal Nature mourn,
 And all things to their first Disorder turn.
 Ye Fields and Gardens, where our Sov'reign walk'd,
 Serenely smil'd, and profitable talk'd,

200 *State-Poems Continued.*

Be Gay no more ; but wild and Barren lye,
That all your blooming Sweets, with Her's may die
Sweets that crown'd Love and softned Majesty.

Blest Princess! How distinguish'd, how ador'd!
How much above ev'n Her own Sphere She soar'd!
Whilst other Monarchs glory in their State,
In Wealth and Power contended to be great;
She, with a God-like and Heroick Mind,
Pursu'd a Greatness of another Kind;
A brighter Diadem than Earth could give;
A glorious Name that should for ever live,
And with unwearied Vertue pressing on,
Gave Lustre to, not borrow'd from a Crown.
Nor was this Angel lodg'd in common Earth,
Her Form proclaim'd Her Mind as well as Birth;
So graceful and so lovely; ne're was seen
A finer Woman or more awful Queen:

The Gazing Crowd admir'd Her as a God,
And reverenc'd the Ground whereon she trod.

Ye gentle Nymphs that on her Throne did wait
And help'd to fill the Brightness of Her State;
Mourn over your dead Mistress, speechless mourn
Watch Her dear Ashes, and attend Her Urn.
She cherish'd and adorn'd your tender Years,
Preventing still the fearful Mothers Cares;
Whilst all with shining Gold and Purple grac'd,
Your Beauties in the fairest Light were plac'd.

How Majesty is fall'n! As if the Great
Were destin'd to short Days, and sudden Fate.
O Empire! Thou deceitful treacherous Good:
How false thy Smiles, tho' hard to be withstood!
What stormy Ills thy calmer Brow conceals,
And what uncommon Stroaks a Monarch feels!
See where the glorious *Nassau* fainting lyes;
The mighty *Atlas* falls, the Conqueror dies.

O Sir! return, to *Albion's* Help return ;
Command your Grief, and like a Hero mourn,
If you forsake us we are lost indeed ;
Your Subjects now Lament, but then must Bleed.
Think what a Task Your Vertue has begun,
And be not weary e're your Race is run.
That Pow'r that form'd You in the tender Womb,
Then laid the Scenes of all Your Toils to come.
Decreed that You should *Europe's* Saviour be,
And from fierce Monsters purge the Earth and
Sea ;

Monsters of Tyrants that oppress Mankind,
And set no Bounds to their ambitious Mind.

Success and Honour wait upon your Arms ;
Heav'n guide your Heart, and guide you still from
Harms.

Maria has the Crown of Glory won ;
And may you Late arrive where she is gone

**Tunbridgialia : Or the Pleasures of
Tunbridge. In a Letter to a
Friend. By Mr. Peter Causton,
Merchant.**

THou best of Poets, and thou best of Friends,
Best of that List which thy great Race com-
mends,
By *Tunbridge* noble Spring, much pleas'd, I lay,
At Truce with Care passing the Summers day,
When the Rich Present came in shining Verse;
Ye Gods! how shall I half my Joy rehearse?
I once was thinking to return the same
In Lines that might express an equal Flame;
I try'd in vain; my long-neglected Muse,
Like Women past their Childing, did refuse,
And cou'd not, to my mind, one Hint produce:
For I was ne're you know my Friend, at best,
With a Rich Vein by peevish Nature blest;
I made my Court to the coy Nymphs in vain,
And blest the Bards that cou'd their Loves obtain
Howe're, at call of Friendship's sacred Name,
The faint Remains of my decaying Flame
Exalt their head, ambitious now to try
One Blaze, before they quite extinguisht dye.
May your good Humour overlook Mistakes,
And pardon all the Faults which Friendship makes
This Fountain then shall the fam'd Spring out-do,
And *Tunbridge* for *Castalian* Waters go.
You fain would know how we employ the day,
Which of it self makes too must hast away;

What Arts we use to keep our Grief and Care,
(Those Flies which in our Cup still bold Intruders
are)

With what Receipts and Helps prepar'd we come
To lose the thought of Families at home.

Assist me, gentle Muse, to answer these
In Lines that may my self and others please.
Refresh't with sleep, which Nature's loss repairs.

Soon as the day on the streak'd hills appears,

Up with the Sun we mount and travel, We

To the fam'd Spring, he to the Western Sea.

Tobacco makes the Journey strangely slide,

Ever the best Companion walk or ride.

Having now reach'd the Spring, a Country Lass
stands ready to present you with a Glas:

Such water tho' nor *Rome* nor *Greece* can show,

Tho' here the Poets boasted Spring does flow;

Impregnate with such Vertues it does come,

To add heat to the Cold barren Womb.

To an expiring House it gives an Heir,

And wretched helpless Women here repair,

Who joyful Mothers prove within the year.

It cures the raging Fever's Calenture,

And keeps that Purple Flood from running o're.

The sad Sisyphian Task, the Stone, which still

Rolls back again, and mocks the Artill's Skill;

It carries off with far less pains and cost,

Than *Hannibal* with his Quack Arts could boast:

It steeps your Cares beyond the power of Wine,

And does the Brain for thinking fit refine:

Clouds of the Head, like those above we find,

Dissolv'd in Water, both are at an end.

A hugely numerous Rout of Feaverish Pains,

And seiz'd at once my Liver, Heart and Veins,

And made such fierce and quick Attacks, that I,

On surrendering, thought I now must die.

I fought the Sons of Art, who try'd in vain
 To raise the Siege, and force the pressing pain.
 Whatever Vertues Herbs and Drugs can boast,
 They found, alas, on me were meerly lost.
 The proud Disease became more rampant still,
 And laugh'd at all their baffled Art and Skill.
 'Twas here I found Ease for my mighty Grief,
 And where Art fail'd, kind Nature gave Relief,
 This Fountain prov'd to me a *Well of Life*.
 Blest Spring! what Praise and Honour can we give
 Worthy the Favours we from Thee receive?
 Thy lasting Name (if Time's impartial hand
 But spare these Lines) in Poetry shall stand,
 And round the Learned World shall largely spread
 With the fam'd Springs of Old together read.
 In the mean time after we've drunk a Glass
 Or two, to make the waters better pass,
 We take a Turn i'th' Walks——
 Here in such crouds the Ladies pass, you'd swear
 The *Cyprian* Goddess and her Nymphs were there
 Hung round with all the Riches that the *East*
 Or *West* sends here, brisk, jaunty and well dress'd
 With what a Mein and charming Air they move
 Creating wonder, and inspiring Love!
 Such was the Beauteous *Helen's* shining Train,
 When she was courted by the *Phrygian* Swain.
 And all the while, to entertain the Ear,
 Musick and Voices mixt, their parts do bear.
 Next for the Chappel, by the Fountain rais'd,
 Where its great Author is devoutly prais'd:
 And after Prayers, a Pipe can do no harm
 In drinking, good to keep the Stomach warm.
 For this design appointed places are;
 Lest Smoaking on the walks offend the fair.
 And now we sit, after a careless rate,
 Over a dish of Tea, and fall to chat:

Here one forsooth plays the Philosopher
 Upon the Wells; describes the secret power
 Of *Spaws* and Mineral waters how they come,
 With Steel impregnate, thro' the Earth's cold womb;
 Whence springs their force, that they so nearly can
 Make clean this foul *Augean* Stable; Man;
 How first found out, and when the Mode began.

Another turns the Talk to *Wistminster*,
 And asks how Matters pass'd last Term at Bar;
 What Judges likely are to rise or fall, (bawl
 What Lawyers hang the best, and who the best can
 Warmly, a third takes up Religion's Cause,
 bravely debates the *Test* and *Penal Laws*.

Another tells a Tale, or breaks a Jest,
 Asquires the Hour, or what comes uppermost;
 How do your waters pass? O bravely Sir,
 What *News* from *London*? how do things stand there?
 Hear Sir *John*——is likely to be Mayor.

Are the Particulars yet come by Post,
 What Prisoners ta'en, how many Men were lost
 On the *Turks* side, and what the Victory cost?

What, are the *Pole* and *Muscovite* asleep,
 Nely to let such fair Occasions slip?
 How do the *India* Actions rise? what Ships

On the Plate-Expedition go with *Phipps*?
 Follow'd by all the forward Youth of *Greece*,
 Thus *Jason* brought in Triumph home the Golden
 Fleece:

But what before was meer Romance and Lye,
 Shall henceforth pass for current History.

This and Tobacco pass the time away;
 Others there are that rather fancy Play:

But me from Play, my better Stars preserve,
 The fatal Box devouring as the Grave;
 Into *Charibdis* mouth as soon I'd flie,
 As venture my Estate upon a Die.

Having

Having by this time fed the Eye and Ear,
 Next for the Belly is our greatest care :
 There's nothing at our Lodgings to be got,
 Here we must cator both for Spit and Pot.
 Close by the Wells, upon a spacious Plain,
 (Where Rows of Trees make a delightful Lane)
 A Noble Market's daily kept, well stor'd
 Which all the Countries round about afford.
 Fresh Fish a Neighbouring River does supply ;
 Soals, Oysters, and the like, are brought from Ry
 Of Flesh and Fowl, no where more plenty's found,
 In Veal, Lamb, Pork, and Beef, we much abound ;
 And *Tunbridge* Mutton, fam'd above the rest.
 Of Fowl we have good store, and of the best ;
 As well cram'd *Chickens*, *Pigeons*, *Ducks* and *Geese*,
 With *Teal* and *Partridge*, nicer Tasts to please ;
 The *Swan* and *Peacock* you may add to these,
 On which tho' we but small esteem do place,
 The latter did an*Emperors Table grace. (*Vitellius*)
 In short then, not to swell the Bill of Fare,
St. Peters Sheet, and *Noah's* Ark are here ;
 Whatever kinds the *British* World does see
 Of Beasts, Fish, Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly
 Fruits, Spice, and *Indian* Pepper too we boast,
 That here we hardly fancy *Bantom* lost ;
 Sugar from *Mevis* and *Barbados* brought,
 By wondrous Art to such perfection wrought :
Italy sends us Oyl, *Virginia* Smoak,
 A better sort *J——rys* ne'er took.
 And after all, to Crown the Work, the *Rhine*,
France, *Florence*, the *Canaries* find us Wine.
London, that noble Mart, can't furnish more
London, for choice, compar'd with us, is poor.
 Were that*Imperial Glutton now at hand (*Vitellius*)
 Who a years Tax would at one Supper spend,

Who made each Land, and every distant Sea,
 Club to maintain his raving Luxury,
 On easier terms he here supply'd might be.
 This for the Belly, and for other Ware
 Of every sort we challenge *Starbridge-Fair*.
 Having now drunk our Mornings Dose, and Cheer
 Provided, homewards we directly steer.
 After a whiff of the fam'd *Indian Weed*,
 By way of whet to Dinner we proceed ;
 Tho', betwixt Friends, we seldom need a whet,
 Or any Arts, to raise the Appetite :
 'Tis the Fresh Earth that makes the Plow-man feed,
 Water in us does the same sharpness breed.
 Now with a Friend, a Jest, and cheering Glass
 Of blest *Bordeaux*, how glibly Victuals pass !
 The Camp once victuall'd, then the Sport begins,
 Whether your fancy leads to Bowls or Pins.
 Here's choice of Bowling-places to be seen,
 But *Rusthall* is by much the finest Green ;
 All curious *Carpet-ground* : You know the play,
 One with the Jack, a small Bowl, leads the way :
 By throwing of a Dice who first must go,
 And who and who's together, strait we know.
 Come, pray Sir, bowl away, this Ground's your
 Guide ;
 That Cast is narrow, this as much too wide :
 Not home! for want of strength your Cast you spoil ;
 Oh rub a thousand, now you're gone a Mile.
 Here's three ; to make us up, one more we lack ;
 Thank ye for that, dear Sir, you kiss the Jack.
 The finest Archer's Bow, or Fowler's Piece,
 As soon may fail, as a good Bowler miss.
 Are you for Cards? here you may find enough
 Dispos'd for Cribbage, Gleek, or Lantre lieu,
 A Game at Cards, a perfect Fight, you'd swear,
 Maintain'd with all the Stratagems of War:
 Here's

208 *State-Poems Continued.*

Here's Artibuscading, Routing, Rallying Men,
 And every thing but Wounds and Dying seen.
 After a long Dispute, with restless pains,
 One side besure a bloodless Victory gains.
 But if my Counsel in the case might sway,
 Beware how you become a Slave to Play.
 Some sit whole Nights together at the Sport,
 For which their Families and Lands must smart:
 Not that I blame any that undertake
 It more for Pleasure, than for Luce fake;
 But playing deep, and squandring so much time,
 Is that in Carding I account a Crime.
 If this don't please, we have another Game
 Call'd Chess, at which the Gentry pass their time
 Into the chequer'd Field two Kings descend,
 On each a Queen and Bishops two attend;
 On either side two Knights their Post maintain,
 Two Rooks and Pawns twice four compleat the
 Train.

The Signal given, both the Armies join
 To take the Adverse King, the chief Design:
 For this both sides in furious Charges meet,
 Proud of a Death before their Sov'reigns Feet;
 That is a Law peculiar to the Play,
 The King must first be took, before you win the
 Are you dispos'd to read a Poet, then (Dry
 Our old Acquaintance *Horace* is the Man;
 He'll please, which way soe'er your Humour lean;
 Does it to Mirth and Gallantry incline,
 His charming Odes are full of Love and Wine.
 He can be grave, not only please, but teach,
 As well as any *Grecian* Master Preach.
 His rules of Poetry the means impart
 How the best Genius may be helpt by Art.
 Here you may learn correctly how to Write,
 To a true edge your Style and Judgment set.

His Satyr, form'd above the common size,
 Lays Railing by, and Jeers you out of Vice.
 But if your Thoughts are more devoutly set,
 Than for a Page or two in Sacred Writ,
 This little Book does at one view contain
 What *Grecian* Sages blindly sought in vain,
 The Worlds Creation, and the Fall of Man ;
 And how the Tincture of his Sin could be
 Deriv'd on his Unborn Posterity :
 How he entail'd a double Death on Man ;
 Whence Physick and Divinity began :
 How after several rowling Periods past,
 With an Incarnate God the World was blest ;
 Who to the poor Man, bowels of Mercy bore,
 And Death disarm'd of all its Sting and Power ;
 Redeem'd the captive Wretch from Sin and Hell,
 And plac'd him higher than whence at first he fell :
 Remov'd his Seat from Earth to Heaven, with power
 Of never sinning never falling more.
 With watchful Providence our gracious Lord,
 From Foes of every sort, his Church does guard.
 Heav'n ha'nt indeed thought fit that we shou'd be
 From Sin, much less from Errour, wholly free,
 Lest we, on disappearance of a Foe,
 Throw by our Arms, careless of danger grow,
 Thus vanquish'd *Carthage* 'twas thought fit to spare,
 To keep *Rome's* Martial Spirits still in fear.
 But if a Friend comes in, the Book's thrown by ;
 A Bottle better suits in Company.
 Boy, teach that Flask here : Come Sir, if you please
 Here's to the King, and both the Princesses.
 Another Health to the Establish'd Church ;
 Hang him who does that or his Liquor lurch.
 Bless me ! it warms, I feel the potent Juice
 Its winged fires thro' every Vein diffuse.

What Magick in the Grape, what Charms in Wine
 That to such various Humors Men incline !
 Panders to Lust, Midwife to Mirth and Wit,
 Thou mak'st old Friends fall out, and Cowards fight.
 The Captive full of Thee, forgets his Chains;
 With Thee the Beggar flusht, in Fancy reigns.
 The *Dutch* at Sea, Death in the Face will stare,
 Their Senses steep in Nants and Gunpowder.
 The Sun by this a good way on his Road,
 The cool and lengthned Shades invite abroad.
 Whether we ride or walk, through Woods or Plains,
 The winged Choir divert us with their strains.
 Here Sighs to Citts, unknown, the time beguile
 Viewing the various kinds of Rural Toil :
 For one's a Haying, with unwearied Pains,
 Amidst a jolly crew of Sun-burnt Swains :
 Another plies the Plow for Grain and Food ;
 Some distance off a third's a felling Wood :
 The pretty painful Bee, by nature blest ;
 With foresight, is as busie as the best ;
 Along the Fields in bands they take their flight,
 Returning home laden with Spoils at night.
 Here's one i'th' School of Patience thro'ly try'd,
 Thoughtfully Angling by a River side ;
 After six tedious hours, lose or get,
 He still keeps on, half starv'd and thorough wet.
 Fishing he'll tell you, is its own Reward ;
 Give him but Bites, Fish is his least regard.
 But now a Pack of Dogs alarms our Ears,
 Musick, that Hunters say, exceeds the Spheres ;
 O'er Hill and Dale, with full mouth'd Cry they run
 To the known sound of Hollow or of Horn.
 And Deer no safety in their Coverts find,
 And *Reynolds* stands to rights before the Wind.
 As for the timorous Hare, away she flings
 Before the Dogs, 'twas fear first gave her Wings.

From

From this Diversion strait we're call'd aside
 To view the soaring Hawk's delightful pride;
 How thro' that Sea of Air the Bird of Prey,
 With Wings, instead of Sails, divides his way :
 The lesser Birds clap on more fail, and fly ;
 It looks just like a running Fight at Sea.
 At this mean Prize he makes his humble stoop,
 Like *Algerine* at some poor Pink or Sloop.
 Besides all this, to close the lovely Scene,
 Each Night there's constant Dancing on the Green :
 Persons of highest Rank stick round the Ring,
 Lustre and Grace to the Diversion bring :
 While Lads and Lasses forth in pairs advance,
 Musick keeps time to the well-measured Dance.
 Not finer Virgins flockt to those feign'd Games,
 When *Rome's* bold Youth so roughly woo'd the Sa-
 (bian Dames.
 Tir'd but not cloy'd, with this and such like Sport;
 Home to our Rest and Lodgings we resort ;
 And here we lie free from the dismal noise
 Of Coaches, Midnight Fires, and Bell-man's Voice:
 Here we in safe security are blest,
 And naught but Conscience to disturb our Rest.
 Refresh't with sleep, next Morn away we rig,
 Nothing remains of Yesterdays Fatigue.
 Thus, Friend, from Grief and Care, we purge our Head;
 In such a constant round of Pleasures tread,
 That *Mecca's* Prophet, in his Paradise,
 Has hardly past his word for more than this.
 But Oh, my Muse, Oh whither wilt thou lead ?
 Forbear, 'tis hallow'd Ground on which we tread.
 Methinks I hear the Poets of the Town
 Thus Schooling me with a censorious Frown :
 Free of the *Hamburgh* or the *Guinea* Trade,
 You ought not yet the Poets Rights invade ;

Whose jealous Company no more allows
 Of Interlopers, than the *India House*.
 The *Toleration* Tradesmen may admit
 For the high Calling of a Preacher fit ;
 But Poetry no gifted Brother knows,
 Who from a Merchant strait an Upstart Author grow
 Go home, fond man, and mind a better Game
 Than trading thus to the wild Coasts of Fame ;
 Go, count your Cash, your Merchandize pursue,
 At once bid Poetry and Friends Adieu.

*An Essay on Writing, and the Art and Mystery
 Printing. A Translation out of the Anthology*

Worthy that Man to scape Mortality,
 And leap that Ditch where all must plunging lie
 Who found out Letters first, and did impart,
 With Dextrous Skill, Writing's Mysterious Art,
 In Characters, to hold Intelligence,
 And to express the Mind's most hidden Sense.
 The *Indian* Slave, I'm sure might wonder well,
 How the dumb Papers cou'd his Theft reveal.
 The Stupid world admir'd the secret Cause
 Of the Tongue's Commerce without help of Voice
 That merely by a Pen it cou'd reveal,
 And all the Souls abstrusest Notions tell :
 The Pen, like Plowshare on the Paper's Face,
 With Black and Magick Tracks its way does trace
 Assisted only by that Useful Quill,
 Pluck'd from the Geese that sav'd the *Capitol*.
 First Writing-Tables Paper's Place supply'd,
 'Till Parchment and Nilotick Reeds were try'd :
 Parchment, the Skin of Beasts, well scrap'd and dress'd
 By these poor Helps of old, the Mind express'd :

But After-times a better way did go,
A lasting sort of Paper, white as Snow,
Compos'd of Rags well pounded in a Mill,
Proof against all but Fire, and the Moths Spoil.
What poor beginnings these ! The Silk Worm there
Had nought to do, no Silken-Threads were here ;
But Rags, from Doors pick'd part, from Dung-hills
Marsh'd in a Mill, gave Rise to this fine Art ; (part,
Which in an instant gives a speedy Birth
To *Virgil's* Books, the rarest Work on Earth.
But still an Art from Heaven was to come,
From thence it came) this Matter to consume ;
Which cou'd transcribe whole Books without a Hand ;
Behold the Prefs ! see how the Squadrons stand !
In all his Fights the *Roman* Parricide,
With half the skill ne'er did his Troops divide ;
Nor *Philip's* Son, who with his Force o're-run,
And mow'd the Countries of the Rising Morn :
Not the least motion from their Post, but all
Work hard, and wait the welcome Signal's Call ;
The Letters all turn'd Mutes, in Iron bound,
Never prove Vocal, till in Ink they're drown'd :
The Lab'ring Engine their still silence breaks,
And strait they render up their Charge, and speak :
Now drunk with the *Castalian* flood, they sing,
Arma Virumq ; gods, and god-like Kings :
Six hundred Lines of *Maro's*, quick as Thought,
Beyond the nimblest Running-Hand are wrought ;
Much fairer too the Characters do show ;
For Grace, fam'd *Cockquers* Pen, its Head must bow,
Three thousand Births at once, you see, which soon
Are ev'ry Country scatter'd are, and thrown,
Every Tongue with which Fame speaks are known.
These Types immortalize where e're they came,
And give Learn'd Writers a more lasting Doom.
Court Rites, *Galenic* Precepts, *Moses* Rules,

214 *State-Poems Continued.*

Are printed off, the Guides of learned Schools :
 What Wonders wou'd Antiquity have try'd,
 Had they the dawn of the Invention spy'd ?
 The *Offices* of *Tully* were the first
 That came abroad in this new-fashion'd Dress:
 Imperial *Metz* her self wou'd Author prove ;
 And *Venice* cries, she did the Art improve ;
 Not Ancient Cities more for *Homer* strove,
 Goddess ! Preserver from the Teeth of Time,
 Who keeps our Names still fresh in Youthful prime ;
 What man was he whom thus the Gods have grac'd,
 Worthy among the Stars to have a Place !
 Like Head of *Nile* unknown, thy blubbling rise
 Is hid, for ever hid, from Mortal Eyes.

Prologue, by the E. of R-----r.

GEntle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
 Men but despise us while we but complain :
 Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong side,
 A weak resistance still provokes their Pride ;
 And cannot stem the fierceness of the Tide.
 Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
 Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
 Insult in every corner : Want of Sense,
 Confirm'd with an outlandish Impudence.
 Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
 Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and false Wit ;
 To boast their Ledwness here young Scourers meet,
 And all the vile Companions of a Street,
 Keep a perpetual bawling near that Door,
 Who beat the Bawd last Night, who bilk't the Whore :
 They snarl, but neither Fight nor pay a Farthing,
 A Play-house is become a meer Bear garden ;
 Where

Where every one with Insolence enjoys,
 His Liberty and Property of Noise.
 Should true Sense, with revengeful Fire, come down,
 Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to save the Town:
 Each Parish is infected, to be clear
 We must lose more than when the Plague was here:
 While every little Thing perks up so soon,
 That at Fourteen it hectors up and down, (Town, }
 With the best Cheats and the worst Whores i'th' }
 Swears at a Play, who should be whipt at School, }
 The Foplings must in time grow up to rule, }
 The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool. }
 Some powerful: Muse, inspir'd for our defence,
 Arise, and save a little common Sense:
 In such a Cause, let thy keen Satyr bite,
 Where Indignation bids thy Genius write:
 Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
 And single out the Beast and hunt him down;
 Hang up his mangl'd Carcass on the Stage,
 To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

*On Melting down the Plate: Or, the Piss-
 pot's Farewel, 1697.*

MAids need no more their Silver Piss-pots scour,
 They now must jog like Traytors to the Tower:
 A quick dispatch! no sooner are they come,
 But ev'ry Vessel there receives its Doom:
 By Law condemn'd to take their fiery Tryal,
 A sentence that admits of no denial.
 Presumptuous Piss-Pot! how didst thou offend?
 Compelling Females on the Hams to bend?
 To Kings and Queens, we humbly bow the Knee;
 But Queens themselves are forc'd to stoop to thee;

To thee they cringe, and with a straining Face,
 They cure their Grief, by opening of their Case.
 In times of need thy help they did implore,
 And oft to ease their Ailments made thee roar.
 Under their Bed thou still hadst been conceal'd,
 And ne'er but on Necessity reveal'd;
 When over charg'd, and in Extremity,
 Their dearest Secrets they disclos'd to thee.
 Long hast thou been a Prisoner close confin'd,
 But Liberty is now for thee design'd,
 Thou, whom so many Beauties have enjoy'd,
 Now in another use shall be employ'd;
 And with delight be handled ev'ry Day,
 And oftner occupied a better way.
 But crafty Workmen first must thee refine,
 To purge thee from thy Soder and thy Brine.
 When thou, transform'd into another shape,
 Shalt make the World rejoyce at thy Escape;
 And from the Mint in Triumph shall be sent,
 New Coin'd, and Mill'd, to ev'ry Hearts content.
 Welcome to all, then proud of thy new Vamp,
 Bearing the Passport of a royal Stamp;
 And pass as currant, pleasant and as free,
 As that which hath so often pass'd into thee.

On Content.

I.

Blest he that with a mighty Hand,
 Does bravely his own fate command;
 Whom threatening Ills, and flattering Pleasures find,
 Safe in the Empire of a constant Mind:
 Who from the peaceful Bench descries,
 Repining Man in the World's Ocean tost,

And

And with a chearful Smile defies,
The Storm in which the discontented's lost.

II.

Content thou best of Friends, for those
In our Necessities art so,
Mid'st all our Ill, a Blessing still in store,
Joy to the Rich, and Riches to the Poor.
Thou Chymick good, that can'st alone,
From Fates most poysonous Drugs, rich Cordial raise:
Thou truest Philosophick Stone,
That turn'st Lives melancholy Drofs to golden Days.

III.

Content the good, the golden mean,
The safe estate that fits between
The sordid Poor, and miserable Great,
The humble Tenant of a rural Seat,
In vain we Wealth, and Treasure heap;
He mid'st his thousand Kingdoms still is poor,
That for another Crown does weep;
His only he is Rich, that wishes for no more.

IV.

Hence Titles, Mannors and Estate,
Content alone can make us great;
Content is Riches, Honour, all beside:
While the *French* Hero with insatiate Pride,
A single Empire does disdain;
While, still he's great, and still would greater be,
On the least spot of Earth I Reign,
Happier Man, and mightier Monarch far than he.

V.

I beg good Heaven, with just Desires,
What Need, not Luxury requires;
Give me with sparing Hands, but moderate Wealth,
A little Honour and enough of Health;
Life from the busie City free,
Near shady Groves, and purling Streams confin'd;

A Faithful Friend, a pleasing she;
 And give me all in one, give a contented Mind.
 VI.

Tell me no more of glorious Things,
 Of Crowns, of Palaces and Kings;
 The glittering Folly, nobly I contemn,
 And scorn the troubles of a Diadem.

Thus *Horace* for his *Sabine* Seat,
 Did mighty *Cæsars* shining Court refuse;
 And in himself, compleatly great,
 Contentedly enjoy'd a Mistress and a Muse.

Tunbridge Wells. By the Earl of Ro-
chester, June 30. 1675.

AT five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd his head
 From *Thetis* Lap I rais'd my self from Bed
 And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
 The Rendevouze of Fool, Buffoons and Praters,
 Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and
 (Daughters.

My squeemish Stomach, I with Wine had brib'd,
 To undertake the Dose, it was prescrib'd :
 But turning Head a cursed suddain Crew,
 That innocent Provision overthrew,
 And without drinking, made me Purge and Spew.
 From Coach and Six, a Thing unwealdy roll'd,
 Whom lumber Cart, more decently would hold :
 As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
 But handled, prov'd a meer Sir *Nicholas Cully* ;
 A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet
 He dard to Censure, to be thought a Wit.

To make him more Ridiculous in spight,
 Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight :
 " How wise is Nature when she does dispence,
 " A large Estate to cover want of Sence.
 " The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,
 " For He's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter ;
 " But a *poor Blockade*, is a wretched Creature. }
 Tho' he alone was dismal sight enough, }
 His Train contributed to set him off ; }
 All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff. }
 No Spleen or Malice need on them be thrown, }
 Nature has done the business of Lampoon, }
 And in their Looks their Characters are shown. }
 Endeavouring this irksome fight to baulk, }
 And a more irksome noise their silly Talk ; }
 I silently shrunk down to th' lower Walk, }
 But often when we would *Charibdis* shun,
 Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run ;
 For here it was my cursed luck to find,
 As great a Fop, tho' of another kind.
 A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in spanish guise,
 The Buckram Puppet never stirr'd his Eyes, }
 But grave as Owlet look'd, as Woodcock wife. }
 He scorns the empty talk of this mad Age,
 And speaks all Proverbs, Sentences, adage ;
 Can with as great solemnity buy Eggs,
 As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues ;
 Master oth' Ceremonies, yet can dispence,
 With the formality of talking sence.
 From hence unto the upper end I ran,
 Where a new Scene of Foppery began ;
 A tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
 Were company for none besides themselves :
 They got together, each his Distemper told,
 Scurvy, Stone, Strangury ; and some were bold,

220 State-Poems Continued.

To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease bring Infamy.
 But none there were so modest to complain
 Of want of Learning, Honesty or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train.
 These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
 Saucily pretending a Commission given :
 But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command,
 Seldom extends t'above ten miles of Land ;
 Send forth such wretched Foolson an Embassy,
 He'd find but small effect, from such a Message.
 Listning, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,
 Was pert **Bayes*, with Importance comfortable ;
 He being rais'd to an Arch-deaconry, * *Parker*
 By trampling on Religious Liberty ;
 Was grown so fat, and look'd so big and jolly,
 Not being disturb'd with care and melancholly,
 Tho' *Marvell* has enough expos'd his folly :
 He drank to carry off some old remains,
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins ;
 Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood,
 Can give sufficient sweetness, to his Blood,
 Or make his Nature or his Manners good.
 Next after these, a fulsom *Irish* Crew,
 Of silly Macks were offered to my view ;
 The Things they talk, but hearing what they said,
 I hid myself, the kindness to evade.
 Nature has plac'd these Wretches below scorn,
 They can't be call'd so vile as they were born.
 Amidst the crowd, next I my self convey'd
 For now there comes (White-Wash, and Paint be-
 (ing laid,
 Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
 And Squire with Wig and Pantaloon display'd :
 But ne're could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
 For a true Medly, with his Herd compare.

Here

Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Countesses,
Chandlers, Mum, Bacon, Women and Sempstresses,
Were mix'd together, nor did they agree,
More in their Humours, than their Quality.
Here waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,
Leaning on Cane, and Muffled up in Hood :
The would-be-wit——whose business 'twas to woo,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn scrape of Shooes ;
Bowing advanced, then he gently shrugs,
And ruffled Foretop he in order tugs ;
And thus accosts her, "Madam methinks the Weather,
" Is grown much more serene since you came hither,
" You influence the Heavens ; and should the Sun,
" Withdraw himself to see his Rays out-done ;
" Your Luminaries would supply the Morn,
" And make a Day, before the Day be born.
With Mouth screw'd up, and aukward winking Eyes,
And breast thrust forward ; Lord, Sir, she replies :
It is my goodness, and not your deserts,
Which makes you shew your Learning, Wit and Parts.
He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
The Sparkling Ring, and think what's next to say :
And thus breaks out a fresh, Madam, I'gad,
Your Luck, last Night, at Cards was mighty bad
At Cribbage ; Fifty nine and the next shew,
To make your Game, and yet to want those Two,
G—d—me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my Life, I saw the like before.
To Pedler's Hall he drags her soon and says
The same dull stuff a thousand different ways ;
And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.
Quite tir'd with this most dismal stuff ; I ran
Where were two Wives, and Girl just fit for Man, }
Short was her Breath, Looks Pale, and Visage wan. }

Some

Some Curtisy's past, and the old Compliment,
Of being glad to see each other spent :

With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the Talk.

I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought
No Rudeness, what cause was't hither brought
Your Ladship? She soon replying smil'd,
We have a good Estate, but ne're a Child ;
And I'm inform'd these Wells will make a barren
Woman, as fruitful as a Cony-warren.

The first return'd ; for this Cause I am come,
For I can have no Quietness at Home.

My Husband grumbles tho' we've gotten one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son,
And this disturb'd with Head-ach, Pangs and Throws
Is full Sixteen, and yet had never *Those*.

She answer'd, strait, get her a Husband, Madam ;
I Married at that Age, and never had 'em ;

Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
A Back of Steel will bring them better down.

And ten to one, but they themselves will try,
The same way to encrease their Family.

Poor silly Fribble who by Subtilty
Of Midwife, truest Friend to Lechery ;

Persuaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
To give thy Wife occasion to enlarge

Thy silly Head. Some here Walk, Cuff and Kick
With brawny Back and Legs potent ———

Who more substantially will cure thy Wife,
And to her halt Dead Womb restore new Life.

From these the Waters got their Reputation
Of good Assistance, unto Generation.

Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
With Hair-ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song :

Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,

And 'twas my Chance to know the Dreadful Crew

They were Cadets, that seldom did appear,
 Damn'd to the stint of Thirty Pounds a Year,
 With Hawk on Fist, or Greyhound led in Hand,
 They Dog and Foot-boy sometimes do command;
 But now having trim'd a leash of spavin'd Horse,
 With three hard-pincht-for Guineas in their Purse,
 Two rusty Pistols, Scarf about their Ase—
 Coat lin'd with Red, they have presum'd to swell
 This goes for Captain, that for Collonel:
 'Tis so Bear-Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,
 But is by Vertue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
 Bless me! thought I, what Thing is Man, that thus
 In all his shapes, he is ridiculous.
 Our selves with noise of Reason we do please,
 In vain, Humanity's our worst Disease,
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be
 Of Reason void, are so of Poppery.

***Memory of Joseph Washington, Esq; late
 of the Middle Temple, an Elegy. Written
 by N. Tate, Servant to their Majesties.***

OH A N Learning's Orb, when such a Star Expires,
 No Notice take of its extinguish'd Fires?
 Can Washington from Britain's Arms be torn,
 And not one British Muse his Hearse Adorn?
 Since abler Bards his Obsequies decline,
 And they whom Art inspires desert his Shrine,
 I'll trust my Grief his Fun'ral Dirge to Breath;
 A Crown his Tomb, tho' with a fading Wreath.
 For shall the boasting Fates have this to say,
 That unobserv'd they stole such Worth away;
 No

No——since Mankind a Loss in him sustain,
We'll of that Wrong to all Mankind complain.

O whither tend the famish'd Hopes of Wit,
That do's whole Years in Brooding Study sit !
From Early Dawn, till Day forsakes the Sky,
And Midnight Lamps the absent Sun supply ;
Why should the Learn'd, with Chymist Patience wait
Their Works *Projection*, never gain'd till late ?
If, soon as got, Fate's rigid Law must doom
Them, and their rich discov'ry to one Tomb !
Why should we ancient Arts steep Ruines climb
And backward Trace the painful Steps of Time ?
Why moil, and tanfack for a Golden Mite,
Past Ages Rubbish till we lose our Sight ?
If baffled from the search we must Retire ;
Or, having seiz'd it, o'er the Prize Expire.

In vain do's friendly Nature too Combine,
And with our Industry her Forces join ;
In vain her Ablest Faculties are brought,
Quick Fancy, Judgment to perfection wrought,
And Memory, the Magazine of Thought ;
Convincing Reason, Charming Eloquence,
All these she did to Him we Mourn Dispencc:
To him who lies in Death's cold Arms enclos'd,
And leaves his Sacred Fame——
To such an Artless Song as mine Expos'd.

O for a *Mausolæum* ! no less Tomb,
Can for his Merits History have Room :
Then let some Angel from the Realms of Light
Descend the shining Epitaph to Write !
No Mortal Wit his Character may give ;
Our Verse can only on his Marble live.

His Genius rival'd Rome's and Athen's Fame,
Breath'd *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Flame ;
Touch'd the *Horatian* Lyre with equal Ease,
Sail'd with success on *Tully's* flowing Seas.

In Language his Knowledge was sublime,
 From Modern to the Speech of Infant-time.
 Thus from the sacred Oracles he drew
 Those Truths, which scarce the Patriarchs better knew,
 The Sages by Antiquity Admir'd,
 Who justly to the Name of *Wise* Aspir'd,)
 In Speculation ne're cou'd soar so High;
 Nor Contemplation to such Use apply;
 For he, his Life adjusting to his Thought,
 Practis'd more Vertue than those Masters Taught:
 His Soul of e'ry Science was the Sphere;
 Yet *Artless Honesty* sat Regent there;
 Bright Learning's Charms none better understood,
 Yet less he study'd to be Learn'd, than Good.
 No *Truth*, in Notion, as in Practice, just,
 Ne'er servily his Knowledge took on Trust;
 Nor held for Sacred Custom's doting Dreams;
 Disdain'd to drink Tradition's muddy Streams:
 But to clear Principles had still Recourse,
 Nor rested, till he found the happy Source:
 And then, with gen'rous Charity possess'd,
 His Country with the rich Discov'ry blest.
 His Skill in Laws was less for private Gain
 Employ'd, than publick Freedom to maintain;
 While Mercenaries with the Current steer'd,
 His Country's constant Patron he appear'd.
 With *Roman* Vertue at the needful Hour,
 Oppos'd encroaching Tides of Lawful Power:
 His brandish'd Pen, in Liberty's Support,
 Cou'd Lightning on th' astonish'd Foe retort.
 Scarcely in *Marvel's* keen Remarks we find
 Each Energy of Wit and Reason join'd.
 Great *Milton's* shade with pleasure oft look'd down,
 Genius to applaud so like his Own.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

When Souls unite, in generous *Friendship* joyn'd,
 By a Reciprocal Exchange of Hearts :
 The Cement which does the Contexture bind,
 Arises from a Sympathy in parts.

II.

'Tis not the Work of Interest, or Force,
 But Nature all things to their Like does move:
 Love is true *Friendship*, Origine and Source ;
 Similitude the truest Cause of Love.

III.

Soon as each Object does its self display,
 At the first view such mutual Charms appear ;
 Tho' Distance, or Disasters stop the way ;
 Yet still they Wish and Covet to be near.

IV.

Their Motions and Desires are the same :
 This, no design to that unknown, does move.
 Both their Affections shine with equal Flame,
 By Nature kindled, and supply'd by Love.

V.

A Pair of Souls, in sweet Conjunction, One!
 Safe in each others Bosom they confide :
 Have neither Joy nor Grief that's singly known ;
 But both alike the common Care divide.

VI.

Friendship on such a Basis built shall grow,
 And like the *Eagle* still its youth renew.
 Time in the Building no defect can show,
 Nor Wit or Malice the strong Knot undo.

Thus

VII.

Thus sturdy Oaks from small Beginnings grow,
Which when in Earth have deeply taken root,
Play with those Winds that weaker Trees o'throw:
Whilst up to Heaven the Lofty Branches shoot.

The W I S H.

I.

AS Leaves which from the Trees blown down
Are scorch'd and shrivel'd by the Sun :
Or Lillies which the Virgins crop
Contract their Beauty die and drop:
So when I on *Dorinda* look,
I strait am with a Lightning strook ;
But if I gaze a while and stay
I melt insensibly away.

II.

But then as soft and gentle Showers,
Renew old Life in dying Flowers :
Or Dew shed on the Womb of Earth
Does give the Early Blossoms birth.
So if *Dorinda* sheds a Tear
New strength and motion does appear :
But if the balmy Kisses gives,
My Soul returns again and lives.

III.

Therefore my *Dear*, since Life and Death,
Depend at once upon your Breath ;
Since what your Eyes of Life deprive,
Your Kisses heal and do revive,
Kill and destroy me as you please,
For only then my Mind's at ease :
When your Eyes and Lips contrive,
To make me often Die and Live.

The Deliverance.

I.

C*Elia*, now my Heart has broke,
 The bands of your ungentle Yoke ;
 Dissolv'd the Fetters of that Chain,
 With which it strove so long in vain.
 The Devil take me if I e're
 Am trapp'd again within your snare.

II.

In vain you spread the treacherous Net,
 In vain your secret Toils are set ;
 The Bird can now your Artse spy,
 And wing'd with Caution from 'em fly.
 Some heedless Heart your Prey may be,
 But, Faith, you're too well known to me.

III.

I now can with Contempt despise
 The Feeble Witchcraft of your Eyes ;
 Without concern can sit and hear,
 You prattle Nonfence half a Year :
 And go away as little mov'd,
 As you was lately when I Lov'd.

IV.

I wonder what the Devil 'twas
 That made me such a stupid Ass.
 To fancy such a Charming Grace,
 In your Language, Mein and Face ;
 Since now I nothing more can find,
 Than what I see in all your kind.

V.

Thus when the drowsy God of Sleep,
 Does o're our weary Senses creep ;

Some

Some curious Piece of Imag'ry
By Fancy wrought delude the Eye.
But when we wake th' Approach of Day,
Scares the airy Form away.

Song Ex Tempore.

They talk of Raptures, Flames and Darts,
Of burning Feavers in their Hearts;
Of Gods of Love, in Womens Eyes,
Which Please and Ravish, and surprize;
How they Admire, Love, Adore,
With thousand other Wonders more.
But I cou'd ne're in Woman-kind,
Those dāzling Charms and Lustre find;
Which shou'd in spight of Reason prove,
Sufficient to engage my Love.
Whilst Kind, I love; but when untrue,
I leave 'em, Faith, and grow so too.
When once they Coy and Foolish be,
They may go hang Themselves for Me,
I love my Bottle and my Friend,
Nor other Love I understand.

Of Solitude.

O! *Solitude* my sweetest Choice,
Places devoted to the Night,
Remote from tumult, and from Noise
How you my restless Thoughts delight!

230 *State-Poems Continued.*

O Heavens ! what content is mine,
 To see those Trees which have appear'd
 From the Nativity of Time,
 And which all Ages have rever'd,
 To look to day as fresh and green
 As when their Beauties first were seen ?

II.

A chearful Wind does court them so,
 And with such amorous Breath enfold,
 That we by nothing else can know,
 But by their Height that they are Old.
 Hither the Demi-Gods did fly
 To seek a Sanctuary ; when
 Displeased *Jove* once pierc'd the Sky,
 To pour a Deluge upon Men,
 And on these Boughs themselves did save,
 Whence they could hardly see a Wave.

III.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
 So curiously by *Flora* drest,
 In melting Notes, her Case Forlorn,
 To entertain me, hath confess'd.
 O ! how agreeable a Sight
 These hanging Mountains do appear,
 Which the Unhappy would invite
 To finish all their Sorrows here,
 When their hard Fate makes them endure
 Such Woes, as only Death can cure.

IV.

What pretty Desolations make
 These Torrents Vagabond and Fierce,
 Who in vast heaps their Spring forsake
 This solitary Vale to pierce ?
 Then sliding just as Serpents do
 Under the Foot of every Tree,

Themselves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein some stately *Nayade*,
As in her native Bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Crystal Throne.

V.

This Den beset with River-Plants,
O ! How it does my Senses Charm:
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the Air,
May, with such Distaffs furnish'd be,
As Flags and Rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble Frogs may see,
Who frighted to retreat do fly,
If an approaching Man they spy.

VI.

Here Water-Fowl repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their Bliss destroy
By the malicious Fowlers Snare.
Some ravish'd with so bright a Day,
Their Feathers finely Prune and Deck,
Others their amorous Heats allay,
Which yet the Waters could not check :
All take their innocent Content
In this their lovely Element.

VII.

Summer's nor Winter's bold approach,
This Stream did never entertain ;
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
Whilst either Season did remain.
No thirsty Traveller came near,
And rudely made his Hand his Cup,
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeless Life resigned up.

Nor ever did the treacherous Hook,
Intrude to empty any Brook.

VIII.

What Beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd Castle Walls,
In which the utmost Rage and Spight
Of Times worst Insurrection falls?
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious Sport appear,
Our Senses both t' afflict and cheat.
And here within a thousand Holes
And nests of Adders and of Owls.

IX.

The Raven with his dismal cries,
That mortal Augury of Fate,
Those ghastly Goblins gratifies,
Which in these gloomy Places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the Wind does move
A Carcass which did once belong,
To one that Hang'd himself for Love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong:
Who though she saw his Love and Truth,
With one Look would not save the Youth.

X.

But Heaven which judgeth equally,
And its own Laws will still Maintain,
Rewarded soon her Cruelty
With a deserv'd and mighty Pain:
About this squalid heap of Bones,
Her wand'ring and condemning Shade,
Laments in long and piercing Groans
The Destiny her Rigour made;
And farther to Augment her Fright,
Her Crime is ever in her Sight.

XI.

There upon Antick Marble trac'd,
 Devices of Pastimes we see,
 Here Age has almost quite Defac'd,
 What Lovers carv'd on every Tree,
 The Cellar, here, the Highest Room,
 Receives when its Rafter's fall,
 Soil'd with the Venom and the Foam,
 Of the fly Spider and Snail:
 And th' Ivy 'n the Chimney we,
 Find shaded by a Walnut Tree.

XII.

Below there does a Cave extend,
 Wherein there is so dark a Grot,
 That should the Sun himself descend,
 I think he could not see a Jot,
 Here Sleep within a heavy lid
 In quiet sadness locks up Sense.
 And every Care he does forbid,
 Whilst in the Arms of Negligence:
 Lazily on his Back he's spread,
 And sheaves of Poppey are his Bed.

XIII.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
 Where Love it self might turn to Ice,
 Poor Eccho ceases not to Rave,
 On her *Narcissus* wild and nice:
 Either I softly steal a Thought,
 And by the softer Musick made;
 With a sweet Lute in Charms well taught,
 Sometimes I flatter her sad shade;
 Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
 To serve as Body to her Voice.

XIV.

Wt n from these Ruins I retire,
 T is horrid Rock I do invade,

Whose

Whose lofty Brow seems to enquire
 Of what materials mists are made :
 From thence descending leisurely,
 Under the Brow of this steep Hill,
 It with great Pleasure I descry,
 By waters undermin'd, until
 They to *Palemon's* Seat did Climb,
 Compos'd of Sponges and of Slime.

XV.

How highly is the Fancy pleas'd,
 To be upon the Oceans Shore,
 When she begins to be appeas'd,
 And her fierce Billows cease to roar !
 And when the hairy Tritons are
 Riding upon the shaken Wave,
 With what strange sound they strike the Air,
 Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,
 Whose shrill Report, does every wind
 Unto his due submission bind !

XVI.

Sometimes the Sea dispels the Sand,
 Trembling and Murmuring in the Bay,
 And rows its self upon the shells,
 Which it both brings and takes away.
 Sometimes exposes on the Strand,
 Th' effects of *Neptune's* Rage and scorn,
 Drown'd Men, dead Monsters cast on Land,
 And Ships that were in Tempests torn,
 With Diamonds and Amber-greece,
 And many more such things as these.

XVII.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
 A floating Mirrour she might be,
 And you would fancy all that while,
 New Heavens in her face to see :

The Sun himself is drawn so well,
 When there he would his Picture view,
 That our Eyes can hardly tell,
 Which is the false Sun, which the true;
 And lest we give our Sense the Lye,
 We think he's fallen from the Sky.

XVIII.

Bernieres ! for whose beloved sake,
 My thoughts are at a noble Strife;
 This my fantastick Landskip take,
 Which I have Copied to the Life.
 I only seek the Deserts rough,
 Where all alone I love to walk,
 And with Discourse refin'd enough,
 My Genius and the Muses talk;
 But the Converse most truly mine,
 Is the dear Memory of thine.

XIX.

Thou maist in this Poem find,
 So full of liberty and heat,
 What illustrious Rayes have shin'd,
 To enlighten my Conceit:
 Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
 Just as that Fury does controul,
 And as the Object I survey,
 The Notions grow up in my Soul,
 And are as unconfin'd and free,
 As the Flame which transported me.

XX.

How I solitude adore,
 That Element of Noblest Wit,
 Where I have learn't *Apollo's* Lore,
 Without the pains to study it:
 For thy sake I in Love am grown,
 With what thy fancy does pursue;

But

236 *State-Poems Continued.*

But when I think upon my own,
 I hate it for that reason too,
 Because it needs must hinder me
 From seeing, and from serving thee.

A Satyr against Brandy.

Farewell thou *Stygæan* Juice, which does bewitch
 From the Court Bawd, down to the Country
 (Bitch

Down to thy Native Hell, and mend the Fire ;
 Or if you rather choose to settle nigher,
 Descend to the dull Clime from whence you came
 Where Wit and Courage may require the Flame
 Where they Carouse in their *Vesuvian* Bowls,
 To crush the Quagmire of their Spungy Souls.
 Had *Dives* for thy Scorching Moisture cry'd,
Abraham in pity, had his suit deny'd.
 Or *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyrs Flood,
 Had siez'd in thee, and sav'd the Nation Wood.
 Essence of Ember, Scum of melted Flint,
 With all its native Sparkles floating in't ;
 Sure the black Chymist, with his Cloven Foot,
 All *Etna's* Simples in his Lymbeck put :
 And doubly Still'd, nay Quintiscenc'd thy Juice,
 To Charcoal Mortals, for his future use.
 Fire ship to Nature who dost doubly wound,
 For they who grapple thee, are Burnt and Drown'd.
 So when Heav'n press'd th' Auxiliaries of Hell,
 A scorching Storm on Cursed *Sodom* fell ;
 And when its single Plague could not prevail,
Ægypt was scall'd with kindled Rain and Hail,
 So Natures Feuds are reconcil'd to Thee,
 Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy.

Gods

Gods past, and future Judgment breath in you,
 A Deluge, and a Conflagration too,
 View yonder Sot, I dc'nt mean S——
 Grill'd all o're with thee from Head to Foot :
 His greasy Eye-lids show'd above their pitch,
 His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies Rich :
 His Scull instead of Brain, supply'd with Cynder,
 His Nose turns all his hankerchiefs to Tynder :
 His feeble Head scarce heave the Liquor in
 His Nerves, all crackle in his Parchment-skin :
 His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food,
 His Liver even vitrifies his Blood.
 His Guts from Natures Drudgery are freed,
 And in his Bowels *Salamanders* breed.
 He breaths like a smiths Forge, and wets the Fire,
 Not to allay the Flame, but raise it higher.
 He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh,
 And steps as tho' he walk'd with *Pinder's* Staff.
 The moving glass-house lighten in his Eyes,
 He melts his Cloaths and all his marrow fries,
 He smokes for a while, then in Ashes dyes. }
 He hold ; lest I the Saints dire Anger merit,
 By flinting these Auxiliary Spirits,
 Fear of late, whate're the wicked think,
 Thou art reform'd and turn'd a Godly Drink :
 Since the publick Faith, for Plate did wimble,
 And sanctified thy Girl, with *Hannah's* Thimble :
 Thou lests thy old bad Company of Vermin,
 The swearing Porters, and the drunken Carr-men ;
 And the lewd drivers of the Hackny Coaches,
 And now take up with Sage Discreet Debauches :
 Thou freely dropst upon Gold Chains, and *Furr*,
 And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.
 No more shalt thou foment an Ale house brawl,
 Nor the more sober Riots of *Guild-Hall*.

Where

238 *State-Poems Continued.*

Whereby thy Spirits fallible Direction,
 The Reprobates stood Poling for Election.
 Go then, thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
 Add Flame to Flame, and their stiff Tempers heal,
 Till they grow ductile to the publick Weal.
 Yet one word more, now we are out of hearing,
 Many have dy'd with drinking, some with swearing
 If these two Ills should in Conjunction meet,
 The Grass would quickly grow in every Street:
 Save thou this Nation from the double Blow,
 And keep thy fire from *Salamanca* T. O.

*A Prologue Spoken by Mr. Mountfort, after
 came from the Army, and Acted on the Stage*

AS reading of Romances did inspire
 The fierce *Don Quixot* with a Martial Fire;
 So some do think by acting *Alexander*,
 Gave me the whim of being a Commander.
 But then Reflecting that I had left behind me,
 An Audience rudely, that had us'd me kindly,
 My Conscience of Ingratitude accus'd me,
 Bid me return, where you too well had us'd me
 Ask pardon, and it should not be refus'd me.
 Thus relying on your Mercy I am come,
 Leaving *Dundalk*, to Act with you at Home:
 Forgive me then, and in return I'll swear,
 Ever to be your most Obedient Player:

On the Infanta of Portugal.

I.

HOW Cruel was *Alonzo's* Fate,
To fix his Love so high;
That he must perish for her Hate,
Or for her Kindness dye?

II.

Tortur'd and Mangl'd, Cut and Maim'd,
I'th' midst of all his Pain,
He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
Twas better than Disdain.

III.

The Gentle Nymph long since design'd,
For the proud Mounseurs Bed;
Now to a Holy Goal confin'd,
Drops Tears for every Bead.

IV.

Tell me ye Gods, if when a King
Suffers for Impotence;
Love be such a thing,
What can be Innocence?

Pindarick. By the Lord R———.

I.

Et Ancients boast no more,
Their lewd Imperial Whore;
Whose everlasting Lust,
Surviv'd her Body's lately Thrust.
And when that transitory Dust
Had no more Vigour left in store,
Was still as fresh and active as before.

2.

Her Glory must give place,
To one of Modern British Race;

Whose

Whose every daily Act exceeds
 The others most transcendent Deeds :
 She has at length made good,
 That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,
 Even able to out-do,
 All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to.

3.

When she has Jaded quite,
 Her almost Boundless Appetite ;
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,
 She'll still drudge on in tasteless Vice,
 (As if she sinn'd for Exercise)
 Disabling stoutest Stallions every hour,
 And when they can perform no more,
 She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of Door.

4.

Mon——*th* and *Ca*——*b* Droop,
 As first did *Henning*——*m* and *Scroope* :
 Nay Scabby *Ned* looks Thin and Pale,
 And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail :
 But Wo betide him if he does,
 She'll set her *Fockey* on his Toes,
 And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

5.

Now tell me all you Pow'rs,
 Whoe're could equal this Lewd Dame of ours
Lais her self must yield,
 And vanquish'd *Julia* quit the Field :
 Nor can that Princess, one day fam'd,
 As wonder of the Earth,
 For *Minotaurus* glorious Birth,
 With Admiration any more be Nam'd
 These Puny Heroins of History,
 Eclips'd by her shall all forgotten be
 Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

On the Return of King Charles II.

This should have been put next after the Poems on Oliver, but was misplaced.

Jure & Amore tui modo spes, nunc gloria regni,
 Qui regnando refers Numen, & esse probas.
 Laudibus & titulis major, majorque superbis
 Principibus, solo denique Patre minor,
 Maximè Rex, sed adhuc vir major: en accipe honore
 Quos tu regales accipiendo facis.
 Regna patent, & corda patent; sed latius ista:
 Omnia tu, præter gaudia nostra regis.
 Sol novus, exoritur quàm claro mane refulges,
 Occasu rubuit, dum prior ille fuit.
 Rex uni genti, sed donum missus es orbi,
 Hinc in tam multis gentibus iexul eras.
 Præ te Gallos divisit, & inter Iberos:
 Pluribus ut regis te, populisque daret.
 Dum se interpoluit regnum quinquevne Neronis,
 Oppositâ ornabat proximitate tuum
 sanguinei, tua grata magis, post sceptrâ Tyranni.
 Sic infert festos: litera rubra dies.
 Quæ rerum facies! viduam, dum Carolus urbem
 Intrat, splendoris pars quæta Pompa fuit!
 Quàm plena dies lachrymis sine luctibus! illum
 Sole vidente, quidem, non faciente diem.
 Quis sine cæde prius tot strictos viderat enses?
 Quisve sine effuso sanguine Victor erat?
 Cum modo utramq; manum comitanti fratre venires
 Carole, visa mihi est utraq; dextra manus.
 Mercurium & Martem medio Jove vidimus; Omen
 Gæna solent faustum sydera juncta dare.

R.

Dicitur

Dicitur Alcides bis subiisse labores

Exul : torque annos *Carolus* exul agit.

Jamque duodecimum peragit felicitur annum,

Ultimus huic pariter sit precor iste labor.

Exilii spatii regnum mensuret: & exul

Quem modo lustrabat, jam regat ille globum.

R. South, A. M. ex Ædi Christi.

Thus Translated.

God's and thy Right made thee our Hope before,
And now conjoin'd our happy State restore,
Thy glorious Reign two mighty Works can do,
It *proves* a God, and *represents* him too,
Proud Kings will to thy nobler Style submit,
Only thy Father must above thee sit.
Great King, but greater Man! our Wreaths allow,
Which may Imperial by Acceptance grow.
Large are the Realms, our Hearts more large thy hat
May those, but not our boundless Joys command!
What cheerful Beams our rising *Phœbus* crown,
Tho yesterdays in bloody Clouds went down.
One Nation's King, to all a Blessing sent,
His wandring Course through various Nations spent
While thee their Guest, both *French* and *Spaniards* made
More Realms, more Tribes thy gentler Beams survey'd
Nero our Lord five tedious years would be,
Only that he might prove a Foil to thee.
His bloody Reign makes thine delightful all,
As our Red Letters shew a Festival.
How smil'd the Town when *Charles* his Entrance made
More great himself than all the Cavalcade.
Then griefless Tears within our Eyes could play,
While *Phœbus* view'd, but never made the Day.

The

Then first drawn Swords from Murders free we view'd
And saw a Conqueror never stain'd with Blood:
When, *Charles*, your Royal Brothers clos'd thy side
Nature no more could Left and Right decide.
So *Mars* and *Mercury* round their Father move,
And happy their divine Conjunctions prove;
Twelve Labours banish'd *Hercules* sustain'd;
Twelve tedious years great *Charles* in Exile reign'd:
The twelfth is now with lucky *Omens* past,
O may it be of all thy Cares the last:
Vast may the Empire as thy Wandrings be;
And the wide Globe survey'd submit it self to thee:

On the late Invention of the New Lights.

———*Velut inter Ignes*
Luna minores———Hot.

N Dogtel Rhimes we seldom use
To stay for any God or Muse :
But in so nice a case as this
I think it cannot do amiss :
For all the Link-Boys round the Town;
Have sworn, I hear, to run 'em down :
The Men of Tallow, Wieck, and Cotten;
The Tin-men too the Cry have gotten.
Whom, let me see shall we retain ?
Phœbus, for once shall be the Man:
Great God of Lights ! we thee invoke;
If not by t'other side bespoke ;
The Stars above to Men below;
But like your Farthing-Candles show :
Whilst thou with glorious Lustre crown'd,
Dost hang like one of Six i'th' pound :

R 2

Thou

244 *State-Poems Continued.*

Thou, who'rt all Eye, 'cast half an one
 Down on this *New Invention*.
 'Tis new indeed to us below,
 But known in Heaven long ago:
 The Stars in just such *Crystal Spheres*.
 Have burn'd above *Five thousand Years*;
 They fear no Storms by Day or Night,
 But thus hang wind and weather tight;
 And so they'll hang till Day of Doom,
 By that time they'll their Oyl consume:
 And then their Glasses breaking round us,
 In Flames they'll fall and so confound us;
 Nay, we can prove the *Milky way*
 (For all Sir *Sydropbel* can say)
 Is but a Street of some such Lights,
 To guide the Heavenly Folks a nights.
 The Council-chamber up above,
 Is hung with such; and *Jove's Alcove*.
 The sacred *Ram* can't furnish Horn,
 For all the Lights that there are shown:
 Horners they've none, and I dare swear
 There's ne're a *Tallow Chandler* there.
Prometheus once (that Son of Fame)
 Upon a Visit hither came;
 And lik'd the thing so wondrous well,
 He strait upon the Tryal fell:
 But whether (as some Authors say)
 The *Tallow Chandler's* shew'd foul play,
 Or Link Boys us'd to break his Glasses,
 (For variously the Story passes)
 The Project fail'd; and he ran mad;
 Such Luck the *Virtuoso* had;
 That's all the Bird, the Poets say,
 Lies gnawing of him Night and Day.
 May more propitious Fares attend
 Our present Art-improving Friend!

Were this Design but understood,
 'Twould' be of universal Good.
 The Stars might go to sleep a-nights,
 And leave their work to the *New Lights*.
 The Midwife Moon might mind her Calling,
 And puffy Light-man leave his Bawling;
 Men may pull in their Horns, and be
 From *Offices* and *Summons* free.
 Nay with such potent Influence
 Their streaming Rays they do dispense,
 That if the Sun should lie too long,
 Here he might have his Bus'ness done :
 He might indulge in *Ther's* Lap,
 And while these burn, take no other Nap.
 Oh ! had you been the other Night
 In *Cheapside* at th' 'amazing' fight,
 Where with their Sawcer-Eyes they hung,
 And gather'd their admiring throng.
 The scatt'ring Light gilt all the gaudy way,
 Some People rose and thought it day.
 The plying Punks crept into Holes,
 Who walk'd the streets before by Holes;
 The Night could now no longer screen
 The Tavern Sots from being seen.
 The Light-men, they, began to rally,
 Who blush'd, and sneak'd down *Grocers Alley*.
 The *Tempest* you have seen, no doubt,
 Just so the Candles all went out ;
 Those silly Tools no more could burn
 Than Kitching-fires before the Sun.
 The Quaker, with up-lifted Hands,
 By *Yea* and *Nay* the Rogue commends ;
 Of all their boasted Lights he said,
 These never enter'd once their Head.
 When we compare our times with those are past,
 We cry, this Age of greater *Light* can boast ;

I'll say so too if this Invention hit,
Else swear, our Age wants Wit as well as Light.

*On the late Invention of the PENY-
Post, by Mr. Dockwra.*

Volvitur & volvetur in omne volubilis ævus.

WHat Fools are they, who use to cry,
Nature's grown crazy, old and dry,
No new Inventions now can boast
For that vast store of old was lost ;
We know this is an Age of Light,
Our Grandfites all were under Night,
The sacred Story tells us, that
Our Fathers Boys and Girls begat
At nine hundred, so does too
Past five thousand Nature now.
Imperial Ink, and dying Purple were
Counted of old Inventions rare,
With Napkins of pesuliar Stuff,
That could the Force of Fire rebuff,
Throw 'em into't they took no hurt on't,
Hot-brain'd *Nero* had a Shirt on't,
These with others fill the Roll,
Writ by Learned *Panciroll*.
The modern Ages can produce,
Inventions too of wondrous use,
By which Dame Nature now may boast
Her prolifick Force not lost
Printing, the Compass, and the Gun,
And that lost Art which Marble run;

Lack

Lacker, Mill'd Lead, the Sailing Carr,
 And the New Lights surprising are.
 All these have had their just Applause,
 Have made throughout the World a Noise.
 What God, what Man shall we accost,
 Great Patron of the *Penny Post*!
 Worthy, fam'd *Panciroll*, to stand
 First in that List drawn by thy hand.
Mercury, thou Post of Heav'n,
 To thee the weighty Charge is given,
 Thou long ago didst found a Post
 All a long the Heav'nly Coast,
 And daily thence thy Journey takes
 O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Floods and Lakes,
 Wings at thy Head and at thy Heels,
 Thou like a Pigeon-Carrier sails,
 Sometimes charg'd with Love and News,
 Sometimes from *Jove* with *Billet Deux*,
 Sometimes with Baskets, Boxes, Tickets,
 Thy Mail is most stuff'd with Love Pacquets;
 The Clouds give way as thou dost go,
 And full-charg'd Thunder makes a Bow.
 Ah! thou, who with a charming Rod
 Canst controul the sleepy God,
 Touchsafe to thy poor Foot-post Race,
 That when the Day's Fatigue is past,
 To sweet Sleep they may be cast.
 To give the way let no Man scorn,
 Altho' they carry ne'er a Horn:
 Their Task is greater than the Sun's,
 He goes to Bed when he has done,
 They only rest an hour at Noon:
 In the Soul of Man we find
 Several fair Chambers are design'd,
 The Heart the Liver and the Brain,
 The lovely Guest to entertain.

Five Port-hole Senses too were made,
 By which all Objects are convey'd,
 So that whate'er abroad was done
 Is within as quickly known:

Whate'er is smelt, seen, felt or heard,
 As swift as flying thought it runs,
 Through winding Paths and secret Turns,
 And to the Soul's Apartment strait repair'd.

This way great *Dockwra* forth did chalk,
 As a Parterre from the Grand Walk
 Leads many ways his nimble Men,
 After their Round, return and meet again.
 For twenty Miles these nimble *Mercuries*
 Carefully convey Advice.

Not Letters grav'd on Sculls, or Pigeons Post,
 Of greater Secrecy can boast.

Hail mighty *Dockwra*, Son of Art,
 With *Flavia*, *Middleton* or *Stuart*.
 In the foremost Rank of Fame,
 Thou shalt fix thy lasting Name.

Nor new Invention Fate thee hurt,
 To be damn'd or beggar'd for't.

FINIS.

Additions.

E P I T A P H I U M

Fle———She———

O vos, qui de salute vestrâ securi estis,
Orate pro Animâ miserrimi Peccatoris.

Fle———She——— etiamnum viventis,
Et, ubicunque est, peccantis :

Qui fide exiguâ, & tamen spe impudentissimâ
Optat & spectat quam non meruit,
Felicem Resurrectionem.

Anno Religionis & Libertatis restaurata, Tertio.
Rerum potentibus fortissimo *Wilhelmo*
Et formosissima *Maria*.

A L I U D

Per * Amicum Fle———She———* T. Bro——

Sta, Viator, five tu *Veneri*, five *Baccho* vixeris
Idoneus;

Et si quando à Scottis vel Poculis vacat,
Reminiscere defuncti in *Baccho* & *Venere* fratris
Fle———She———

Qui vitiis, & (quod in ipso vitiosissimum erat)
Ingenio piè renunciavit.

Apolline jam, nullo, *Venere* nullâ,
Et quod magis dolendum, *Baccho* nullo :

S

For-

Fortitudine & Sobrietate pari :
 Quippe qui nulli hosti bellum unquam indixerit,
 Si excipias Sitim
 Qui Comiti *Dors*——à Rifu,
 Cubiculario Regio à sanctoribus**Bibulos*, **Bibliis*,
 Et Poetarum *Mecenati* à Daetylis & Spondzis.
 Nihil unquam facetè dixit, quod salvo Pudore,
 Nec liberè, quod salva Religione,
 Dici potuit.

Promissorum usque & usque profusus
 Montes aureas pollicetur
 At ubi bonæ fidei hominem sperabis,
 Poetam, sed solâ illâ vice, verum induit.
 Qui, ut mensâ alienâ semper vixerit,
 Sic jocis alienis, non suis, inclaruit.
 Nec alium edidit jocum, nisi quem
 Sackvilianæ genti & fortunæ debuerit,
 Inter Aulicos Theologum,
 Inter Theologos Aulicum,
 Inter Magnates Literatum
 Profitetur :

Et, quæ magna hominis modestia est,
 Inter Literatos nihil.

Anno publicæ Paupertatis,
 (Et, si Paupertate Poësis semper à tergo adhaereat,
 Anno publicæ Poëseos restauratæ) Tertio,
 Cum de bicipite nostro Parnasso certaret
 Hinc bifrons Drydenus,
 Inde bicornis Shadwellius ;
 Quorum hic de Facto, ille de Jure
 Archipoëta cluit.

A Prophecy by Sir F. S.

When * *Tewksbury* Mustard shall * *Lord C.*
 travel abroad,
 And dye in a Ditch without Magpye or Toad ;
 When the Sauce of the Veal joining three to one Lion
 Shall devour the Fish the Pad Nag to * *Arion*, * *Dolphin*.
 Then the Lillies shall try to swim over the Ferry,
 And all shall be met with & drown'd by the Cherry;
 The Children of *France* with Famine oppress'd
 Shall complain that their Mother has never a Breast.

An Answer to the Prophecy.

When the last of all Knights, and the worst of
 all Knaves,
 And the best of all P--mps is the worst of all Braves,
 When a Lubberly Clown is prefer'd for his Breeding,
 And a Mock Hero dubb'd not for Fighting but Feed-
 ing
 When a Medal and Chain is bestow'd on a Dog
 That better deserves a Rope than a Clog ;
 Then *England* beware of the Conduct of *France*,
 The Dolphin shall lead the Lion a Dance, (full,
 And the Children shall laugh that their Breasts is so
 Whilst the proud Navy Royal's a sucking a Bull.

On the Penitent Death of the Lord Roch—r.

Seraphick Lord, whom Heaven for Wonder
 meant,
 The earliest Wit and the most suddain Saint,
 What though the Vulgar may traduce thy Ways,
 And seek to rob thee of immortal Praise;

S a

if

If with thy Rival *Solomon's* Intent,
Thou find'st a little for Experiment,
Or to maintain a Paradox that none
Had Wit to answer but thy self alone;
Now Lechers who the Pox could ne'er convert
Know where to fix a restless rambling Heart.
Drunkards whose Souls next their sick Maws love
Drink,
Confound their Glasses and begin to shrink;
The Atheist now has nothing left to say,
His Arguments were lent for Sport, not Prey;
A Declaration so well tim'd has gain'd
More Profelytes than thy Wildness feign'd,
Satan rejoic'd to see thee take his part,
His Malice not so prosp'rous as thy Art,
He took thee for his Pilot to convey
Those easy Souls he spirited away:
But to his great Confusion saw thee Shift
Thy swelling Sails and take another Drift.
With an illustrious Train reputed his
To the bright Regions of Eternal Bliss.
So have I seen a Prudent General Act,
Whom Fate had forc'd with Rebels to contract
A hated League, fight, vote, adhere, obey,
Own'd the old Cause as zealously as they,
Surprise the Royal Side and pull all down,
With unresisted Force which propt the Crown;
But when he found out a propitious Hour,
To quit his Mask and own his Prince's Power,
Boldly asserted his great Sovereign's Cause,
And brought three Kingdoms to his Master's Laws.

On the Lord Rochester's Death. By Mr. Flatman

A Son his Death-bed grasping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the Wonder of the Plains,
 The noblest of the *Arcadian* Swains,
Strephon the bold, the witty and the gay.
 With many a Sigh and many a Tear he said
 Remember me y^e Sheperds when I'm dead.
 Ye trifling Glories of the World adieu !
 And vain Applauses of the Age,
 For when we quit this mortal Stage,
 Believe me Sheperds for I tell you true,
 The Pleasures which from Vertuous Deeds we have,
 Create the sweetest Slumbers in the Grave ;
 And sure their fatal hour will come,
 Surely their Heads lay low as mine,
 Before the bright Meridian Sun decline,
 Beseech the mighty *Pan* to guide you ;
 If to *Elysium* you would happy flie,
 Live not like *Strephan*, but like *Strephon* die.

The Same in Latin by Mr. Hanbury.

(horas,
CU M *Strephon* extremas moriturus duxerit
 Unica *Parchasias* *Strephon* inter *Gloria* valles
 Pastores ille ante alios formosior omnes,
 Ille alacris *Strephon*, ille audax *Strephon*, ille facetus
 Multa gemens, flens multa super lacrimabiles dixit
 Quisquis es, O Pastor, comitis memor esto sepulti
 Ergò curæ hominum sterilesque facessite nugæ,
 Quosque olim captata mihi suffragia sacri.
 Namque ubi ducta semel clausit cortina Theatrum,
 Crede mihi, Pastor, nunc ô nunc vera loquenti,

254 *State-Poems Continued.*

Crede Voluptates quæ sunt virtutibus orta,
 Somnia in extremo faciunt dulcissima lecto ;
 Tam quia fatalis tam certè supervenit hora,
 Et te mecum etiam pulvis communis habebit,
 Præcipitemque diem flebet sol pronus in umbram,
 Magnùm *Pana* petes ut te par devia ducat.
 Si cupis *Elysios* foelix errare per agros,
 Vivas dissimilas, similis moriare *Strephoni*.

*An Answer to the Lord Rochester's Satyr on
 Man. By Dr. P——*

WERE I to chuse what sort of Corps I'd wear,
 Not Baron Dog, Lord Monkey, or Earl Bear ;
 But I'd be Man not as I am the Worst,
 But Man refin'd such as he was at first ;
 The speechless State of Brutes I would refuse,
 For the same Cause another doth it chuse,
 For then the Reputation I should lose
 Of Wit, Extravagance and Mode from whence
 Reason is made to truckle under Sence,
 Or if to Sence I did so much incline,
 I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat or Swine,
 To help to break the Court Physicians, who
 Besides compounding Lusts have nought to do.
 Nature (exceeding Broths) would then excite
 Supplies to make a full meal'd Apperite,
 No Bugbear Conscience dulling the Delight.
 But what need such a Metamorphosis,
 Man being made can do e'en more than this,
 Granting your Principle that Reasons use,
 Is not to curb, but make Sence more profuse.
 For tho' Mans Life more vig'rous is than Brutes,
 His pander Reason can contrive Recruits,

For its defects what Sins the sensual Man
 Can do alone the reasonable can.
 With useful Will for Sensuality,
 A half-unfashion'd Sinner doth descry
 His Modesty debauch't who can tell why ;
 That stirs up slow pac'd Lust by Argument,
 Who to tir'd Sense give no Divertisement,
 But call for more when all its Sin is spent,
 And tho' the flagging Wretch would be content,
 Disabled from more Vice, now to repent.
 Upbraiding Reason scorns the puny Motion,
 Bids it chear up, and gives it t'other Potion,
 Till after all when Nature hath given o're,
 And Art can bouy up aged Sense no more,
 Reason reserves this Remedy at last,
 To think those Pleasures which it cannot tast ;
 In this the thinking Fool may become wise,
 And yet think on so that his thinking lies
 In Notions of Venereal Misteries.
 Hence sprung the reasoning Art in former Days
 Of *Sphinxstrinx Osci* and the modern Ways,
 By Baths, Lascivious Pictures, Jigs and Plays.
 If this be Reasons use no more we'll call
Clodius incontinent but rational,
 And boast the Reason of *Sardanapal*.
 Reason nick-nam'd like Quaker new found Light,
 One while call'd Spirit, *alias* Appetite,
 A stupid Reason which none will defend
 But he that has with Brutes one common End ;
 Debasing Reason, corrupting every As,
 Even with my Lord in the same reasoning Glass:
 I'll be no Student in this Learned School,
 I'd rather be the human thinking Fool,
 A cloister'd Coxcomb able to converse
 (Although alone) with the whole Universe.

256 *State-Poems Continued.*

And reasoning, into Heaven mount, from thence.
 Post *Gazetes* of Divine Intelligence
 And sacred Knowledge most remote from Sense.
 Might I be plac'd in this exploded Sphere,
 I'd not alone forgive the witty Jeer
 But boast the Name of reasoning Engineer.
 But as for Man made perfect and upright,
 Why not the Image of the infinite;
 Were this a Scandal to his Glory, must
 We for his Honours sake his word distrust?
 Or is an Image such a very same
 With that it represents, that it must claim
 Its full Perfection, sure my Picture might
 Be painted like me and yet void of Sight;
 Must the first Draught of Man be vilify'd (stray'd?
 Scorn'd and Contemn'd 'cause Man himself hath
 Or did not *Eve* sufficiently transgress
 And basterdise Posterity unless
 Man little as he is be made much less.
 Tho' he does not his higher End pursue
 So well as doth the more ignoble Crew
 Of Birds and Beasts that have little to do.
 The Difficulty of his lofty End
 Above the others does his Cause defend;
 And in the means a disproportion pleads
 Choice Sways the one; Instinct the other leads.
 'Tis not 'cause Jowler's wife he takes the Hare,
 But 'tis because Jowler cannot forbear.
 Tho' in the Chair of State *Jone* lolling sit,
 That therefore she can sit upright in it,
 Is an ill Consequence and void of Wit.
 But you your self have taught Man such a Way
 Unto his Happiness that he must stray;
 For if his Sence must utter in his Rest,
 And never be abridg'd of its Request,
 He may be drunk and pockey but ne'er blest.

As for Pride, gendring Philosophy
 A captious Word, 'tis what you'd have it be,
 Its own Distinctions have an Act to shew
 'Tis good or bad, or neither as please you.
 Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry,
 But in the Love of Wisdom all agree,
 Wisdom which all acknowledge to be good,
 But hath the Fate to be misunderstood,
 But tho' Fools crowd among Philosophers,
 The Fault is not the Sciences but theirs ;
 With all their Flaws our Bedlam School I'd choose
 Before the madder Taverns lewder stews ;
 Tho' both are Slaves I rather do respect
 The *Stoick* than the *Epicurean* Sect ;
 If Sense or Reason, one must be deny'd,
 Reason would tell me Reason must abide,
 The less obnoxious and the surest Guide.
 But since kind Nature hath design'd 'em both
 For humane Complement, I should be loth
 To give my human Sense to its own Will,
 Or grant a Tyrant Reason leave to kill ;
 Such useful Faculties my Reason shall,
 Govern my subject Sence but not enthrall ;
 Nor shall officious Sense presume to act,
 Till Justice Authorize the Fact.
 That humane Nature is corrupt I grant,
 But was't the Use of Reason or the want
 That putt out the warm breath of Love, from whence
 Sprung Murder first but from malicious Sense ;
 Which having first usurp'd Queen Reason's Throne,
 Was not contented with one Sin alone,
 But falling headlong plainly shews, alas!
 By too too fatal proof that that which was
 The best, corrupted to the worst does pass.
 Hence the acutest Wits when they're defil'd
 Turn most extravagant, prophane and wild,

De.

Defend Debaucheries and Sense advance
 To reason Reason out of Countenance,
 Making their Knowledge worse than Ignorance,
 But must Humanity be quite erac'd,
 Because it is from what it was defac'd?
 Or, must the little Reason Men yet hold
 For their Improvement, be for Dogs flesh sold?
 Sometimes the Gamster when Misfortune crosses
 With his last Stake recovers all his Losses;
 H's but a weak Physician who gives o're
 His weaker Patient whom he might restore;
 But may he suffer an eternal Curse,
 That dare prescribe a Remedy that's worse
 Than the Disease it self, when Jowler's lame,
 No one expects that he should catch the Game,
 But that he may hereafter, I am sure
 'Tis best not to cut off his Leg, but cure.
 He that feels Qualms of Conscience in his Breast,
 Let him not barter Reason with a Beast,
 But purge the Guilt with which he is oppress.
 That Honesty's against all common Sense
 Is a good Argument for my Defence,
 Since with that thing that hath so great a Fame
 Is inconsistent Sense is much to blame;
 And Reason will (spite of the Rhime and Tide
 Of Ink, Wit and Contempt) more firm abide,
 For having such a Vertue on its side.
 And Valour too takes part with her for Sense,
 As you contrive it puts no Difference
 Between the Valiant that are so for fear,
 And Cowards that would be, but do not dare;
 Reason could ne're invent such a witty thing,
 That one should fight for fear of quarrelling,
 All men you say for Fools or Knaves must go,
 And 'tis a Man himself that calls them so,

And being Man is at his own Choice free,
 Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be,
 Let him be either, or else none for me.
 But let me, Sir, request before you slip
 Into the Dog, or Bear, or Monky Ship,
 Whether you think their brutish Form procures
 Any Advantages exceeding yours?
 Both Dog and Bear as well as Man will fight.
 And (to no Purpose too) each other bite;
 And as for Pug all his Vertues lye
 In aping Man the only thing you fly,
 The wiser way this Evil to redress
 Is to be what you are not more not less.
 That is not Man, Dog, Bear nor Monkey neither,
 But a Rare something of them altogether.

An Epitaph on the D. of G———By F.S——d.

I.

Beneath this place
 Lyes stow'd his Grace
 The Duke of G———
 As sharp a Blade
 As e'er was made
 Or e'er had Haft on.

II.

Mark'd with a Star
 Forg'd for War
 Of Mettle true
 As ever drew
 Or made a Pass
 At Lad or Lass.

III.

III.

This nat'ral Son of *Mars*
Ne're hung an Arse
Or turn'd his Tail
Tho' shot like Hail.

IV.

Flew 'bout his Ears
Through Pikes and Spears
So thick they hid the Sun
He'd boldly lead them on
More like a Devil than a Man,

V.

He valued not the Balls of Gun
He ne're would dread
Shot made of Lead
Or Cannon Ball
Nothing at all.

VI.

Yet a Bullet of *Cork*
Soon did his Work .
Unhappy Pellet
With Grief I tell it
It has undone
Great *Cæsars* Son.

A Statesman spoil'd
A Soldier foil'd
G——rot him
That shot him
A Son of a Whore
I say no more.

The Iniskilling Regiment.

I.

I Will sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,
Of the first royal Regiment, but don't think I jeer,
If I vow and protest they're as brave Men and willing,
As ever old *Rome* bred, or new *Iniskilling*.

2.

Oh had you but seen them March with that *Decorum*,
That no *Roman* Triumph could e're go before 'em,

Some smoking, some whistling, all meaning no harm
Like *Yorkshire* Attorneys coming up to a Term.

3.

On Bobtails, on Longtails, on Trouters, on Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers, on Racers,
You'd ha' swore Knight and Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds and
Pandors,
Appear'd all like so many great *Alexanders*.

4

Whole Warriors who thorow all Dangers durst go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle and Foe,
Were mounted on Steeds the last Lord Mayor's Day,
From *Turk, Spain, Barbary, Coach, Cart and Dray*.

5.

'Twas that very day their high Prowess was shown,
In guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o'th' Town,
Though Sparks were unborst and their lac'd Coats were spoil'd,
They dreaded no Squibs of Men, Women or Child.

6.

The Cornet whose Nose, though it spoke him no *Romani*,
Was mounted that day on a Horse feared no man,
No Wounds, for all o're his Trappings so sumptuous,
He had ry'd Squibs and Crackers, 'twas mighty presumptuous.

7.

For note his Design, faith 'tis worth your admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse could stand firing,
Not wisely confid'ring that her Majesty's marry'd,
And he had been hang'd if the Queen had miscarry'd.

8.

All Hearts true as Steel, but of all brave Fellows
An Attorney for my money who was so zealous,
He went for the Lease of his own House from home,
To make a new covering for the Troops Kettle drum.

9. The

9.

The Lieutenant being thrown by his Jennet,
His Son in Law fancying some Treachery in it,
Gave the Oaths to the Horse which the Beast took they say;
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopt hay.

10.

He the Nag of an Irish Papist did buy,
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,
He taught him to eat with his Oats Gunpowdery,
And pranced to the Tune of Lilly-bulero.

11.

The Tub preaching Saint was so furious a Blade,
In Jack-boots both Day and Night preach'd, slept and pray'd
To call them to prayers he need no Saints Bell,
For gingling his Spurs chime'd them all in as well.

12.

A noble stout Scrivenet that now shall be nameless;
That in Day of Battle he might be found blameless,
A War-horse of Wood from Duck Carver buys,
To learn with more safety the Horse Exercise.

13.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,
He fixes a Desk on Bucephalus Main,
That so by that means he his Prancer bestriding,
Might practise at once both his writing and riding.

14.

But oh the sad news which their Joy now confounds,
To Ireland their own like the last Trumpet sounds,
Lord, Lord, how this sets them a writing Petitions,
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

15.

Oh who will March for me, speak any that dare,
A Horse and a Hundred Pounds for him that's fair,
Dear Courtiers excuse me from Teagland and Slaughter,
And take which you please Sir, my Wife or my Daughter.

16. So

16.

Some feign'd themselves lame some feign'd themselves clapt,
At last finding all themselves by themselves trappt,
The King most unanimously they addrest,
And told him the Truth, 'twas all but a Jest.

17.

A Jest, quoth the King, and with that the King smil'd,
Come it ne'er shall be said such a Jest shall be spoil'd,
Therefore I dismiss you, in Peace all depart,
For it was more your Goodness than my Desert.

18.

Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation,
Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,
They kist royal Fift and were drunk all for Joy,
And broke all their Swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy*.

A Ballad on the Fleet.

A Mighty great Fleet the like was ne'er seen
Since the Reign of K. *William* and *Mary* the Q.
Design'd the Destruction of *France* to have been,
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Fleet was compos'd of *English* and *Dutch*,
For Men and for Guns there was never seen such;
Nor so little done, when expected so much,
Which, &c.

One hundred Ships which we Capital call,
With Frigots and Tenders and Yachts that were small,
Went out and did little or nothing at all,
Which, &c.

60500 and six Lusty Men,
Had they chanc'd to have met with the *French* Fleet, oh then;
As they beat 'em last Year, so they'd beat 'em again.
Which, &c.

Six thousand great Guns and seventy eight more,
As good and as great as ever did roar,
As had been the same thing had they all been ashore,
Which, &c.

But

But T—— now must command them no more,
 We try'd of what Mettle he was made of before,
 It's safer for him on the Land for so whore.

Which, &c.

For a Bullet perhaps from the lowd Cannons Breech,
 Which makes no Distinction betwixt poor and rich,
 Instead of his Dog might have taken his Bitch.

Which, &c.

But R—— the C—— C—— R—— is chose,
 His fine self and his Fleet to the Sea to expose,
 But he'll have a Care how he meets with his Foes.

Which, &c.

He had Sea-Colonels of the Nature of Otter,
 Which either might serve by Land or by Water,
 But of what they have done we have heard no great matter.

Which, &c.

In the month of May last they sail'd on the Main,
 And now in September they come back again
 With the loss of some Ships but in Battle none slain.

Which, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT,

NEWLY Published a Compleat History of *Europe*; or a View of the Affairs thereof, Civil and Military, for the Year, 1701. Containing all the Publick and Secret Transactions therein; The several Steps taken by *France*, for an Universal Monarchy, and to Enslave her Neighbours; The Wars in *Italy*, *Poland*, *Livonia*, *Moscovy*, &c. Intermix'd with great Variety of Original Papers, Letters, Memoirs, Treaties, &c. Several of which never before made Publick. With the Remarkables of the Year; The present State of the Imperial, all the Royal Families, and other the Princes and Potentates of *Europe*; Their Births, Marriages, Issues, Alliances, &c. More Exact than any Extant. Also a Catalogue of the Nobility, and Privy Councils of *England*, *Scotland*, &c. With a List of all Persons in Offices or Places of Trust in His Majesty's Government, Truer than any heretofore Done.

FINIS.

POEMS

ON

Affairs of STATE:

FROM

OLIVER CROMWELL,

To this present time. Written by the
greatest Wits of the Age, *Viz.*

Lord Rochester,
Lord D—t,
Lord C—ts,
Duke of Buckingham,
Dr. K.
Dr. Wild,
Sir Charles S—dly,
Sir Fleetwood S—d,

Mr. Dryden,
Mr. Prior,
Charles Blount, Esq;
Mr. Wicherly,
Mr. Shadwell,
Mr. Tho. Brown,
Capt. Ayloffe.
Mr. H—bt,

PART III.

With other Miscellany POEMS;
And a new Session of the present
POETS. The whole never before
Printed.

Printed in the Year, 1698.

THE CONTENTS.

	Page
A Familiar Epistle, by way of Notice Teipsum. By Mr. W----ly.	1
An Answer to the same. By Mr. W----ton.	5
Second Epistle. By Mr. W----ly.	10
Postscript. By the same Hand.	15
Answer to the Second Epistle and Postscript. By Mr. W----ton.	18
Final Answer to all that Mr. W----ly has or may Write.	19
Postscript. By the same Hand.	21
The Duel. By Ld. D-----	22
Epyr. By the Ld. Rochester.	25
Poem by a Lady to a Young Gentleman, whom she had casually hurt with her Fan.	30
Upon a Gentleman breaking a China Bowl at a Wed- ding. By Tho, Cheek Esquire.	31
A new Ballad to an old Tune, call'd the Sage Leaf.	33

The Contents.

	Page
<i>A Letter from Mr. Shadwell to Mr. Wicherly.</i>	39
<i>The Answer.</i>	44
<i>Satyr on the Poets, in Imitation of the Seventh Satyr of Juvenal.</i>	44
<i>A long Prologue to a short Play. Spoken by a Woman at Oxford, Drest like a Sea Officer.</i>	5
<i>A Poem on the Queen, 1690. By Mr. H---</i>	6
<i>Another to the Queen, upon His Majesty's Birth-day Nov. 4. 1695. By the same Hand.</i>	6
<i>A Litany, 1681. By J. Ayloff Esquire.</i>	7
<i>An Epitaph on Passive Obedience.</i>	7
<i>The Progress. By Mr. Md---may.</i>	7
<i>The Sotiloqui. By Mr. Cherry.</i>	8
<i>Satyr against Love and Women.</i>	8
<i>The Fly. By Dr. K.</i>	8
<i>To his Friend Celadon, in Justification of his mour.</i>	8
<i>The Entry of the Pope's Nuncio.</i>	9
<i>Depositum Sam. Oxon, Episc.</i>	10
<i>Madam Maintenon's Advice to the Fr. K---g.</i>	10
<i>Upon Love. In Imitation of Cowley.</i>	10
<i>To a Scornful Beauty.</i>	10
<i>Mr. Spark's Poem to the Dutchess of Ormond.</i>	11
<i>On the Marriage of the Lady Ann Wilmot. by F. cidia.</i>	11
<i>Satyr. By J. Ayloff Esquire.</i>	11
<i>A New Protestant Litany.</i>	11
<i>The Fable of the Horse and Stag.</i>	11
<i>An Ode. By Mr. H---bt.</i>	11

The Contents.

	Page
<i>Melesinda's Misfortune on the burning her Smock. By a Parson.</i>	130
<i>Against adulterating Claret. By Tom. Brown.</i>	136
<i>An Answer. By a Vintner.</i>	137
<i>A Madame, Madame, B. Beaute, Sexagenair, 1693. By a Person of Quality.</i>	138
<i>Neptune's resentment of the Fire-works on the Thames, in Honour of the Birth of the pretended Prince of Wales. By R. B.</i>	140
<i>An Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Right Honourable Catharine, Eldest Daughter to the Lord Rutland.</i>	145
<i>Song. By T. Brown.</i>	157
<i>To a Lady whom he refus'd to Marry, because he Lov'd her. By the same Hand.</i>	159
<i>Prologue. By Sir Cha. Scudgery.</i>	161
<i>An Imitation of Martial. By T. Brown.</i>	163
<i>On the Duke of Monmouth's Banishment. By the E. of R.</i>	165
<i>On Rofs's Ghost, to J. D. of Monmouth. By E. of Rochester.</i>	167
<i>On King Charles the First, his Statue at Charing-Cross. By A. M——vell.</i>	169
<i>An Epilogue. Spoken by Mrs. Cook at Oxford.</i>	173
<i>On the written under the Dutchess of Portsmouth's Picture. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	177
<i>On Whim. By Ben. Bridgwater.</i>	179
<i>On an Old Woman at Twittenham. By a Lady.</i>	180
<i>On a Farmer. By a Lady.</i>	182

Epilogue.

The Contents

	Page
<i>Epilogue. Spoken by Mr. Eastcourt, upon my Lord Sydney's leaving Ireland.</i>	187
<i>An Epilogue. Spoke by Mrs. Butler.</i>	189
<i>Song. By L---d C---es.</i>	191
<i>An Answer. By a Lady.</i>	191
<i>A Letter to Mr. Shephard. By a Lady.</i>	194
<i>Song. By J. H. Esquire.</i>	197
<i>An Answer. By Ld. D---t</i>	198
<i>An Ode. In imitation of Horace.</i>	200
<i>The Earl of Desmond's Ghost.</i>	200
<i>Song. By a Lady.</i>	204
<i>Dialogue. By J. H. Esquire.</i>	205
<i>A Great Soul.</i>	207
<i>To Celia.</i>	208
<i>In praise of Nakedness. By Cha. Blount Esq;</i>	210
<i>The two Gownmen.</i>	212
<i>Rochester's Ghost.</i>	213
<i>Prologue to the Propbetess.</i>	220
<i>Epitaph on Julian, Secretary of the Muses.</i>	227
<i>The Prince of Whigland.</i>	228
<i>Satyr against Matrimony</i>	229
<i>The Coquet.</i>	232
<i>Lady D---s Pet. By Sir F. Shep---d</i>	233
<i>Satyr to his Muse. Written by a Person of Honour.</i>	235
<i>The Progress of Beauty. By a Person of Honour.</i>	249
<i>The Description.</i>	260
<i>The Hermite.</i>	261
<i>A Paradox. Encomium on A---, &c</i>	266

The Contents.

	Page
<i>A Riddle.</i>	269
<i>An Ode of Horace, Paraphrastically Imitated. By</i> <i>J. Hughes, Gent.</i>	270
<i>Poem to the King.</i>	273
<i>Song to the King, after the taking of Namur. Writ-</i> <i>ten by Mr. Pryor.</i>	277
<i>On Pagnel Waters.</i>	279
<i>Mr. Wild's Poem on the New Parliament, 1678.</i>	281
<i>A Song. By Ld. D-----t.</i>	287
<i>On the Version of Hugo Grotius.</i>	289
<i>On the Birth-day of the D. of Gloucester. By Mr.</i> <i>H-----t.</i>	292
<i>On the Installation of the D. of Somerset. By a Can-</i> <i>tabrigian.</i>	294
<i>The Address of John Dryden Laureat, to His Highness</i> <i>the Pr. of Orange. Written by T. Shadwell.</i>	295
<i>A Ballad.</i>	301
<i>An Epitaph. By Mr. D-----den</i>	303
<i>An Elegy.</i>	304
<i>A Session of Poets.</i>	304

To

To all the Lovers of

WIT and POETRY.

Gentlemen,

THIS *Miscellany* was purposely Collected for your Diversion and Entertainment; together with a little necessary Regard to an old Friend, of most Dealers in Books, call'd *Private* or *Personal Interest*. Nor can there be any reasonable Grounds to suspect, that the Publication of 'em shou'd want due Success, especially considering what sort of Stuff the World has been pleas'd with of late. The whole Design appears to be very Innocent,
The

The Copies of Verses being so mix'd, that they may have a double Effect upon the *Readers*, Viz. To Gratifie the Curiosity of some, and Display and Reform the Vices and Mistakes of others; which is the true end of all Poetry.

It must be confess'd, That Poetry in general has not now the fortune to Meet with so good Entertainment as it was universally receiv'd with some Years ago: Yet even in this preposterous Age, of *Politicks* and *Poverty*, she is not altogether without her *Favours*. It is to be Recorded among the Glories of *England*, that true *Poesy*, since the Flourishing of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Governments, has in no Time nor Place, risen to so great an height, and been so kindly embrac'd as in this *Nation*: Nay, it
may

may be affirm'd without *Hyperbole*, that this little *Island* has of late Years produc'd as Illustrious Patrons of Wit and Learning, as the greatest Kingdoms in *Europe*.

It is a general Complaint not only among *Tradesmen*, but the very *Wits* themselves, that Trading's dead; there's no *Business*, no *Money* stirring. This Complaint may be founded upon Reason enough; for I question not, but a Publick lasting *War* has always as fatal Influence on the *Common-Wealth* of *Learning*, as on the *State*, or any other *Community* or *Corporation* whatever. Yet notwithstanding all this, many sorry indifferent Productions have met with Encouragement far above their Merit. There have been some things of this nature paddl'd together, and sent abroad into

to the World in so horrid and deform'd a Dress, that were the *Authors themselves that Wrote those Excellent Pieces*, now Alive, to see how they have been Mangled and Abus'd, they wou'd be prompted to abjure and renounce their own Issue, and Curse the Injustice of those *Book-sellers*, who durst prostitute their *Fame and Reputation*, to the satisfaction of their own sordid *Covetousness*.

We have treated the *Gentlemen* to whom we are Beholden after a better fashion: And tho we may have Publish'd some of their Works perhaps without their Privity, yet there is particular care taken, they shall make their *Town* in the World in a Garb as little Offensive as is possible.

I see but one thing that can be reasonably objected against this *Collection*

on; And that is, that we have pitch'd upon some *Poems*, to fill up the Volume, which very severely Reflect upon several *Gentlemen* now Living, of good Account and Estimation among the *Muses*.

It must be acknowledg'd indeed, that the Original design of *Satyr* in its Primitive Institution, was only to expose the Deformity of Vice, without levelling any thing directly against the Person; but Corruption continually increasing, and Men chusing rather to lay the Saddle any where than upon the right Horse, it was found necessary for *Poets* to become more blunt, and upon occasion, (when they are to deal with a hardned Blockhead) to point out directly with the Prophet of Old, and cry, *Thou art the Man*.

Besides,

Besides, it greatly abates the force of this Objection, that the very Persons here mention'd, most of 'em at least, have made use of the same Liberty, and been as free with the Reputation of Others, as any Men upon Earth: And it seems to be very Injust to condemn that Liberty in another, which we assume, without any manner of Scruple to our selves.

In short, such as it is, it was wholly intended for your Satisfaction and Pleasure; but if it shall not be found capable of answering those Ends, the Undertaker will hardly meet Encouragement enough to venture upon Publishing a *Fourth Part*, which he has ready at your Service, if his Endeavours in this Volume find a favorable Entertainment.

A Familiar

EPISTLE,

By Way of

NOSCE TE IPSUM.

DIRECTED

To His Worthy Friend, Sir *Frivolous Insipid*,
alias Sir ———

——— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit alio Culpante Solutos,
Qui Captat Risus, Hominum Famamq; Chedctis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissis tacere.
Qui nequit; Hic Niger est, hunc tu, Romane Cave.*
Hor. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

Right Heir to Flutter Fop of the last Edition,
Who can't be guilty but of Wit's Misprison;
To all the Mischiefs meant by *Whistle's* Quilt,
You com't a feeble Accessary still:

B

In

In at the foolish Lies, that want pretence,
 But out at all that has a shew of Sense.
 When un-provok'd, without the least dislike;
 Without all Reason, Policy, or Pique:
 Thy whiffing, whistling omnipresent Will,
 Out of a meer delight of doing ill,
 And not to shame a Race of Worthless Men,
 On his, and thy kind Helper, drew thy Pen;
 When with a sudden Hair-brain'd Resolution,
 He charg'd Friend Bob, to Peter's Confusion,
 Thou knew'st the Plot, and did'st engage to help the
 (Execution
 But such a Second wer't thou in the Fray,
 As cheated *Monmouth* found of fearful G——y;
 Yet with this difference, thy true Trayterous Will
 To hurt was greater, full as small as thy Skill.
 Why would'st thou thus be bubb'd to Contract
 For Treasons, thou'rt incapable to act?
 Why would'st thou take unnecessary pains,
 To shew thy ever noted want of Brains?
 And for vile Rhymes, thy addle Head perplex,
 Insipid still, they can nor Please nor Vex:
 Thy bungling Writings, by the dulness known,
 Will injure no Man's Credit but thy own:

Or if by chance, some spark of Satyr shines
Through the dark Mass, and gilds thy cloudy Lines
So ill thou know'st to gain thy Treacherous End,
On those it lights, whose Cause thou would'st defend.
To that rare Aid, which from thy Pen did Flow,
Much does the Sex, much does thy Mistress owe,
When by their own Adventures taught, thou say'st,
All Fools who change not, get their Wish at last.
But what thy Muse wants of the sting of Satyr,
She makes us up in Falseness and Ill-nature:
Beyond thy Cousin *Hamden's* thine extends,
He, tho himself he Slanders, spares his Friends.
But drein of Knavery the Fanatick Store,
Play the *French*-Apish-Fop still as before,
I'll be thy Friend, and tell thee on't no more.
In slight and senseless Songs, like *Nice* delight,
Laugh without Jest, and without Reading, Write;
Despis'd by Men, Piping at *Ruels* sit,
And let vain Coquets take thee for a Wit:
May all thy Minutes their Applauses meet,
And be an able Coxcomb in thy Feet:
By fawning *Beaux*, in league with Court Knaves grow,
And smile on Ladies, whom thou scarce do'st know:
Then acting ill the Reserv'dness of a Lover,
The no Intrigue endeavour to discover.

For Jests, whose cheating Form thy Fancy fill,
Prepare Men oft, and disappoint 'em still:
Still aim at Wit in an unlucky Hour,
Have the perpetual Will, without the Power:
Feel endless Motions, without Fruit, but Pain
By thy curs'd Stars, doom'd all thy Life in vain
To struggle with a Strangury of Brain;
Thinking all want that do not boast their Store,
Tho' they talk less, because they know much more:
In Visiting, Chat and frivolous Buz abound,
As empty Vessels give the greatest Sound.
Conceit for Breeding, Rude for Familiar, take
Horse-play for Wit, and Noise for Mirth still make
Be it like *Smith*, thy Talent to Mistake.
Full of thy self, and looking wondrous Wise,
Repeat thy own sharp Sayings and Replies:
When most thou aim'st to Please, give most Offence
And be the perfect Patern of false Sense:
If Women who have Wit, come in thy way,
And with thee half an hour unwilling stay,
Sneer thy false Youth and Hectick Shape away;
Look as if something did about thee stink,
And always talk as if thou ne'er didst think:
Joy in thy flippant Folly, and remain
A merry Block head, Treacherous and Vain.

A Familiar
ANSWER
TO A LATE
Familiar EPISTLE,

By W A Y of

Welcom **JOAN SANDERSON.**

*Scalpellum Calami, Attamentum, Charta, Libelli.
Sint semper Studiis Arma parata tuis,*

Qui Mihi.

WElcom, my honest long expected Friend,
With Joy, I see thy Labour's at an end :
My costive Muse, which such a grunting made,
Is now at last her painful Burden laid :
Genius less Sprightly than thy own,
Wou'd never finish such a Task so soon ;
Is not yet full two Years, since 'twas begun.

B 3

What

MISCELLANT POEMS.

What Charm has made thee quit the *Fortois Parc*,
And hobble on so far in so short space?
For this we find, it was thou did'st retire,
To try what Purging *Expos* cou'd Inspire.
Thy Verse has much of Water in't, no Fire!
Now thy Hand's in, I hope thou'lt give us next,
The needful Comment on thy dubious Text,
Which is so Intricate and so Profound,
Twould puzzle Monsieur *Jurieu* to Expound
The Cloudy Notions, scatter'd all a long;
You never more obscurely writ a Song,
Tho they are always competently dark,
With Contradictions, which are still your Mark.
If you your Letter for Instruction mean,
Vouchsafe to have the Bounty to Explain
What that Confusion was, once caus'd in *Peter*,
By the Burlesquing of *Bob's* Sacred Meter:
Tell us the English of a meaning Quill,
Of *Hedlick Shape* and *Omnipresent Will*;
To salve those Doubts, I doubt, will pose thy Skill.
That thy dull Muse was proper, all Men know,
To cobble old Work, not to cut out New

Tho, by incessant Toyling at the Trade,
 Thou hast some low pedantick Progress made,
 Against *Minerva's* Will, thou do'st her Art invade.
 Since to be Grateful all good Men desire,
 And one good Turn, another does require:
 Since Friends by thy Example may be free,
 Allow me to advise thee— *En Amy.*
 Know then thou hast a most unfurnish'd head,
 Remember, the great *Rochester* is Dead;
 Thy Wit was but repeating what he said.
 Of thee a necessary Tool he found,
 Still proud to Father all that he Disown'd:
 For which, he let thee of his Jest's dispose,
 As Servants Flutter in their Lord's old Cloaths.
 But now his Wardrobe is quite Thread-bare grown,
 Thy Nakedness appears through all thy own:
 Since with him, thy enliv'ning Spark went out,
 Thou'rt now but Master into Motion put:
 He taught thee not the Arts to think, but Rhyme,
 Tho like a Clock sometimes he made thee Chime,
 Now he can't wind thee up, thou'rt out of Time,
 Thus when from Court turn'd out a useless Load,
 Thou sneak'st to get in, by a fulsome Ode;
 To hear it, the late King thou could'st not get,
 Tho'twas with all the Charms of Musick Set:

MISCELLANY POEMS.

Thy grosser Talents wou'd with Business jump;
 In *Helicon* why wou'dst thou place thy Pump.
 To Trade, or Pettyfogging bend thy mind,
 But if to Rhyme thou art so much inclin'd,
 Write Anagrams, Acrosticks, *Cambridge* Jests,
 Motto's for Flags in Pies at City Feasts.
 Sun-dial Sentences, Posies for Rings,
 But don't Prophane good Tunes of *Robin Hood's*.
 With all thy might, attack the *Dicks* and *Does*,
 The *'Twixts* and *Quits*, and House of the *Vote's*,
 And treat departed Souls with Wit's *Ragoo's*.
 Write *Verses* to fair Ladies, when they're Dead,
 And *Prefaces*, which tire Men to Read:
 Like a true Son o'th' Church, thy self behave,
 And the Fanaticks, call thy Father Knave:
 Promiscuously thy Poetry bestow,
 That every Wench a Song of thine may show;
 But in thy Language learn to be more Civil,
 Nor call thy Mistress vile *Gill*, *Coyne*, *Devil*:
 So may *Aminta* be no more afraid,
 Nor run for fear of being *Overlaid*.
 For *Sighs*, no more with *Belches* fill her Ears,
 Nor bath her Breast in Sweat, instead of Tears.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

So may'st thou be no more Mankind's Offence,
With the ill Fate of shocking e'ry Sense.
Like the old Druids, misty be thy Song,
Thy Satyr Gentle, and thy Ballad Strong;
Converse with *Billingsgate*, and from her Dames,
Improve thy general knack of calling Names;
But guide thy hand in Libel with more Skill
Thy Whiffing, Whistling Onani-present Will,
Shows that thy Whale-bone Bodice hurt thee still.
The giving Titles thy chief Province be,
Twere no hard matter to find one for thee:
But thou thy self, so great a Jest art grown,
Thou need'st not be by any Nick-name known,
For none's so despicable as thy own.

A Second Familiar

EPISTLE.

By W A Y of

*Make no more haste, than good Speed. Or, Fair
and Softly goes far in a Day.*

I N

A N S W E R

T O

My much respected Friend *Sieur Whiffle*

Daily disgracer of our *English* Satyr,
Scandal of Wit, unlicens'd Observator;
Who having not his Beggery to pretend,
Com'st out as oft, and to as bad an end;
~~Base~~ venemous Slanders, can't ~~it~~ invent as fast,
(As long as his too, thine are turn'd at last)
With the same Morals, with as ill plac'd spite,
And equal probability do'st write.
When shall poor Martyr'd Truth, and honest Men
Rest from the Persecutions of thy Pen?

Not that the pointless Stamp can guilty be
Of real Mischiefs any more than Thee ;
But A per of the Impertinence of Nobbs,
Thou tyr'st contempt with thy mistaken Bobbs,
Like Flies in Summer is thy frequent stroke,
Too much to bear, too little to provoke :
Pride not thy self in Cramboing so fast,
Such unripe Fruit, has neither Smell nor Taste.
Slight vulgar Methods, which quick Rhymers skim,
Offering themselves, upon the surface swim :
But Sense that shows a Poet from a Fopp,
Like Pearl lies deep, and is long weighing up :
Mark the slow Course of Causes Nature breeds
Nothing in hast, but Maggots, Worms, and Weeds :
Nor take the flowing Wit or easie strain,
A Diabetic looseness of the Brain,
Which indigest in a fulsom Mass,
Ill sorted lets thy crude Conceptions pass,
From thy Whig Syre, thou did'st this Gift inherit,
It is a kind of writing by the Spirit,
Which the slow helps of Humane learning sleights,
And against Reason, Truth, and Grammer fights :
Thy Inspirations are like his new Lights.

Both as a Judgment were by Heav'n design'd
 To vex and try the Patience of Mankind ;
 But bolder and more groundless are thy dreams
 As Springs are still exceeded by their Streams :
 Peculiar for invention be thy Fame,
 And in sheer Fiction all the Ancients shame :
 Next to impossible, let thy Lyes appear,
 Nor any Non-sense in thy Slanders fear ;
 Soon shot indeed thy Bolts are, but ne're hit
 Or short or wide is all thy squirting Wit :
 When most thy Satyr thou woud'st set in view,
 And all the Rancour of thy spite pursue,
 Let the Reverse of what thou say'st be true.
 In so ill Credit are thy Ballad Lays,
 Thy good word Scandal, and thy Libels Praise :
 As Courts who by a Male-Administration
 Have lost all Reverence and Reputation,
 With whomever 'tis they angry seem,
 It recommends 'em to the Worlds esteem :
 Just so thy Rhymes who's ill tun'd Pangle harms
 Only the Ear, are only read like Charms :
 Or if in any thing believ'd they be,
 'Tis only there, where they speak ill of thee,

There

There thou hast Reason in thy wrath Dear Will,
 And may'st in Justice Rave; and Rail thy fill
 Cut to the quick, and point with Steel thy Quill.
 The Gangreen there, and foul Corruption such,
 Thou need'st not fear to lance the Soar too much:
 How bold to e're be thy Romantic Flight,
 Scarce can the Scepter do the Subject right;
 But spare the pains, and husband thy small store,
 Much tho' the Pen, thy Life defames thee more;
 Tho' Knave and Fop thy own weak Works agree,
 Thy inherent Right, and natural Title be,
 'Tis needless thus for thy self to bestow it,
 Enough thy talk, enough thy Actions show it;
 Thy Time and Ink no more than wast and spill;
 Whistle each moment is disgracing Will:
 Thus when thou'st whip't up some absurd Lampoon,
 Lest thy true Character should not be known,
 Whisper it for a Secret round the Town:
 Nay, be so eager of a Libellers Fame,
 So hot to get a Name, tho' an ill Name:
 With thy Neck's hazard claim anothers Wit,
 And Father Treason, thou coudest ne're commit,
 Soon fall in Love with any, and as quick
 Contrive to play 'em some false treacherous Trick;

Short as thy visits, let thy Friendship last,
 And without Business, over be in haste;
 Seiz'd on the sudden with a warlike Frenzy,
 In haste a Journey to Kyng take;
 But hearing first how many Turks were near,
 In haste much faster scupper home for fear;
 In haste a Mistress chide in haste anon,
 Depose her from a Song as a Lampoon,
 Which with more speed than Wit about to make,
 The House at Midnight with thy flapping shutter
 And not more fit believing any other,
 In haste to finish, put in thy own Brother;
 No bounds observing in thy heedless fit,
 In *Præter* abuse a Man of worth for Wit,
 In haste as quick on haughty Terms submit,
 All full of hurry be thy loose behaviour,
 In haste for all Things but thy Mistress Favour;
 Let the Answer give thy Soul more pain,
 Then Years of deserv'd Rigour and disdain;
 Frigid thy self, strike Women to inflame,
 And tho' thou neither wilt nor know it to blame,
 The Snares so catch, thy bad distaste the Game,
 Loves perfect Joys imperfect Men holding,
 Seek thou but an occasion for a Song.

Hoping

Hoping Repulse, new Suits thou still art urging,
 Thy Pens a prostitute, thy Pen a Virgin;
 How cheap in spite of thy ungodly Wit,
 Didst thou a place amongst the chosen get?
 To Gospel promises a Claim procure,
 And made thy calling and Election sure:
 With ease mayst thou the Fight of Faith maintain;
 Thou hast no Carnal appetites to restrain;
 Nor any Law dost in thy Members find
 To give the least disturbance to thy mind:
 Weak from the Womb, a sickly Kittling Saint,
 Thou cawdles more than Mistresses dost want:
 Yes, Heav'n the Flesh did to the Spirit fit,
 Thy Bodies half Abortive like thy Wit.

A POSTSCRIPT.

Faith me one Task more for *Whistle's* Muse,
 To *Whistle*, who can a Reproof refuse
 To all that ever did in Sassy bite.
Whistle by Birth has an unquestion'd Right
 To what e'er Fopperies Men's weak Frame can sell,
 Significant *Whistle* comprehends 'em all;
 But be no more with love of Doggrel fix'd,
 Much more thy Critick Touches stand admir'd:

16. MISCELLANY POEMS.

For Counterfeiting hands, thy far spread Fame
 Reflects not brighter Glories on thy Name:
 Nor did the *Frenchman's* Cloak, which thou did'st lay
 A likely Plot to have purloin'd away,
 Thy Morals more than these; thy *Basins* display.
 To Rhyme as loose, some few have had the Art,
 But none like thee, profess the Judging part.
 Tremble ye *British* Authors, nor your Muse
 To his chastizing Censure dare produce,
 The Desperate Dauntless Critick to condemn,
 As quick is, and as absolute as *Wem*:
 Nor minds the Hero in his nasty fit,
 Th' Appeals of injur'd Rhetorick and Wit,
 Or feels Remorse, when on the justest Flights,
 For flaws in Speech, unluckily he Lights:
 Count on thy Buttons *Will*, when thou'd'st be Nice,
 Or like the Ignorant Nice Judge, throw the Dice,
 Thou then perhaps may'st hit right once in thine.
 On any thing rely but thy own Head,
 That will be sure to Plunder, and Mislead;
 With Reason therefore 'tis thou dost desire
 Instruction, and of riper Heads enquire;
 But with an old Acquaintance to be plain,
 'Tis loss of time to try, and fruitless Pain:

Of the true Tribe of the Dissenting Band,
Thou'rt gifted to find fault, but not to understand;
Thy Whims like theirs, scarce cover'd with Pretence,
Come from much Pride, no Learning, and false Sense
To accuse thy (*Pen*) *Quill* of meaning, now 'tis clear,
Twas a gross slip, nor will the World forgiv't I fear:
'Tis what cou'd never have been prov'd, I grant,
And here with Shame, my Error I recant;
But for the English of a meaning *Quill*,
Of *Hedick* Shape and *Omnipresent Will*,
Cou'd thy illiterate extempore Wit,
Beyond *Qui Mibi* and the Grammar get,
The Lord first sought, as fit such Heads as thine,
Help'd by the Brethrens much availing Whine,
By enlighten'd Snuffle, and inspir'd Groan,
Or *Waby's* Rhetorick may perhaps make known.
And that much needed Book I advise thee *Will*,
But one hour for once thou can'st sit still,
And to attend to common Sense endure,
Will all thy troublesome Doubts, and Scruples cure,
The maggotty workings of thy Worm restrain,
And fix thy Volatile o'er-heated Brain;
And what above all Gifts thou should'st implore,
I will never let thee play the Critick more.

For Sir *Frivolous Insipid.*

T O

His late Short ANSWER, a Short
RETURN.

To thy first Stanza, Poetry laid by,
In thy own Porters Language, I reply,
'Tis a Clown's Satyr, and a Rascal's Lie.

Nothing in Nature, so unlike can be,
As is thy foolish Smile of me,
Unless to a Poet one shou'd liken thee.

For the stole Slander thou on me did'st vent,
If *Scroops*, Heirs and Executors content
To let thee have it, thou hast my Consent.

All other Troth, the fret of thy proud Nature,
Throughout speaks Frivolous and empty Prater.
And is but a Subscribing of that Satyr.

If any other Wrath thou hast behind,
I'll stoop no more thy Muttering to mind,
In *Grub-street*, or *Snow-bill* thy Matches find.

A FINAL
ANSWER

To all that

ABORIOUS TRIFLE

Has, or may WRITE.

That so much Rhyme you in one Month have
Writ,
includes point blank against your question'd Wit:
See your gross Folly, is by Stealing, shown
in that worst sort of Poetry, your own.
Is merry fulsome Charge of Impotence,
A Word for Word, on *Cherwind* lay'd long since,
in the Report one of your Sisters gave,
from in the Lureh that treacherous Youth did leave;
at now it comes from you, wou'd make one Smile;
then nothing's stiff about you, but your Stile.
For Tedioufness I will no more Accuse,
plain, 'twas necessary for your Muse;

A meer Abortion this Raw thing appears,
You Elephants should always go two Years:
At what you Write, none ever Fret or Laugh,
You are the first that Thresh'd for only Chaff:
From you we never look for Wit or Sense,
For Words and Numbers, were your sole pretence:
But since to gain an easier Writer's Praise,
You do not spare to every Line two days:
Your Periods are so long, your Lines so rough,
Settle on you ne'er writ such wretched Stuff
I curse the youthful Follies of my Pen,
And from this Hour, will never Write again.
The Wiser will some Grains for Youth allow,
I was not half so old as you are now.
For Secretie whoever takes your word,
Will be betray'd, as *Sidney* was by *Howard*.
Your Story of the *Frenchman's* Cloak sounds true,
Such things as these, I'm often known to do,
Absurd it self without being told by you.
But for your Man in *France*, of Worth and Wit,
And who did either Quarrel or Submit,
Tell all you know of's in your next Reply,
Or else in Silence swallow down the Lie.

Of Ladies Favours I no proof can bring;
 May all the Sex believe you in this thing:
 But you are sure to speed by your own Rules,
 That Fate and Women always Doat on Fools.
 Of all Men living, why will you (my Friend)
 To Vigour with a Fistula pretend;
 In what I said of my dead Friend, I glory,
 And hope 'twill be recorded in my Story:
 None but such senseless *Beasts* as you are, will
 Blame one for only knowing to do ill:
 Your base Apostate Mase, I only thank,
 That she does me among *Fanatics* rank,
 Against whom constantly your Spleen directed
 Shows you believe (what others be suspected;
 That though the Knight does for your Father pals,
 He never Got so mean, so dull an Ass.

POSTSCRIPT

MY Friend will very shortly be in Town,
 And bring up two tall Footmen of his own

THE DUEL.

O *F Chinias and Damet's sharper Fight,*
 I've neither leisure, nor design to write
 Of Blood and Wounds, let bolder Poets sing,
 My Muse shall of our Modern Heroes sing.
 In humble Verse I'll only dare to tell
 How brawny *Bavins* and slim *Mærvins* fell
 At Odds, and in their bloodless Rhyming Strife,
 There was no jeopardy of Limbs or Life;
 Bold's thy Attempt *Will Mærvins* to Engage
Bob Bavins, the MacNinny of the Age:
 Redoubled Block-head, eminently Dull,
 The *Lyric* Poet, with the sevenfold Skull;

A Head that's Guarded, has a sure defence,
Against the weak attack of Wit and Sense.
Thus Arm'd. the mighty Hero takes the Field,
And in his Fist a swinging Pen does wield,
Drawn from a Swan's white Wing with Art and care,
One of the largest Weapons Poets wear;
For Swan and Goose, and Crow, sometimes we see,
Afford the Rhyming Crew Artillery.
With this dire Weapon, harmless without skill,
He vows to be reveng'd on *Whiffling Will*
Will a pert Youth, a Scandal Scribling Elf,
Whom *Bob* had brought up dully, like himself;
He taught his feeble hand to Trail a Quill,
And Nicely did direct him to write ill.
He shew'd him first the Art, or surest way
Of writing an insipid *Roundelay*.
Of any word, *Bob* makes a Mercury;
When this *Will* knew, he strait rejects his Sway,
And tho a Minor Block-head, scorns t' Obey.
Undone by false admirers of his Wit,
Or some dull Coxcombs prais'd what he had writ.
Amper'd with Praise, the Fop grows proud and vain,
And foolish Commendation turn'd his Brain:

This made him in Poetick Frenzy, raise
 Legions of Verse, to fight for blasted Bays :
 That Sneering, Snivling, Scribbling Knight, his Friend
 Has levy'd Rhymes, and both with *Bob* contend,
 But such a wretched Rhymer he is found,
 With lasting Fame for Dulness, he is Crown'd :
 Angry at their revolt, with Passion wild,
Bob Bavins swore he'd ne'er be reconcil'd,
 In wrath contracts his Forehead with a Frown,
 And with the Pen's But-end knocks poor *Will* down
Will whips up Crow-Quill in his own defence,
 And swore the World should judge who writ
 Sense.

When Pigmies fight, the Cranes still part the Fray,
 And whirl the little Combatants away.
 Let this Similitude give no Offence,
 For Gyant *Bob* like *Will*'s a Dwarf in Sense.

Qui Bavium non Odit, Amat tua Carmina Mævi.

SATYR

BY THE

Lord ROCHESTER.

YOU Smile to see me (whom the World per chance
 Mistakes to have some Wit) so far advances
 the interest of Fools, that I approve,
 their Merit more, than Mens of Wit, in Love:
 But in our Sex, how many proofs there are
 of such whom Wit undoes, and Fools repair.
 This in my time, was so receiv'd a Rule,
 hardly a Wench in Town, but had her Fool:
 the meekest Common Slut, who long was grown
 the Jest and Scorn of every Pit Buffoon,

D

Had

Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
 Some Fop or other, fond to be thought Lewd.
~~Foster~~ wou'd make an Irish Lord a ~~Notes~~,
 And Betty Morice had her City Coakes:
 A Woman's ne'er so Ruin'd, but she can
 Be still Reveng'd on her Undoer, Man.
 How lost to e'er, she'll find some ~~love~~ more.
 A more abandon'd Fool, than she's a Whore.
 That wretched Thing *Corinna*, who had run
 Through all the several ways of being Undone;
 Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
 By turning the too dear-bought Trick on Men.
 Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
 When first the Town her Early Beauties knew;
 Courted, Admir'd, and Lov'd, with Presents fed;
 Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed,
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
 To make her Doal upon a Man of Wit;
 Who found 'twas dull to Love above a day,
 Made his ill-natur'd Jest, and went away.
 Now Scorn'd by all, Forsaken and Opprest,
 Shews a *Memento Mori* to the rest.

Poor Creature! who unheard of, as a Fly
In some dark Hole, must all the Winter lye;
Both Want and Dirt endure, a whole half Year,
That for one Month the Tawdry may appear:
In *Easter Term*, she gets her a New Gown,
When my young Master's Worship comes to Town,
From *Pædagogus* and Mother just set free,
The Heir and Hopes of a great Family,
Which with strong Ale and Beef, the Country Rules,
And ever since the Conquest, have been Fools:
And now with careful Prospect to maintain
That Character, (lest crossing of the Strain
Should mend the Booby Breed,) his Friends provide
A Cousin of his own for his fair Bride.
And thus set out——
With an Estate, no Wit, and a new Wife,
(The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life)
(Dung-hill and Pease forsook) he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be Lewd, and is Undone.
Nothing suits worse with Vice, than want of Sense;
Fools are still Wicked at their own Expence:

This o'er-grown School-Boy, lost *Corinna* wins,
 And at first daff, to make an *Ass* begins;
 Pretends to like a Man that has not known
 The Vanities and Vices of the Town:
 Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
 Eager of Joys, which he does seldom prove;
 Healthful and Strong, he does no Pains endure,
 But what the Fair one he Adores, can Cure.
 Grateful for Favours; does the Sex esteem,
 And Libels none for being kind to him:
 Then of the Lewdness of the Times complains,
 Rails at the Wits and Atheists; then maintains
 'Tis better than good Sense, than Pow'r and Wealth,
 To have a Love untainted, Youth and Health.
 The unbred Puppy, who had never seen
 A Creature look so Gay, or talk so Fine,
 Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
 Mortgages all, e'en to the ancient Seat,
 To give his Mistress a new House for Life;
 To give her Plate and Jewels, robs his Wife:
 And when to th' height of Fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to Poyson him, and all's her own.
 Thus meeting in her Common Arms, his Fate,
 He leaves his Bastard Heir to his Estate;

And as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
His own dull lawful Progeny he Starves.
Nature (who never made a thing in vain,
But does each Insect to some end ordain)
Wisely contriv'd Kind-keeping Fools, no doubt
To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.

D 3**VERSES,**

V E R S E S,

*Made by a Lady, to a young Gentleman,
whom she had casually hurt with her
Fan.*

Sweet lovely Youth, let not a Woman's Crime,
Obstruct her fair and amorous Design,
Since my Devotion to your Lips is due,
And those fair Eyes are ever in my View.
I wou'd not hurt that pretty Face of yours,
To gain the sight of the Almighty Powers:
Yet hurry'd on too fast by Love and Fate,
I do repent the Favour, but too late;
But I have other Favours yet in store,
Payment at Sight to your Victorious Pow'r:
My rougher Fan, but as a Signal sent,
Of those much softer Blessings that are meant;
I'll heal your Lips, and put you out of Pain,
And Kiss and Kiss you till they're Well again:
I have a Balm can all your Ease restore,
And you will never Sigh and Languish more:
Days, Weeks and Months, we will our Loves renew,
And still Love on till Death.

My Life Adieu.

Upon

Upon a Gentleman breaking a China Bowl at a Wedding.

Near *Epsom*, at the King of *B---ams* Marriage,
 Of late fell out a Comical Miscarriage :
 A certain Beau, newly come out of *France*,
 Came there in Masquerade to have a Dance ;
 But cutting a back Caper, unaware,
 Threw down with fatal Foot, a *China Jar* ;
 Which with the rest, when broke upon the Ground,
 Confess'd the ruin of One hundred Pound ;
 But he good Man, thinking to set good Face on
 The Matter, thus bespoke my Lady *M---on*.
 Madam, (quoth he) I humbly beg your Pardon,
 And wish with all my Heart, this had been ne'er done ;
 But since 'tis so, all that I have to say,
 Is only this, why did it stand i'th' way ?
 The Step it self, was well design'd I'll swear,
 But who the Devil thought of *China Ware* :
 If the good Company approve the Dance,
 'Twill more than Counter-balance the Mischance.

Sir, (quoth the Lady) in an angry Tone,
I see Mischances seldom come alone,
My *China* broke, was Grief enough unto me,
But such a Speech as this, will quite undo me:
Therefore let me advise you as a Friend,
If any reparation you intend,
Quickly with that unlucky Face retire,
And that is all the Amends that I desire.

Tho. Cbeek, Esquire

A New

LAD,

to an old TUNE, call'd

the SAGE LEAF.

I Sing the Praise of a worthy Wight,
 Whose Father, King *Jemmy*, that never wou'd
 Fight,
 For his Face, but more for his Arse, made a Knight.
With a Fa la, la la, &c.

This Knight, soon after, a Duke became,
 And got at the Island of *Rhea* such Fame,
 That all true English Curse B——.

With a Fa la la, &c.

This Idol Duke, in that Greatness did Swell,
 That Honours and Riches before him fell,
 Till *Felton* sent his Soul to Hell.

With a Fa la la la, &c.

And

34 MISCELLANY POEM

And now you shall hear how mighty the Sin,
With that very small Sin of Incest begun,
And then to Treason and Bugg'ry went on
With a Fa la la

on the Incest, Old R—— can tell when
or the Treason, the Papers of Old Oliver,
and Kyn——don's Arse knows its Buggerer.
With a Fa la la

W he so bravely and nobly begins,
It afterwards think, when such Glory he wins
dery and Treason, but trivial things.
With a Fa la la la

ne to his Farces, which must needs be well
Troy was not longer before it was won,
'tis more than ten Years, since first 'twas be
With a Fa la,

thering from Plays, Pimps, and Table Ch
he help of his own Canonical Sp.
And his Family Scribe, Anti-christian Mat.
With a Fa la, &

ow might transcribing of that, and Transversing of those,
 of Incest transmuting of Rhyme and Transfusing of Prose,
 begg'd drefs'd his Farce with other Men's Cloaths.

With

With a Fa la, &c.

and thusing the Living, and robbing the Dead;
 of Old certing fine things, which other Men said,
 its Beg his new way of Writing without Tail or Head.

With a Fa la,

With a Fa la, &c.

gins Where the Devil his own Wit does lye,
 Glor must have very good Eyes that can spye,
 hings is in the Dances and Mimickry.

With a Fa la,

With a Fa la, &c.

ds be fess, the Dances were very well writ,
 was the Tune and the Time, by Haynes as well hit,
 Littlewood's Motion and Drefs, had much Wit.

With a Fa la,

With a Fa la, &c.

when his Poet, John Bays did appear,
 was known to more than half that was there;
 the greatest part was his own Character.

With a Fa la,

With a Fa la, &c.

For he many years plagu'd his Friends for the
Crimes,

With repeating his Versions and other Man
Rhymes,

To the very same Persons, ten thousand times.

With a Fa la, &c

Then his Grace has tormented the Players more
Than the *Howards*, or *Fleckno*, or all the store
Of damn'd dull Rogues they were plagu'd with be
fore.

With a Fa la, &c

At last Learned B—— thought it fit,
To cull out the Ancients that wanted no Wit;
To show that he understood all they had Writ.

With a Fa la, &c

But sure he said this in the heat of his Blood,
For if what the Ancients have written be good,
Tis in Languages he never yet understood.

With a Fa la, &c

When in *France* and in *Spain*, and in *Holland* 'tis
known

That mighty Wonders our Statesman has done,
Will make 'em all Tremble to hear his Renown.

With a Fa la, &c.

Or he that can Libel our Poet, and knows
How to Mimick our Players, in Gestures and Cloaths,
Whose ease can destroy all His Majesty's Foes.

With a Fa la, &c.

Now the Church he contemns as much as the Quakers;
The Kingdom he'll Ruin, if the Parliament forsake her;
Or he serves his King as ill as his Maker.

With a Fa la, &c.

Or he who forsook him in all his Distress;
The Husband, and keeps the Adulteress;
The Judas, wou'd Sell him, and sell him for less.

With a Fa la, &c.

Or has Mimick'd the King and Duke o'er and o'er,
That Merciful King, who has Pardon'd more
Than all our King's e'er Pardon'd before.

With a Fa la, &c.

That

That a King, who if e'er committed a Crime,
Which to Church and State, may be fatal in time,
It was in extending his Mercy to him.

With a Fa la, &c

Now grant His Majesty never may find
'Tis fatal to be near a B—— Kind,
For his Father was ruin'd by the best of the Kind.

With a Fa la, &c

A
LETTER

FROM

Mr. SHADWELL,

TO

Mr. Wicherly.

Inspir'd with high and mighty Ale,
That does with stubborn Muse prevail :
He, that makes Tinker mighty Witty,
And makes him Droll out merry Ditty :
He, that much strengthens Pedlar's Back,
And makes him lightly trudge with Pack :
With Ale that makes e'en Hunting Sweet,
When Hunters after damn'd Falls meet,
And o'er black Pot together set,
On that day's Accidents repeat :
In Rhyme I greet my Friend in Town,
From Hall yclepped Chaderton.

Paranthese

Parentthesis is some what long,
 But that's excus'd in Verse or Song.
 I did salute Friend with Epistle,
 Which has by this time wiped his Tail;
 But he when Letters to him come,
 With wise *Italian*, answers Mum.
 Thus by the way I gently Dun ye
 For Letter that is due, not Money:
 I'm drinking now with Lusty *Parson*,
 Such as in *London* there is scarce one;
 'Tis true, in *Latin* they may quell him,
 For *Alum Stalum non est Malum*,
 Is all the *Latin* he can Conster,
 Who in his drink is a meer Monster;
 He out-does *Clements*, the World's wonder,
 Nay more, he can make me knock under.
 Nor cou'd I e'er be forc'd to say
 White C—t I love thee, 'till this day;
 But that he's now out of my reach,
 To be reveng'd, I'd hear him Preach:
 Were there of strong Ale here a full pit,
 He'd make no more down Throat to gulp it,
 Than belch out *Usses* in a Pulpit.

Which he can do when e'er he will,
Easily as I can Shite with Pill.
In fine, this Priest has mighty Pow'r
At Supernaculum, and drinks more
At six Go-downs on Reputation,
Than e'er a Levite in the Nation.
But now to leave off Country Story,
Which tediously I've laid before ye,
Pray let me know what's done in City;
Among the Brisk, the Gay, the Witty:
If at the Theatres they talk aloud,
And about Whores in Rizards crowd;
If they break Windows when they're Drunk,
And at late hours, wake *Whetstone's* Punk,
That has all day been hard at Service,
With Clerk and Prentice, *Tim* and *Gervas*:
Being with powerful Drink made able;
Like doubty Knights, they Assault Constable.
What Poets now with Plays or Farces:
To whipping Criticks, turn up Arses;
Criticks that Damn with little Wit
Ned, or *Flecto* ever writ;
His and that, what other News in Town
Occurs, take pains and send it down,

While you of Stum, Alom and Sloes,
Moloffus, Arfnick, Lime, take Dose,
From Roguy Vintner, and do venture
Your Life, when you in Tavern enter;
In White-wine, Claret, Sack, or Hookum,
Beyond the Cure of Doctor Stockum,
And pay dear for't: We can Carouse
For Harry Groat, in low Thatch-house,
With Country Justice, or with Squire,
With sleek Black-pot o'er good Coal-fire,
Like your true Englishmen in Ale,
That's Wholsom, Nappy, Clear and Stale.
While you to *Chloris*, or to *Phillis*,
(Who's as Expensive as *St. Willis*,)
Must Cringe, and humbly vail your Bonnet,
And full of Wine and Love, make Sonnet:
For Treat of Ale, or at most Brandy,
We can have wholsom Lads that's handy,
That will lye down with all her heart:
Here Love is Nature, there 'tis Art,
Whilst you of Politics talk much
Of Jealousies 'twixt French and Dutch;
Of setting Fleet out, raising Forces,
And talk of Dogs, and Hawks, and Horses.

Instead of *Phillis*, or of *Chloris*,
Who with you no better than a Whore is
We here remember in a full Can,
Dear *Bowler*, *Ruffler*, *Towser*; *Vulcan*,
Or *Dog* that is of high Renown,
That famous Mouth, or Nose does own:
Which sure is much a worthier Creature,
Than *London Punk* of brightest Feature:
But now 'tis late, Post will not stay,
But like old Time, will flye away;
To Morrow he's to dust a Stand,
That is your Servant to Command.

THE ANSWER.

That I have only answer'd Mum,
To Letter which long since did come,
It is confess,
But that it never kiss'd my Bum,
Is but a Jest.

I will not make you vain Excuses,
Which between senseless Fops the use is :
Those civil Fops, who without bidding,
Forswear themselves to shew good Breeding ;
But Faults forgiven when confess
You are as Merciful as Priest ;
No business for my self or Friend
Was 'cause I Letter did not send,
Nor F—cking can like you pretend.
For sure you cannot drink and F—ck,
Like Husband of St. James's Duck ;
Those by your leave, are mighty Talents,
Which only meet in wadling Gallants ;

You I believe in low Thatcht-houfe,
 With *Cloris Vicar* do Carouse,
 And Kifs his Ruby and Clip'en;
 But *Thomas*, you F—ck now in Shipen:
 That's an Employment does not fuit ye,
 'Tis for your Officer a Duty:
 So to each other Reason do,
 You drink for him, he F—cks for you.
 With Nut-brown Bowl at long Hall-Table,
 You make't appear how you are able,
 Shipen, he with Nut-brown Bauble.
 While you for him, make Neighbour Drunk,
 He keeps your word with Bare foot Punk;
 Such as you call cheap wholsom Doxy,
 Who will not Beggar you, nor Pox ye:
 Such as for Apron green and Shoon,
 Ditch with Tinker, will lye down,
 At she for Money will Swive none;
 Or poor Whore's Lace to garnish Pinner,
 You may *Tom* (if you can) get in her,
 Or Shoe-strings blue, or Inkle Garters,
 You may too get between her Quarters;
 Or F—cking she believes no Sin is,
 At taking the Half-Crown; or Guinea's.

But stay I think you News bespoke,
Of what is done, 'mong our Town Folk.
Know then there is an end of Lent,
And Money given by Parliament,
Yet Nation still must Fast, and eke repent.
By Prorogation some Ajourn
To^th the Fleet, 'till Priviledge return,
To *Ireland*, or *Geneva* some,
'Till theirs, and Court wants call 'em home ;
To *Dunkirk*, *Paris*, or *Mompelier*,
Cause of Consumptions they are ill here,
And in a hundred other Cities,
Our Commons fit in close Committees :
So *Bayliff-Bum* like *Noll* so fierce
Can prating Multitude disperse,
And with their Priviledge wipe his Arse.
Now you wou'd know some *White-ball* News,
But my Obnoxious wary Muse
For want of Ale, begs your Excuse.
Yet you may know that from *French King*
Is lately come a well-bred Thing,
Who is not with a Challenge sent,
But with a Mourning Complement,

A formal Melancholy Drolling
 Which Folks do use to call Condoling ;
 By which *French* King we must infer,
 Is sorry, Dukes a Widdower,
 But Dukes not sorry I dare Swear.
 The Players, who had lost their Tongues
 For Grief, again now stretch their Lungs,
 And drunken Punk and Fop do sit
 And brawl and sweat and stink in Pit ;
 And then in *Hide-Park* do repair
 To make a Dust and take no Air,
 And shortly, your Friend *Vinegar*,
 With whip in hand will make a Ring
 While *Brawny* North, the West doth fling,
 And then I hope you'll come to Town
 With Captain, who is new gone down,
 wou'd turn o're the Leaf, but know
 My Muse has tyr'd her self and you.

And so Adieu.

SATYR

ON THE

POETS

IN

Imitation of the Seventh SATYR of
JUVENAL.

Et Spes, & Ratio Studiorum, &c.

ALL my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend
On you, the Orphans, and the Muses Friends:
The only great good Man, who will declare
Virtue, and Verse the Objects of your care,
And prove a Patron in the worst of times:
When Hungry Bays forsakes his empty Rhymes,
Beseeching

Befeeching all true Catholicks Charity
 For a poor Profelyte, that long did lye
 Under the Mortal Sins of Verfe and Herefie.

}

Shadwell and *starving Tate* I scorn to Name ;
 Poets of all Religion are the fame :
Recanting Settle, brings the tuneful Ware,
 Which wiser *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge Fair* :
 Protests his Tragedies and Lybels fail
 To yield him Paper, penny Loaves and Ale ;
 And bids our Youth, by his Example fly
 The love of Politicks, and Poetry.
 And all Retreats, except *Newball*, refuse
 To shelter *starving Dnrsey's* Jocky Muse :
 There to the Butler, and her Graces Maid,
 He turns like *Homer*, Sonnettier for Bread :
 Knows his just Bounds ; nor ever durst aspire
 Beyond the swearing Grooms, and Kitchen Fire.

Is there a Man to these Examples blind,
 To Clinking Numbers fatally design'd,
 Who, by his Parts wou'd purchase Meal and Fame,
 And in next Miscellanies plant his Name ?

Were

Were my Beard grown, the wretch I'd thus advise;
 Repent fond Mortal, and be timely wise;
 Take heed, nor be by guilded Fops betray'd
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegasus* a Jade.
 By Verse you'll starve; *John Saul* cou'd never live,
 Unless the Bell-Man made the Poet thrive:
 Go rather, in some little Shed by *Pauls*,
 Sell *Chivy Chase*, and *Baxter's* Salve for Souls.
 Cry Rara Shows, sing Ballads, Transcribe Votes,
 Be *Care*, or *Ketch*, or any thing, but *Oates*.

Hold Sir, some Bully of the Muses Cryes,
 Methinks you're more Satyrical, than Wise;
 You rail at Verse indeed; but rail in Rhime;
 At once encourage, and condemn the Crime.

True Sir, I write, and have a Patron too,
 To whom my Tributary Songs are due;
 Yet with your leave I'de honestly dissuade
 Those wretched Men from *Pindus* barren Shade:
 Who, tho they tire their Muse and rak their Brains,
 With blustering Heroes, and with piping Swains,
 Can no Great patient giving Man engage
 To fill their Pockets, and their Title Page.

Were I like these unhappily Deceiv'd
By penny Elegies to get my Bread ;
Or want a Meal, unless *George Croom* and I
Cou'd strike a Bargain for my Poetry :
I'd damn my Works, to wrap up Soap and Cheese
Or furnish Squibs for City Prentices ;
To burn the Pope, and Celebrate *Queen Bess*.

But on ; your ruin stubbornly pursue ;
Her'd with the hungry little Chiming Crew,
Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
And be a free-cost Noisie in the Pit,
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Laurel, and a Meager Face :
And may just Hea'vn thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou blest Author ! See'st thy deathless Song
The dusty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
And find thy Picture starch'd to Suburb Wall,
With *Jony Armstrong*, and the Prodigal.

And, to compleat the Curse,
When Age, and Poverty comes faster on,
And sad Experience tells thou art undone :

May no kind Country Grammar School afford
Ten Pound a year, for Lodging, Bed and Board,
Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
Grown Useless to the Army, and the Plow,
You've no Friend left, but Trusting Landlady,
Who stows you in hard Truckle Garret high,
To dream of Dinner, and Curse Poetry.

Sir, I've a Patron, you reply ; 'tis true,
Fortune and Parts, you say may get one too :
Why Faith, e'en try ; Write, Flatter, Dedicate,
My Lord's and his Fore-fathers Deeds relate ;
Yet know, he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways
To shun a needy Poet's fulsom Praise ;
Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condescend to be
A Poet, tho perhaps he's worse than thee.

Thus from a Patron, he becomes a Friend ;
Forgetting to Reward, learns to Commend :
Receives your twelve long Months successful Toil,
And talks of Author's Energy and Stile ;
Damns the dull Poems of the Scribling Town,
Applauds your Writing, and Esteems his own:

Whil'st thou in Complaisance oblig'd must sit
To extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit;
And wrapt with his Essay on Poetry,
Swear *Horace* writ not half so strong as he,
That that we're partial to Antiquity.
Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps scarce knows,
With Jingling Sounds to tag insipid Prose,
And shou'd be by, some Honest *Manly*, told
H' had lost his Credit, to secure his Gold.

But if thou'rt blest enough to write a Play,
Without the hungry hopes of kind Third-day,
And he presumes that to thy Dedication
Thou'lt fix his Name, not bargain for the Station;
My Lord, his useless Kindness then assures,
And to the utmost of his power, he's Yours!
How fine your Plot! how exquisite your Scene!
And play'd at Court, 'twould strangely please the
Queen!
And you may take his Judgment sure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry,
And might with equal Justice, have put in
For Poet Laureat, as Lord Chamberlain.
All this you see and know, yet cease to shun,
And seeing, knowing, strive to be Undone.

So Kid-napp'd Dutchess, once beyond *Graves-end*,
 Rejects the Council of recalling Friend;
 Is told the dreadful Bondage she must bear
 And sees, unable to avoid the Snare.

So practis'd Thief, oft Taken, ne'er dismay'd,
 Forgets the Sentence, and pursues the Trade;
 Tho yet he almost feels the Smoaking Brand,
 And sad *J. R.* stands fresh upon his Hand.

The Author then, whose daring hopes wou'd strive
 With well built Verse, to keep his Fame alive,
 And something to Posterity present,
 That's very New, and very Excellent,
 Something beyond the usual'd drudging Tribe,
 Beyond What *Bays* can write, or I describe,
 Shou'd in substantial Happiness abound,
 His Mind with Peace, his Beard with Plenty crown'd
 No early *Duns* should break his learned Rest,
 No sawcy Cares, his nobler Thoughts molest;
 Only the God within should shake his lab'ring Breast.

In vain we from our Sonnettiets require
 The height of *Cowley's* and *Anacreon's* Lyre:

“In vain we bid him fill the Bowl,

“Large as their capacious Soul,

Who since the King was Crown'd, ne'er tasted Wine,
 But rise at Eight, and know not where to Dine.
 In vain, we bid dejected *Settle* hit

The Tragick Flights of *Shakespear's* towering Wit;
 He needs must miss the Mark, who's kept so low
 He scarce has strength enough to draw the Bow.

Sidley indeed and *Rocheſter* might Write,
 For their own Credit, and their Friends Delight,
 Shewing how far they cou'd the rest out-do,
 As in their Fortunes, so their Writings too;

But shou'd Drudge *Dryden* his Example take,
 And *Absaloms* for empty Glory make,
 He'd soon perceive his Income scarce enough,
 To feed his Nostrils with Inspiring Snuff,
 Starving for Meat, nor farfeiting on Praise,
 He'd find his Brain as barren as his Bays.

There was a time When *Otway* Charm'd the Stage;
 Away the Hopes, the Sorrow of our Age!
 Then the full Pitt with pleas'd attention

hung,

In the
 Organ

Went with each Accent from *Castalia's* Tongue:

With what a Laughter was his Soldier read!

How Mournd they, when his *Jaffer* Struck and Bled!

Yet this best Poet, tho with so much ease,
 He never drew his Pen, but sure to please:
 Tho Lightning were less lively than his Wit,
 And Thunder-claps less loud than those o'th' Pit.
 He had of's many Wants, much earlier dy'd,
 Had not kind Banker *Betterton* supply'd,
 And took for Pawn, the Embrio of a Play,
 Till he could pay himself the next Third-day

Were *Shakespeare's* self alive again, he'd ne'er
 Degenerate from a Poet to a Player:
Cartel i'th' new rais'd Troops preferr'd we see,
 And chattering *Montfort* in the *Chancery*:
Montfort how fit for Politicks and Law,
 That play'd so well Sir *Cecil* and *Jack-Dan*!
 Dance then Attendance in slow *Maugrave's* Hall,
 Read Mapps, or court the Sconces till he call;
 One Actor's Commendation shall do more,
 Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore.
 Some Poets I confess, the Stage has fed,
 Who for Half-crowns are thrown, for two pence red
 But these not envy thou, nor imitate,
 But rather Starve in *Shadwell's* silent Fate,
 Than new vamp Farces, and be Damn'd with *Tate*

For now no *Sidney* will three hundred give,
That needy *Spencer*, and his Fame may live.
None of our Nobility will send
To the *King's-Bench*, or to his *Betlem* Friend.
Chymists and Whores, by *Buckingham* were fed,
Those by their honest Labours gain'd their Bread;
But he was never so expensive yet,
To keep a Creature meerly for his Wit:
And *Cowley*, from all *Clifden*, scarce cou'd have
One Grateful Stone, to show the World his Grave.
Pembroke lov'd Tragedy, and did provide
For Butchers Dogs, and for the whole Bank-side:
The *Bear* was fed; but Dedicating *Lee*
Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he.
More I cou'd say; but care not much to meet
A Crab-Tree Cudgel, in a narrow Street:
Besides, your Yawning prompts me to give o're,
Your humble Servant, not one word more.

A Long
PROLOGUE
 TO A
Short PLAY.

S P O K E N

*By a Woman at OXFORD, Dressed
 like a Sea Officer.*

With *Monmouth* Cap, and Cutlace by my side
 Strutting at least a Yard at every stride
 I'm come to tell you, (after much Petition)
 The Admiralty has given me a Commission:
 And now with Bully *Tourville* I'll engage,
 And try my Fortune on a floating Stage:
 What blustering *Tarr* at this dare take offence,
 While I stand thus to prove my just pretence?
 Will he pretend to Fight better than I?
 S'Death I'd tell him Dam you, Sir, you lie,
 And then I'd ask him how they fought at *Rye*.

Your *Bantry* Business too was but a Fetch,
Where you call Running, Batt'ring on a Stretch.
But you'll reply your Leaders were to blame
While I'll condemn you all to bear the shame :
For who the Devil e'er refus'd his Meat,
Because another had no mind to eat ?
The *Dutch* were drunk you barbarously say,
May you be drunk too next time, so you'll stay ;
For 'twas your sober fighting lost the day,
For which two Millions we at least must pay.
Old *Albemarle* wou'd say, that Men of War
A Navy stunk not half enough of Tarr :
Your o're grown Pages, and Attornies Clerks,
To fight and govern Fleets, are proper Sparks.
Then let the spruce Land-Pyrats be content,
To swagger in their Native Element,
And let Tarpaulins rule by my consent.
For things look now, as if Men took Commission
To damn all Discipline and sow Sedition,
And fighting, was the least of their Ambition.
No matter who comes home with broken bones,
So you but come to touch the Pattacoons :
The Pitch of Honour is Desire of Money,
That pauntry Coward Vice, has quite undone you ;

You Court Preferment on no other score,
 But to be poorly Rich, and basely Poor;
 For who would not propose a Trip to *Spain*,
 That in his Prospect has a double gain,
 To line his Pockets, and to save his Skin?
 For none must Fight with Merchants Money in.
 Your Heads run round with *Mexico* and *Sevil*,
 I wish the Landing place was at the Devil;
 Wou'd the good King had but a just Relation,
 He'd quickly damn your Trade of Importation.
 And add it to the Act of Navigation;
 But how then shall we live, you Murmurers say,
 S'life, can't you be content with double Pay?
 Show us your double Merit, Sirs, I pray.
 Some have got two Commands by Land and Sea,
 While one might safely swear (might he be free)
 They're neither Flesh, nor Fish, nor good Red-Herr.
 These are your Collonels, & Captains, with a Murm.
 Boldly to these two Elements you aspire,
 But at an awful distance, still you fire.
 A few there are, and those a very few,
 To whom a fairer Character is due.
 Time was, when Captains went on their own Errand
 And in their Pockets carry'd their Press-Warrants;

Now you employ the Villains of the Fleet,
 While you Date from the Downs in *Bedford-Street*.
 But Times are alter'd, 'tis now as then,
 For now you Press the Money, and spare the Men;
 Those plain dull Fellows, no such Secrets found
 To make ~~Press~~ Warrants, worth a hundred pound
 At our Fate, our Frailty or Disease,
 To trust our Honour in such hands as these?
 Now in their Trades, their Principles not Right
 With Hearts too Tender, and with Heads too Light,
 Too weak for Counsel, and too nice to Fight.
 Their bodies are not made of battering stuff,
 Their Cracknel Carcasses not Splinter-proof :
 And yet will fairly tell a Sallers Tale,
 At must attempt it in a Coat of Mail:
 Some Swagg'ring Bully snaps me short and swears;
 "Himme, this Woman wou'd fain be kick'd down Stairs"
 "By your leave Sirs, do you fight at Sea,
 And then kick down the Monument for me :
 The Parliamant may plague us with Taxation,
 But till they cure this Grievance of the Nation,
 Monsieur will make the Narrow Seas his Station.
 Then what becomes of all our antient Rule,
 Our Right from *Edgar*, and Command from *Thule* ?

Believe me Sirs, it will be then confes'd,
Your Flag's a Dishclout, and your Claim a Jest :
The hardy Duke we mention'd, whose great Name,
Stretch'd the blown Cheeks of Trumpet-sounding
Fame.

Once bravely try'd what English-Men cou'd do,
But such Examples, who dare now pursue ?
A four-days Fight he gloriously Maintain'd,
And what he lost in Blood, in Honour Gain'd.
To keep that spotless, be the Ocean stain'd.
Each Day he Tack'd, and Fought from Sun to Sun
At least against the Odds of two to one : (done
Had you been there Sirs, what wou'd you have
He ne're stood shall I, shall I, spring a-loof,
But Fought as if his Skin was Cannon-proof :
Then, all that can be said to do you Right,
You'll keep the Wind as long as he did Fight.

TO THE
QUEEN.

1 6 9 0.

A Rise my Muse, and to my tuneful Lyre
Compose a mighty O D E,
Whole Charming Nature may inspire
The Bosom of some list'ning God
To Consecrate thy bold attempting Verse,
And *Gloriana's* Fame disperse
Over the wide Confines of the Universe.

Ye Sons of Musick, raise your Voices high,
And like your Theme, be your blest Harmony :
Then sound your Instruments, and Charm the Earth
Upon this Sacred day of *Gloriana's* Birth.

See how the glitt'ring Ruler of the day
 From the cool Bosom of the Sea,
 Drives with speed away,
 And does the Jolly Earth's attending Planets all
 To wanton Revels call;
 Who from the Starry East and West,
 To Celebrate this day make haste;
 And in new Robes of Glory drest
 Dance in a Solemn Ball!

Hail Gracious *Gloriana*, Hail!

May ev'ry future Year

Roll on, unknown to Care!

May each propitious Morn arise,

Bright as your Vertue, charming as your Eyes;

And each succeeding Hour new Pleasures bring,

To make the Muses yearly Sing.

Hail, Gracious *Gloriana*, Hail!

And since the Time's Distress to War's Alarms,

Keels the lov'd Monarch from your Arms,

May *Phœbus* does to lower Spheres decline,

May rise again, and with more lustre shine.

To quell his Country's Foes,
Behold, the God-like Heroe goes,
Fated and Born to Conquer all,
The Great, the Vulgar, and the Small:
To hunt the Savages from Dens;
To teach 'em Loyalty and Sense,
And Sacred Souls of the true Faith convince.

But *Oh*! I see *Eusebia* drown'd in Tears!
The Sad *Eusebia* Mourning wears,
And in dejected State
Thus Mourns her helpless Fate:
Al, wretched me! must *Cæsar* for my sake,
These fatal Dangers undertake?
No, no, ye awful Powers, no, no,
Fate must some meaner Force employ;
Fate must not let him go:
But Glory cries, go on, Illustrious Man,
Leave not the Work undone,
Thou hast so well begun.
Go on, Great Prince, go on

See, see, all *Europe* have their Eyes
On the great Enterprize!
Advance thy darling Shield,
And haste thee to the Field:
Haste, haste to Honour and Renown;
Honour, that on the Hero's Brow shines brighter than
(a Crown.

Now with a tuneful Harmony,
Exalt your Voices high,
And with your skilful Melody
Raise *Gloriana's* Grief to Joy:
Bring warbling Lutes to hush her Cares;
Bring moving Flutes, to charm her Ears:
Ah! may their soft'ning Influence,
Each Passion calm, please ev'ry Sense!
Then let her never Mourn:
Great *Cæsar's* Absence short will be,
And Glorious his Return.

TO THE
QUEEN,

UPON

The Anniversary of His Majesty's
BIRTH-DAY, *November the 4th.*
1690.

Long aw'd with Modesty and conscious Fear,
Desiring, but not daring to draw near,
A Throne so formidably Fenc'd as yours,
Where Majesty surrounds, and Power secures;
Yet seeing so many with Success approach,
My Trembling Muse——
At length presumes the Sacred Mount to touch.

Oh! Greatest, Best, most Beautious of your Kind,
 Whom Heav'n for an Original design'd,
 In whose alone Exemplar, one may view
 What Vertue, Charms, and Sovereignty can do:
 Perfections less than yours have made *Rome* bold
 To give us Saints and Goddesses of Old.
 Humbler Divinities in them were seen,
 Than are in so adorable a Queen.
 Whom, her happy Worshippers do own,
 That Birth's her least pretention to a Crown:
 Scepters are in her Eyes, her Looks give Awe,
 Than which, her Subjects need no other Law;
 They have no want of either Force or Arts,
 To get our All, who once have got our Hearts;
 Which, except you, since Fam'd *Eliz'beth's* Reign,
 None of our Princes did entirely gain;
 And none cou'd merit them so well as you,
 Who with a Queen, a King presents us too:
 For tho the Hero was the Gift of Heaven,
 The All-Victorious King by you was given:
 Unlike to other Queens——
 Your glorious Labours end where theirs began,
 They brought Weak Children, you a *Finish'd* Man.

High Benefactress to the *British* Throne,
Which ne'er before with double Lustre shone ;
And now the glad and signal day is come,
Which gave this Champion first to *Christendom*,
The Joy of *England*, and the Grief of *Rome* :
Whose Powers to quell and Plots to Countermine,
Heav'n seem'd at first the Hero to design ;
His Birth-day to the World did this declare
To us, the day of his Arrival here ;
When a Crown'd Head lay Prostrate at his Feet,
And Armies ran their Conqueror to meet ;
When *Scotch* Submissions early led the Van,
And *Irish* Triumphs help'd to fill the Train :
Such Joys serve yet his Birth-day to adorn,
But our Great Prince for higher things was Born :
France too, must feel the Vigor of his Sword,
And her proud *Lewis* own him for his Lord ;
Whose vapouring Fleet shall humbly then confess,
England again their Sovereign of the Seas.
Then will the mighty Allies too confer
To Celebrate their bless'd Deliverer.
Of other Birth-days, these shall be the Joys,
While he the Foes of God and Man destroys,

Relieves the Empire, Comforts the Opprest,
Restores the *Refugees*, Confirms the rest,
And *Britain* all this while is happy seen,
Beneath the peaceful Rule of her bright Queen :
Whilst her great King his Armies does employ
In Conquering Scepters for his Queen to Sway.

A
LITANY, 1681.

By Mr. J. Ayloff.

From the Lawless Dominion of Mitre and
Crown,

Whose Tyranny is so absolute grown,
That Men become Slaves to the Altar and Throne,
And can neither their Bodies nor Souls call their own.
Libera nos Domine.

From a Reverend Py-bald Theologic Professor,
A Protestant Zealous for a Popish Successor,
Who for a great Bishoprick still leaves a lesser,
And ne're will die Martyr, nor make good Confessor,
Libera, &c.

From Deans and Chapters who live at their eases,
Whose Letchery is in renewing Church-Leases,
Who live in Cathedrals like Maggots in Cheeses,
And like Abby-Lubbers stew in their own Greases,
Libera, &c.

From

From C-----dge and O-----d Scholaſtical Fry,
 Thoſe Lechers who with their Landreſſes lie,
 The Wants of Church and State to ſupply,
 That Religion and Learning may never die.

Libera, &c

From a comfortable Importance Divine,
 A Surſingle Paſſon in Silk Caſſock fine;
 Who loves not Tobacco, nor Women, nor Wine,
 Nor any Religion but in the Right Line,

Libera, &c

From a Spruce Court-Chaplain, whoſe Pulpit rings
 With a *Jus Divinum* of Biſhops and Kings,
 And from true Scripture falſe Evidence brings,
 That King-craft and Prieſthood are two Sacred things

Libera, &c

From a Miniſter of the Engliſh Church breed,
 Mother Churches own Son by Episcopap Seed,
 Who turns to Burleſque the Lord's Prayer and Creed
 And could the whole Bible ridicule for a need,

Libera, &c

From

From a scandalous limping Litigious Vicar,
Of whom his Parish grows sicker and sicker,
Who taught his dull Maid to grow quicker & quicker,
And stole the Silver Tankard when he drank out
the Liquor,

Libera, &c.

From a Ceremony-Monger who Rails at Dissenters,
And damns Nonconformists when the Pulpit he enters
Let all the week after his own Soul he venter,
With being so drunk that he cutteth *Indenters*,

Libera, &c.

From a Boy Ordain'd, who yet Beard has none,
Journyman-Levite to some Dignify'd Drone,
Who, whatever Text he Preaches upon,
All Prates of Rebellion and Forty One,

Libera, &c.

From the Pope's Champion that Scribbles everlasting,
In whom one Sir Cook bestow'd a dry basting,
Safe in his old age young Flesh he'd be tasting,
And now Writes for Bread to keep him from Fasting,

Libera, &c.

From a Protestant Church where a Papist must Reign,
 From an *Oxford* Parliament called in vain,
 Which, because *Fitzharris* the Plot would make
 plain,
 Was Dissolv'd in a fright, and sent home again,
Libera, &c

From Fools and Knaves, and Prerogative Tories,
 From a Clergy who for the Babylonish Whore is,
 From a Prince like a Pear who rotten at Core is,
 From a Court has had Millions, yet still as
 poor is,
Libera, &c

From the French at *Whitehall*, and the English at *Paris*
 From *Dangersfield's* Plot out-done by *Fitzharris*,
 From this and that, and the self-same thing,
 From the King of *F-----* and the *French* King,
Libera nos Domine

AN EPITAPH ON Passive Obedience.

IN hopes of sudden Resurrection,
 Certain and sure, beneath this Stone
Passive Obedience lyes Interr'd
 By Church of *England* Men averr'd
 As long as forc'd, they were Preferr'd
 She was not long since in great Favour
 As any Doctrin of our Saviour.
 With *Bur. Still.* and Father *Pa——ck*,
 Tho some will tell you, 'twas but a Trick,
 To curry Favour with the Crown,
 And make Preferments all their own :
 But when she brought them into Danger,
 They all with one consent, cry'd Hang her :
 Wherefore she was Arraign'd and Try'd,
 Condemn'd and Sentenc'd, thus she dy'd,

Ætat. Sux. 1688.

Beware you Christian Doctors all,
And set before your Eyes her Fall:
Beware I say, how you contest,
With that Supream Grace, Interest;
For her great Crimes upon her Tryal,
Was Anti-christian *Self-denial*.

THE
PROGRESS.

IN former days, when Men had Sense,
And Reason rul'd both Peer and Prince;
When Honesty no Crime was thought,
And Churchmen no Sedition taught;
When Soldiers for their Pay would fight;
Without disputing Wrong or Right;
When each Mechanick kept his Trade,
For Taylor's Yards were Scepters made;
Before each Coffee-Club durst prate,
Or pry into Affairs of State:
When *Quaker* was a Name unknown,
And e'er the *Bull and Mouth* cou'd Groan;
Before each *Anabaptist* Brother
To cheat the Church, *Baptiz'd* each other;
For Non-conformists belch'd forth Lies,
And Sisters turn'd up Whites o'th' Eyes;
For *Levi's* Tribe were useless made,
For Preachers of a Foreign Trade;

Before each Cobler's dirty Paw,
Sully'd the Gospel and the Law ;
E'er Women had the Gift to Preach,
And to their Cuckolds Patience teach ;
E'er it was heard a Q—— did bear,
In Protestant Land a Popish *Heir*,
And e'er at Eight Months' end 'twas known
A Child was born without a Groan :
E'er Thirty Thousand English Men,
March'd out of Town, and in agen ;
And e'er an Enemy appear'd,
Scamper'd, the Child by *Goblin* scar'd :
E'er three fair Realms were thrown away,
And lost without one Scarlet day ;
And e'er two Millions by the Year,
Was deem'd not worth a Monarch's care :
E'er Kings wou'd quit so great Revenue,
T' indulge a Q—— brought not a Penny ;
Or leave his Grandeur, Court and State,
And for a Tyrant's Favour wait,
To be a Fugitive declar'd,
Is such a Frolick ne'er was heard.
When like the King of Gipsies, we
Covet to live on Charity,

And think another's Scraps more sweet,
Than our own Table's choicest Meat.
To be in fear of giving Offence,
Lest they should Compliment us thence ;
E'er any of these things were known,
In Ages that are past and gone :
When Kings were Kings, and Men were Men,
(Will ever be such days agen ?)
Twas e'er His Holiness's Neece
More Infamous than her of *Greece*,
Compleated *England's* Happittess ;
When she was made the lawful Mother
Of *Tyler's* Children's youngest Brother ;
Who was Begot, or Born or Made
A Prince of *Wales* in Masquerade ;
Apparent Heir to Kingdoms three,
That never were, nor e'er will be.
I say, e'er all these things befell,
Which now long since, no Tongue can tell ;
Then were the Golden days, if any ;
But I believe there were not many ;
For to be sure, since Woman was,
Man's Character was but an Ass.

That this is Truth, there needs no more
To prove what I have said before,
Than what we read in *James's Life*,
And of his more renowned Wife ;
Who stood possess'd of Power and Wealth,
And did abound in all but Health ;
Which was impair'd in days of yore,
When first we learn'd the Art to Whore ;
When Man was subject to Mishap,
And Woman had the Gift to Clap ;
When *Morbus Gallicus* gave place
To that deriv'd from *Scotish Race* ;
And Countesses were grown as Common
And Pocky as Night-walking Women :
These with another damn'd Mischance,
Forc'd him of late to visit *France*,
Who conscious is of shedding Blood,
(His own 'tis always understood ;)
And tho he ne'er had Maw to Fight,
Nor do his Friends or Country Right,
Abounds both in Revenge and Spight.
And if he e'er regains this Isle,
He'll turn it to one Funeral Pile.

Nor does he want in Will, but Power,
To make both Peer and Peasant Scow'r:
Pity has long since left his Breast,
Twas never there a welcom Guest:
Such men are ne'er prepar'd to die,
And 'twas that Motive made him *Fly*;
Else none at such a time o'th' Year,
When Maggots work not, thus wou'd Steer;
Unless from *Bedlam* broken out,
And the most senseless of that Rout;
For in No Country I remember
A Monarch's Progress in *December*.

THE SOLILOQUI.

MY Fleets, my Castles, and my Towns,
Wealth, Magazines, and three fair Crowns
My Territories in each Zone,
From th' rising to the setting Sun;
My Narrow Seas, the boundless Deep,
Where I my floating Courts did keep,
On whom glad Victory did attend;
And Fame her boundless Voice did spend,
Dear Malice, Wilfulness and Pride,
To you, by me were ne'er deny'd,
But in obedience to your Call,
I now have Sacrific'd 'em all,
While the fond Beads-man does mistake,
And thinks all's for Religion's sake.
Curse on his Vesture and his Cowl,
— So to mistake a Tyrant's Soul,
And think Religion can take place,
Where it is worth but as a Case,
To hide those dreadful Shapes within;
Wou'd fright the World, if they were seen :

Make Nature Stagger at the sight,
And Peace (as I am) put to flight.
But now you dread Infernal Race,
What Trophies must those Triumphs grace?
For thus to lose, is to obtain,
As Martyrs Conquer while they're slain.
When *Lucifer* from Heaven fell,
He gain'd Despoitick Power in Hell.
A Wreath prepare of Snakes and Weed,
Instead of Laurel, for my Head;
Triumphant Chariot all of Flame,
Medea's Dragons in the same;
Let thousand Ghosts upon it wait,
That from my Vengeance took their Fate:
Great Britain's Genius Wan and Sad,
And *London* all in Ashes Clad:
Then to approaching Fate I'll bend,
And dress'd in Ruins, it Ascend.

SATYR

A G A I N S T

LOVE and WOMEN.

THou Doating, Fond, Befotted, Amorous Fool,
Shame to thy Sex, return again to School,
A whining Lover is a sorry Tool.

Learn á new Lesson, vex thy self no more;
Kick that blind Bastard *Cupid* out of door;
His Mother *Venus* was a Common Whore.

What is't that makes thy Sense and Reason stray,
And thus doth Captivate thy Soul away?
If Beauty be the Cause, consider, pray.

The fairest Face that Nature ever made,
How soon a little Sickness makes it fade;
Tis nought but Worms and Dust in Masquerade.

Or do you on your Mistress Virtue doat?
Tell me, I wou'd be very glad to know't,
What Virtue dwells under a Peticcoat,

Women are strange Dissemblers, they'l appear
So sweetly ignorant and good, you'd swear,
They were all Angels, when they Devils are,

Both she a Magazine of Wealth command,
Fetch'd from the bowels of the Sea and Land;
The Oriental Pearl, and *Indian* Sand?

These glitt'ring Toys, indeed may please the Eyes
Of some base Miser; but the Brave and Wise,
Place their Content beyond such Fooleries.

Will me a bowl with some rich *Grecian* Wine,
That sprightly Nectar shall my Wit refine,
And makes me bravely act the Libertine.

In *Lacchanalean* Feasts, I'll Sorrow drown,
 And when my blood grows warm, I'll range the
 Town,

And seize on all I meet, fair, black, or brown.

Women by Nature were at first design'd,
 To be enjoy'd by Men, and thou shalt find,
 If this proves Cross, the next will be more Kind.

They've Inclinations strong, whate're they say,
 And hate who Court the dull *Platonick* way,
 That *Monfieur* pleases best, who's brisk and gay.

No longer then in whining Language Court,
 But if your Mistris do'e deny to sport,
 Ravish her first, and then she'll thank you for't.

Perhaps she'll faintly strive, and cry you Men
 Are wondrous rude--- I vow you shan't--- and then
 Swear that you never shall come there agen.

The Deed once done, she'll fain her self perplex,
 Fie, you are wond'rous nought--- indeed I'm vex;
 But prithee Dear, when shall I see thee next?

W

With cunning Arts, thus they inveigle Man,
Or they shall never more my Soul trepan;
Catch me again ye Gypsies if you can.

To spend ones precious Time 'twixt hope and fear,
And let a poultry Woman Domineer;
Is better be a Vassal in *Algier*.

THE FLY.

By Dr. Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

I Bathe in Rose-dew, and ne're fail;
To Breakfast on the Milking Pail;
With the King I sit and Dine,
Taste his Meat, and drink his Wine,
Court and Kiss his Concubine.
*Merrily, Merrily; now here, now there,
On this side, on that side, and every where.*

'Spite of *Dick* I Dance and Play
With the Lady of the *May*.

*Wump's Malmsey Nose I ply,
Tickle Maudlin's Ferrit Eye;
Wuz in Roger's Ear I cry,
Merrily, merrily, &c.*

*at in Autumn I, as Cupid,
And God Bacchus, Blind and Stupid:
In the Glasses brim do hop,
Dipping still; till from the top,
To the bottom down I drop.*

*Merrily, merrily there yet I lie,
I drink, and am drunk, and dead-drunk I die*

To my Friend
C E L A D O N
In Justification of my
A M O U R.

ALL Men have Follies, which they bl
Trace,

Through the dark turnings of a dubious Maze;
But happy those, who by a prudent Care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious Snare.

The Eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free,
From the same Failings you condemn in me;
They Lov'd, and by that Glorious Passion led,
Forgot what *Plato*, and themselves had said:
Love Triumph'd over the Pedantick Rules,
They had Collected from the Wrangling Schools

and made 'em to his Mightier Sway submit
Wit of Learning, Policy, and Wit:
When his shining Squadrons came in view,
Their boasted Reason murmur'd, and withdrew:
Their Morose Grave Morals useless prov'd,
Soon those dusty Characters remov'd,
Inable to withstand Loves Mighty Force
In dry Debates, and Phlegmatick Discourse,

Nay, Gods have felt the Tyranny of Love,
Heav'n it self cou'd not defend its JOVE;
Tho' Arm'd Gyants his quick Light'ning flew,
Naked Boy did all his Rage subdue,
One bright Ray from Fair *Alcmena's* Eyes,
Arm'd the Triumphant Victor of the Skies:

If, as the Wisest of the Wise have Err'd,
I stray, and am condemn'd unheard;
If Faults, you too severely reprehend,
Be like a Rigid Censor, than a Friend:
Love is the Monarch Passion of the Mind,
Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd;
It over all, extends his Mighty Sway,
To Mortals God's, and Gods his Power obey.

You own'd my *Delia*, Friend, Divinely Fair,
When in the Bud her Native Beauties were ;
Your Praises did her early Charms confess,
Yet you'd persuade one to adore her less :
You, but the Non-age of her Beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime Ideas draw ;
And what she is, by what she was, conclude,
For now she Governs those she then Subdu'd :
Her Aspect Noble, and Mature is grown,
And every Charm in its full Vigor shown :
Each Feature emulous of pleasing most,
May justly some peculiar Sweetness boast ;
Her whole Composure's of so fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the Immortal Beauties of the Skies,
Contended Naked for the Golden Prize,
Those three bright Candidates had su'd in vain,
For the kind Sentence of the wand'ring Swain,
Had *Delia* been there before his view,
With her Diviner Charms, and Naked too,

whom alone, we all their Graces find,
 removing Gaiety of *Venus* joyn'd,
 with *Juno's* Aspect, and *Minerva's* Mind

Her Soul, to which kind Heav'n did impart
 the wisest Notions, and improv'd by Art,
 gives its Noblest Faculties entire,
 which all shou'd imitate, and all admire :
 where no rude Thoughts are suffer'd to reside,
 Affectation, Peevishness, or Pride ;
 all those Virtues which the Wise pursue,
 which makes 'em Happy, makes 'em Noble too :
 only in Divinest Persons dwell,
 who practise better, and few know so well.

Her Fancy Strong, Vivacious, and Sublime,
 sometimes betrays her Judgment to a Crime :
 tho' it moves with a Luxuriant heat,
 we're precipitous, but just and great ;
 each Expression every teeming Thought
 the scanning of her Judgment brought,
 which never Partial is, by all confest,
 serious, Polite, and equal to the best.

In all Discourse, she's Apposite and Gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;
For if the Subjects of a serious kind,
Her Thoughts are Manly, and her Wit refin'd;
But if it Jocular, or Sportive be,
Her Wit is Poignant, well bred Repartee:
While some proud Nymphs impertinent at best,
Mistake abusive Rudeness for a Jest,
And think themselves above the duller Crowd,
Meerly for talking much, and laughing loud;
But in my *Delia's* Conversation meet,
All that is Just, Agreeable, and Sweet.
For no waste Words allay her Eloquence,
But all Pathetick, all is Sterling Sense.
Refin'd from Drossy Chat, which quickly cloy's
The judging Ear, with pall'd insipid Noise;
But *Delia's* Words still bear the Stamp of Wit,
Imprest too plainly to be Counterfeit,
Which with the weight of massy Reason join'd,
Declares the strength and quickness of her Mind;
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle Thought the Charity of Words;
But drives the intruding Notion from her Breast,
Not worth the trouble to be once express.

Ah! *Celadon*, you wou'd my Flames approve,
Did you but hear her talk, and talk of Love :
That tender Passion to her Fancy brings,
The softest Notions, and the kindest things,
Which she delivers with judicious Care,
A pleasant Aspect, and a moving Air ;
For her expressive words improve the Sense,
And close each Period with an Excellence,
Which through the Ear, does to the Soul transmit
The fair Ideas of delightful Wit.
To the cool Bosom of a Peaceful Shade,
Some spreading Beach, or lofty Poplar made ;
And my *Delia* did sometimes repair,
To breathe in private, and unbend our Care ;
And whil'st our Flocks in fruitful Pastures fed,
Some well-design'd, instructive Poem read :
Where useful Morals with soft Numbers joyn'd
At once delighted, and improv'd the Mind,
Which she indeed, to more perfection brought,
By wise Remarks upon the Poets thought :
So well she knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
The empty sound of Words from solid Sense ;

The Florid Fustian of a Rhiming Spark,
 Whose Random Arrow ne'er comes near the Mark;
 Can't on her Judgment, be impos'd and pass
 For Genuine Gold, when 'tis but gilded Brass,

Once as we walk'd discoursing upon Love,
 In the Retreats of an adjacent Grove;
 She smiling, ask'd me, whether I'd prefer
 An humble Cottage on the Plains with her,
 Before the Pompous Buildings of the Great,
 And find Content in that inferior State?
 The Question you propose, said I, might cause
 Some Hesitation, and a dubious Pause;
 Were the degrees of my Affection less
 Than burning Martyrs to the Gods express,
 Did not the Charms which they to you have given
 Equal almost t' th' Brightness of their Heaven;
 But I've in you all I desire below,
 That Earth can give me, and the Gods bestow:
 Tho' youthful *Paris*, when his Birth was known,
 Too fatally related to a Throne,
 Forsook *Oenone*, and his Rural Sports,
 For greedy Greatness and Tumultuous Courts.

If Fate shou'd offer me his Power in vain,
For what is Power to such an humble Swain,
I would not leave my *Delia*, leave my Love,
To share the Empire of both Worlds with *Jove*.

My Soul did after you those words repeat,
She cry'd, my Pulse the self-same Motion beat :
If *Strephon* be to my Embraces given,
What greater Bliss can *Delia* crave of Heav'n ?
And wou'd you have me, Friend, reflect agen;
Become the basest, and the worst of Men ?
Oh ! do not urge me, *Celadon* forbear,
I cannot leave her, she's too Charming Fair ;
Shou'd I your Counsel in this Case pursue,
You might suspect me for a Villain too :
For sure that Perjur'd Wretch can never prove
True to his Friend, that's faithless to his Love.

THE
ENTRY
OF THE
Pope's Nuncio.

OLD *Westminster*, the Seat of King's, who
Law

So many Years has kept the *Beast* in Awe,
Henceforth to *Windsor* must resign thy Power;
The Loyal *Windsor*! which in one short Hour,
Has Cancel'd all that thou hast done before:
The *Gordian Knot* so many Ages ty'd,
One *Alexander* can with ease divide;
And what is more pernicious than the Fact,
He has his Tools to carry on the Act.

Can any Nation know a greater Curse,
Than have a *Judas* to betray the Purse?
Sworn to maintain those Articles, and own
The very Laws they labour to run down.
What value all the Statutes of our Nation
To guard us against Popish Innovation,
If by so vile an Upstart trampled on,
To Sway at Court, and Domineer in Town?

But what are servile Judges, when even they
Of *Levi's* Tribe, the Priests, are gone Astray?
Apostate D——! what cou'd be thy hope,
What work of Merit, to bring in the Pope?
If thou must Trim to please the K. and Q.
Keep to thy Musick, 'tis the safer Mean.

Chester did not so much betray his Trust;
He to his Principles was only Just:
Who has so long a Vassal been to *Rome*,
Must Joy to see her brought in Triumph home.

Nor is the rough *Tarpaulin* in the wrong,
To crowd a Member in the Sacred Throng :
He'd be a Fool Recorded, if his Grace
For Conscience, shou'd refuse so great a Place,
Whose vile compliance to a Monarch's Will,
Has made the noted Block-head greater still.

But *Somerſet*, to thee what Pen can frame
A Monument as laſting as thy Fame,
Who ſcorns to ſtoop beneath the *Vulture's* Wing,
And quits the Torrent, to embrace the Spring ?
Firm to his Honour, to his Country Juſt ;
He flights his Intereſt, to perform his Truſt ;
Scorns all the Glories of a flatt'ring Court,
And what they think his Ruin, counts his Sport.
Here thorny Satyr wou'd transform to *Bays* :
But I muſt ceaſe, 'cauſe none can reach thy Praise.

Depositum

Latin found
in the Bi-
shop's Closet,
Writ by his
own Hand.

Sam. OXON. EPISC.

QUI HOC

Elogio Posteris Innotescere Vo-
luit.

S *Imultates & privatas Inimicitas
Non modo non foui, sed Contempfi,
Sola Integritate fretus,
Nec Vivere Erubesco, nec mori Reformido.*

*Divinam Providentiam non Minus Credo quam opto,
Fide non Infelix, Spe felicior,
Hanc vitam Utcun; sustineo, meliorem expecto,
Multa Legi, Cogitavi, Scripsi,
Omnia ab ipsis Rei Cujusq; principiis Exorsus,
Nec tamen ulla magis scire videor,
Quam quæ per fidem Accepi,*

ALL Private Wranglings and Intestine Jars,
 Friend *Lowth* can tell how much my Soul
 Abhors

My Honesty, what Party can deny ?

And for an Instance of my Modesty,

I neither blush to live, nor fear to die.

That there's a Providence, Sir, what think you ?

I do believe it, yet wish it may be true :

Thus pretty strong in Faith, in Hope much stronger,

I'd gladly go to Heaven, when I can live no longer.

Much I have Read and Writ, it is confess'd,

And from first Principles, each Subject trac'd.

Yet after all (mark what *Sam. Parker* saith)

My Knowledge is no larger than my Faith.

Exit. *There's an end.*

Madam

Madam *Maintenon's*

ADVICE

TO THE

F-----h K-----g.

IN Gray-hair'd *Celia's* wither'd Arms
While ~~Mighty~~ *Lewis* lay,
She cry'd if I have any Charms,
My Dearest let's away.

I Tremble for you, when I hear
Of Drums the dreadful Rattle,
Alas Sir! what shou'd you do here,
In day of Dismal Battle?

Perhaps you'll ask what can repair
The Ruins of your Glory,
'Tis fit you leave so mean a care
To those that Pen your Story.

Are

Are not *Prevoux* and *Boileau* Paid
For Panegyrick Writing?
They know how Heroes may be made
Without the help of Fighting.

Your Foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly;
Put six good Horses in your Coach:
And carry me to *Marli*.

Let *Bouffieur* to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town, or buy it,
While you Great Sir, at *Noterdame*,
Te Deum sing in Quiet.

UPON LOVE:

In Imitation of

C O W L E Y.

WHether we Morals Love or no;
 'Tis the same case what e'er we do:
 For Love does killing Pleasures give,
 And without Love, 'tis death to Live:
 Then to Love so painful be,
 And not to Love, be Misery,
 What a sad case must he be in,
 Who has disgrac'd and Jilted been?
 Banish'd for ever from those Eyes
 Which conquer Fools, and fool the Wise,
 And none but Stoicks can despise?
 They Conquer, but they will not Yield:
 He knows no such unequal Field;

I

But

But in Lovers gentle Fight,
 Both Conquer, when they both Submit.
 Sometimes the better to persuade, I
 I call in Heraldry to my Aid:
 I speak my Sires and Grand-fires Praise;
 Tell ~~how~~ how brave, how good he was
 Then Magnifie my self, and say,
 How Wise, how Witty, and how Gay
 I am; and (as the Times go now)
 How Constant, and how Sober too.
 But she, instead of this, demands:
 What Stock? What Money Sir? What Lands?
 Shepherds and Clowns inherit Life,
 Do you e'er think to get a Wife,
 Because your Dad was born before ye?
 That Sir is but an idle Story.
 Tho Men be Witty, Wise, or Gay,
 Fools may Love as well as they:
 Wit will not Please at night, nor Profit in the
 dry.

Curse on this Mony! wou'd he were
 Sunk beneath Hell, to languish there,
 Condemn'd to everlasting Chains,
 Where the rich Miser, ~~unto~~ Reigns,

Who first call'd Counters Happiness,
What an improper thing is this?
That Money is the common cause of Strife;
The common Barrettor of humane Life;
It Brethren into Mortal Fray,
It makes Children, Parents Disobedient;
It makes Wars and Slaughters to abound,
Where Peace and Joy before were found:
And which is worst of all, it does
Love gentle Votaries Abuse:
It does to Love its powerful Aids deny,
Whil' it yet for want of it, the Lov'rs die.

I 2

T O

To a Scornful

BEAUTY

AS in those Nations, where they yet Adore
Marble and Cedar, and their Aid implore;
'Tis not the Work-men, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the God.
So cruel Fair, tho Heav'n has given you all
We Mortals Vertue can, or Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,
Darts to our Eyes, and to our selves the Wounds.
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd Beings that the World can shew,
Still to some meaner things their Greatness owe:
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers, Consecrate your Reign.
This difference only Beauty's Realm can boast,
Where most it Favours, it Enslaveth most.

And they to whom it is Indulgent found,
Are ever in its endless Fetters bound.

What Tyrant yet but he was ever known,
Cruel to those, who help'd to make him One?
Valour's a Vice, if not with Vertue join'd,
And Beauty's a Disease, when 'tis not Kind.

Mr. Sparks to the Dutcheſs of Ormond at her Reception into the B. d Oxon's Lodgings.

*So comes the Mighty Juno from above,
Charms are her Train, and her Command is Love
She does her Glories equally impart,
And finds a Triumph, where ſhe finds a Heart.
Ambition (the Great Idol of the Court)
Turns to Devotion here, where all reſort
With a juſt Strife their Homages to pay,
And with their Duty Conſecrate the Day.*

Madam,

YOur Powerful Name alone can move
The different Effects of Awe and Love.
Ireland, once for its Native Wildneſs known,
Does to your Laws a free Subjection own.
Rebellion now its former Seats forſakes,
And there's no Faction, but what Duty makes.
Submission pleaſes where you lay Constraint,
And Zeal's well-guided where you are the Spitt:

You

Your Triumphs with your Conforts may compare,
 Which both in such an equal Conquest share;
 You make us doubtful, whether they encrease
 More by the Acts of War, or Charms of Peace.
 Thrice happy is that Isle where you Command
 Blessings from Heav'n, and with an Crown the Land.
 No Venom there can thrive, where you dispence
 Through all its Parts a double Influence;
 Nor does one place your Vital Powers confine,
 They, like the Sun's, on distant Climates shine.
 'Tis we are Treated, such a welcom Guest,
 In both the Entertainer, and the Feast.

ON THE
MARRIAGE
OF THE
Lady ANN WILMOT.

By Placidia.

Tell me no more where you have been,
What Beauties here, and there have seen,
Till you have seen that Noble Bride
The happy Bridegrooms Lawful Pride:
And Natures Pride as well as his.
(Their Pride and Glory both she is)
Nothing of Beauty yet you know;
All you have seen is mean and low.
This, this is she, whom all desir'd,
Who saw her, or at least admir'd:

Had she on *Ida* then been found,
When th' Golden Apple was dropt down,
She, as the fairest must have gain'd
(Three Goddesses had Storm'd in vain)
The Apple from the *Trojan* Swain.
Had she in open Court been bred,
How many Captives had she led?
She kindly did withdraw her Light,
Unwilling to make known her Might;
Unwilling to make Men her Prey,
And cause more Love than she cou'd pay.

Wou'd the Painter draw an Angels Face,
Tis she must sit i'th' Angels place;
The Picture else wou'd want some Grace.
Beauties in others here and there,
'Tis in *Miranda* every where.
Nor to her Body is't confin'd,
'Tis that which has o'respread her Mind:
She's in her Self a Matchless Pair,
Her Soul and Body make one Fair.

Thrice happy Youth, whose yielding Heart
Was smitten with so brave a Dart!

As she cast forth from Chastest Eyes,
Whence ev'ry Beam is pure that flies !
The Dart she threw, had just return ;
She him, he hers, did kindly burn.

And may they burn with equal heat,
May both their Hearts alike still beat ;
May never Change be in their Fire,
But only in its mounting higher,
Until no higher they can move ;
May this be the Issue of their Love.

SATYR.

UNhappy Island, what hard Fate Ordains,
That thou should'st Change thy Liberty
for Chains:

Thou, who to Southern Nations once gav'st Law,
And kept the Jarring World in Peaceful Awe;
Holding that Balance in thy steady Hand,
By which the weaker do's the strong withstand:
From Goths and Vandals long in vain set free,
Art now thy self become a Colony,
The Scotch and Irish are repriz'd in thee,
Starv'd Fugitives scatter'd (by want) abroad,
Great Travellers for want of an Abroad,
All meet in Swarms in this unlucky Place,
To lead our Army, and our Councils Grace:
Whilst Croaking Priests, and Greedy Troops devour
The Faithful Land with Sacrilegious How'r:

Prevailing

Prevailing Nonsense, Reason over-rules,
 And Providence has given us up to Fools;
 Fools did th' Excluding of a Fool prevent;
 Fools have by Rebellion, Slav'ry sent,
 And Fools confirm it still in Parliament.
Talbot Supplies of *Books* from *Reland* sends,
Clarendon's return'd to *maintainments*;
 The Favorite Brother wears th' Almighty Rod,
 Court'd and Prais'd by each Created Toad,
 The Sorcerer Aspires to be a God.
Pharoah and He, these Plagues of *Egypt* bring,
 And such our Fate must be, whilst such our King;
 But who can our Great Chancellor Describe?
 The Noisy Oracle of the Scarlet Tribe;
 Of all *James's* Instruments, the keenest Tool,
 The hottest, pertest, and the boldest Fool;
 Chose early; by himself design'd for Glory,
 Since Whig-Law yielded first to Conquering Tory:
 A Mortal Enemy to Sawcy Charters,
 Now less in Fashion than the Book of *Martyrs*;
 Than sharp *Le Strange*, a more admir'd Prater,
 Wittier on *Bench*, than he in *Observer*.
 O! For some Skillful Painter now to draw
 The Western Justice of avenging Law;

When angry Justice with his awful Scales,
 Not like a Stream, the Toppas, stops its Course;
 For poor is he a single Rebel slain,
 In Shoals the Wretches fall beneath his Power;
 First, the poor wretch is laid for Hunger-Prey,
 And only King's a Regent that could not Buy
 For Luxury, the Wolfpacks Lion kill,
 And scarce take time to taste the blood they spill.
 Now, Forward! Trümper! forward, thy Mass of War,
 Great Ruler appears with his Triumphant Car,
 To the Clouds bear him in thy airy Chair;
 Let Ogletorp be Pionier to his Wing,
 And as he tells the Tale, so do thou sing
 His Courage, yet as to his Conduct say,
 Conduct makes Generals but seem afraid:
 Therefore he scorns much to be found prepar'd,
 And sent his Men to Rest without a Guard.
 When he his Brother Cr--- did aspire,
 To Equalize in vain in quenching Fire,
 Where might not James his Conquering Army lead,
 But Brains are somewhat in a General's Head.

Now Muse, let thy Just Indignation cease,
 Touch not the Lowly Vermin after these:

When

When such a Quarry doth thy Vigour claim,
 Scorn to descend to antient Game;
 Thus whilst the Huntsman eagerly in vain,
 The Fawning Bitch and Litter dogs pursue,
 Safe to their Hole, the Famed Badger creeps,
 And dare not look ahead; but stink and creep.
 Let honest Laureate, now whose plying Rhyme,
 With his Religion wait upon the Times;
 Rail at the Man, who thus hath Truth has sold,
 And call himself Phœnician, Whig, and Scold;
 Frankland, Lloyd, Beckford, and Churchman too,
 Of little Underlings that sit about,
 Pretend they know the Author by his Style;
 I've cas'd my Mind, and will sincerely write,

A NEW

Protestant LITANY.

From the Race of *Ignatius*, and all their Col-
leagues,

From all the long Councils of *Bongraet* and *Teaguet*,
and from Papacy Rampant, and all her Intigues,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Cobweb-Lawn-Charters, from Sham-Freedom
Banters,

Our Liberty keepers, and New Gospel Planters,
In the gruffy kind hands of our great *Geo. Warringtons*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From High-Court Commissions, to Rome to Rejoyn us,
From a *Rhadamant* Chanc'lor, our *Western Judge*
Mixer,

Our Head of our Church, by new *Jure Divino's*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From

From our great *Test Records*, cut out into *Throne*,
 From Waste-Paper Laws us'd with Pasties and Plums
Magna Charta, *Magna Farts*, made *Fodder* for Bums
Libera Nos, &c.

From a *Ward* *Stone* *Dunnet*, *Ward* *Stone*
Lawn,

And all to make room for the Pope-Lander Spawn,
 To see a Babe Born through Bed-Curtains *Closet Drapery*
Libera Nos, &c.

From *refusing* *our Night*, where to *Ly* *and* *Marston*
 And from *unning* *Back-door* to let *Midwife* *thorow*,
 Eight Months *Full-grown* *Man-Child*, born without
Pang or *Sorrow*.

Libera Nos, &c.
 From a *Godfather* *Pope*, to the *Heir* of a *Throne*,
 From Three *Christian* *Names*, to one *Sur-name* *un-*
known,

With a *Tyler* *Milch-Nurse*, now the *Mother's* *Milk*
gone,

Libera Nos, &c.

From *Gan-Powder-Bonfires*, all turn'd out of play,
 Not a poor *Window-Candle* dare give a stolt'n Ray,
 But all kept reserv'd for *Great Simnel's Birth-day*,
Libera, &c.

From *Dad Petre* Pilots at th' Helm to befriend us,
 With all hands that *Pope, Turk* or *Devil* can lend us,
 And all from a *Second Queen Bess* to defend us,
Libera, &c.

From *Nuncio's* from *Rome* to consult how to drub
 The *Protestant Hydra* by a *Hercules Club*,
 And a *Warming-Pan Plot*, worse than *Celier's Meal-*
Tub,
Libera, &c.

From old Hundred of Thousand Pound Fines Under-
 rated,
Ruffel's Head for his *Common-House* Votes Elevated,
 And *Essex's* Razor at *Rome* Consecrated,
Libera, &c.

From *Sampson-Cord* Oaths, snap'd asunder with Ease
 From *No Faith in Men*, *Coleman's* Mouth with
 Squeeze,

Stopt to tell no more Tales of Father *Le-Chefe*,
Libera, &c

From old *Dunkirk* sold for a Song and a Dance,
 The Protestant *long-desig'd* Cause to Advance,
 By *Most Christian* Reformers, the *Dragoons* of France,
Libera, &c

From supporting our Church *Alamode* *Magdalen*,
 From *Mahomet-Monsieur*, our new *Soldano*,
 And the English Pipes tun'd to French *Fistula in ano*,
Libera, &c

From *Tyrconnel's* Bog-trotters at th' old trade of
 Throat-cutting,

From new Conq'ring *Ireland*, for th' English old
 Footing,

And from Sacrament Oaths of *North-Heresie* Root-
 ing.

Libera, &c

From

From Judges with *Empson* and *Dudley's* Infection,
 From Knaves in Fools Coats, by *Infallible* Direction,
 Raising Heretick Armies for the Roman Protection,
Libera, &c.

From threescore thousand Crowns under Planet Ma-
 lignant,
 Given *Loretto's* Lady, that famous Heaven Regnant,
 To purchase no more than a poor *Cushion Pregnant*,
Libera, &c.

From a *Contra*ge of Steel, with Intellects Leaden,
 From Renouncing Three Crowns, and all for God-
 Breden,
 To follow the Dance of *Christian of Sweeden*,
Libera, &c.

From giving our Parliament Writs a Withdraw,
 Our last Game for preventing of *Justice* and *Law*,
 In hopes of concealing our dear *Cloven Paw*,
Libera, &c.

THE FABLE

OF THE

Horse and the Stag.

IN days of Yore, there was a certain Stead,
 Held sole Possession of a spacious Mead;
 Nor was he Pamper'd, tho he was well Fed.
 He had not long enjoy'd this happy State,
 But comes a Stag of monstrous Bulk and Height;
 Like an old spreading Oak his Head was grown,
 Such Beams, such Branches, none had ever shown:
 His Power overgrown, he keeps no Bounds,
 But rushes on, forces the Neighbouring Mounds,
 Is Tyrant of the Woods, and all adjacent Grounds.

And

And now he Ranges, the whole Pasture Foyls,
 And what he cannot Eat, industriously Spoils.
 The Horse Surpriz'd thus, knew not what to do,
 What Course to take with this insulting Foe :
 Vex'd at the turn of Fate, his Blood 'does rise,
 Swells to a Rage, and round the Field he flies,
 Now tears the Soil up, Kicks, and Flings it to the
 Skies.

Fierce are his Looks, his Chest still rising higher,
 His Nostrils flaming with revengeful Fire ;
 Courage and Strength he had, This injur'd Steed,
 Had all the marks of an Ingenious Breed.

The Fury over, to a Man he goes,
 And this short Question to him does propose,
 Whether he might be able with his Aid,
 To punish him, who all this Waste had made ?
 He answers Yes, in case I ben't deny'd
 To Bridle, Saddle you, get up and Ride.
 The Horse submits, the Treaty's Ratifi'd.
 But then instead of punishing the Deer,
 Himself alas ! a heavy Weight must bear :
 'Tis Slavery ; of Fates the most Severe.

The *Moral* fits our Times, and home it comes
To Male-contents, in Modern English *Grays*,
To wreak their Spleen, they ask a Tyrant's Aid,
One, that all Rights, all Liberties Invades;
One that wou'd Ride 'em down to very Jades.

Worse than the Horse or Mule, this they well know,
Did ever any Slave wish to be so ?
This makes our Moral seem a Fable too.

Since Horse and Man have made so much ado,
Consider whether this will pass or no.

A N
O D D E.

I 6 9 I.

WHilst blooming Youth and gay Delight,
In all thy Looks and Gestures shine,
Thou hast my Dear, undoubted Right
To Rule this destin'd Heart of mine.
My Reason tends to what your Eyes ordain,
For I was born to Love, and you to Reign.
But wou'd you meanly then rely
On Power you know I must Obey?
'Tis not a legal Tyranny
To do an Ill, because you May.
Why must I thee, as Atheists, Heav'n Adore,
Not see thy Mercy, only dread thy Power?
Take heed, my Dear, youth flies apace,
Time equally with Love, is blind,
Soon must those Glories of thy Face,
The fate of Vulgar Beauty find.

The Thousand Loves, that Arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die,
Then thou wilt Sigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting Peevish humour on,
Seems but the sad effect of Years.

Even Kindness then too weak a Charm will prove,
To raise the Ghost of my departed Love.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows,
Which show thee just above Neglect,
The Heat with which thy Lover glows,
Will settle into cold Respect :

A talking dull *Platonick* I shall turn,
Learn to be Civil, when I cease to Burn.

Then shun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindness and Constancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of Love.

If thou can'st wish to make my Flames endure,
Thine must be fierce and very Pure.

Haste, *Cælia* haste, while Love invites,
Obey the God-head's gentle Voice
Fill every Sense with soft Delights,
And give thy Soul a loose to Joys.

Let millions of repeated Blissess prove
That thou art Kindness all, and I all Love.
Be mine, and only mine, take care
Your Looks, your Thoughts, your Dreams too
guide
To me alone, nor liking any one beside.
What Men e'er Court thee, Flie them and believe
They're Serpents all, and thou the Tempted Eve.
So shall I Court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage,
And thinking on thy Charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age.
So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
And still we'll wake to Joy, and live to Love.

Melacinda's

Melefinda's

Misfortune on the burning of her

S M O C K.

TY'r'd with the Business of the Day,
Upon her Couch supinely lay,

Fair *Melefinda* void of Care,
No living Creature being near,
When strait a Calm, and gentle sleep
Did o'er her drowsy Eye-lids creep,
Her Senses thus by Fetters ty'd,
By nimble Fancy were supply'd ;

er quick Imagination brought
the Ideas of her waking Thought ;
e Dreamt her self a new-made Bride,
Bed by young *Philander's* side,
he Posset's eat, the Stocking's thrown,
and all the Company's withdrawn :
and now the blest *Elizium*,
f all the wisht. for Joys is come.
Philander all dissolv'd in Charms,
ies Rapur'd in her Circling Arms ;
ith panting Breasts, and swimming Eyes,
he meets the Visionary Joys :
all the Amorous Posture, Love
bu'd in the hight' of Pleasure move ;
ut as she roving did advance,
er trembling Legs, O dire Mischance !
he Couch being near the Fire side,
he expanded them alas too wide ;
he expos'd her pethermost Attire
o the Embraces of the Fire ;
o the Chast *Phoenix* of the East,
ith flutt'ring, Fires her Spicy Nest.
o *Semele* Embracing Jove,
urnt with Fire, and with Love.

The Flames at first, did trembling seize
The dangling Hem of the lost Prize;
But finding no resistance higher,
As 'tis their Nature to aspire,
Approaching near the Seat of Bliss,
The Center of Earthly Happiness;
Which more of real pleasure yields,
Than all the feign'd *Elizium* Fields.
But Ignorance must now excuse
The silence of my bashful Muse:
Her Modesty had ne'r the Face
To ascend above the Gartering place;
But doubtless 'twas a lovely sight
The Fire beheld by her own Light.
Ovid wish'd himself a Flea,
That so transform'd, he might survey
His Love all o're, and uncontroul'd
Her every Grace and Charm behold.
Had *Ovid*'s Flea been there to Night,
I fear he had but small delight,
His Rival Flames, had spoil'd his Bliss,
And curst his *Metamorphosis*.
At last the Flames were grown so rude,
They boldly every where intrude:

Y soon recall'd the Lady's Sense.
Chas'd the pleasing Vision thence.
As Eyes recover'd Light,
Strait beheld the dismal fight;
Weld her self a Blazing-Star,
Wright Tail'd Glow-Worm to appear:
Had no time to Meditate
On the strangeness of her Fate,
Was confin'd to lay about,
To eat the impious Fire out.
Amorous Flames were loath to go,
Y kiss'd her hand at every blow,
Round her Iv'ry Fingers play,
Seem'd as if they begg'd to stay;
Quish'd at last, they did retire,
In a gloomy Smoak expire.
On viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
To her self the sad Nymph spoke,
Is the effect of Dreams, is this
Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliss?
Fortunes will I see betide,
On Maidens throw their Legs too wide:
I but kept my Legs a-cross,
And my Smock had had no loss;

I ought, I'm sure, to have took more heed,
For ne'r had Virgin greater need;
My Kindness, and my little Care,
Has left me scarce a Smock to wear:
Some have been begg'd, some have been burn'd,
All are to Clouts or Tinder turn'd;
Two Smocks last Night the Flames surpriz'd,
And in the Flasket sacrific'd:
Others, I did on Friends bestow,
Not dreaming I shou'd want 'em now;
But I cou'd bear the loss them,
Had not the Fire disturb'd my Dream:
There is a Saying frights me too,
But Heav'n forbid it shou'd be true;
That where a Virgin burns her Train,
She, all her life-time must remain:
I dare not be of this belief,
For shou'd I, I shou'd die with Grief;
Live always here a Nun-like Life,
And never, never be a Wife,
Never Enjoy a Marriage-Bed,
Nor lose a hated Maidenhead.
Ah! Cruel Flames, you're too unkind
To bring these Fancies to my Mind:

Down, down into your Native Cell,
In your own blazing Regions dwell.
Vex me no more, let me possess
My Linnen, or my Dream in peace.
Thus did the Nymph bewail her treacherous
Luck,
At once to lose so good a Dream and Smock.

AGAINST

Against Adulterating

CLARET.

By *Tho. Brown.*

WHat Planet distracts thee? What damnable
 Star,
 To dash honest *Bordeaux* with vile *Barrabar*?
 Why shou'd Innocent *Claret* be murther'd by *Port*?
 Thoul't surely be Sentenc'd in *Bacchus's* Court.
 As for us Drunken Rakes, if we Hang or we Drown
 Or are decently Poyson'd, what loss has the Town?
 But to kill harmless *Claret* that do's so much good,
 Is downright Effusion of true Christian Blood.
 Ne'er think what I tell you is matter of Laughter,
 Thou'rt Curst for't in this World, and Damn'd for't
 hereafter.

ANSWER

ANSWER.

IF what thou assertest Dear *Thomas* be true,
It is to get rid of such Chap-men as you,
That I and my Brethren have learned to Brew,

Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,
Whether Dogs-Turd or Honey, no matter for that,
For all our Design's but to Poyson a Rat.

He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,
Departs without Rhyme of *Hopkins's* Psalter,
And that you well know is no matter of Laughter.

*A Madame, Madame; B. Bant
Sexagenair, 1693.*

By a Person of Quality.

Courage Dear *Mall*, and drive away Dispair,
Mopsa; who in her Youth was scarce thought
Fair,

In spight of Age, Experience, and Decays,
Sets up for Charming in her Fading Days;
Snuffs her Dim Eyes, to give one parting Blow;
Have at the Heart of every Ogling *Beau* :
This goodly Goose all Feather'd like a Jay,
So Gravely Vain, and so Demurely Gay,
Last Night to Grace the Court, did overload
Her bald Buff Forehead, with a high Commode:
Her Steps were manag'd with such tender Art,
As if each Board had been a Lovers Heart:

In all her Air, in e'ry Glance was seen
 A mixture strange, 'twixt Fifty and Fifteen.
 Crowds of admiring Fops about her press,
~~Hamph~~ himself delivers their Address;
 Which she accepting with a Nice disdain,
 Own'd 'em her Subjects, and began to Reign:
 Fair Queen of *Fopland* is her Royal Style,
Fopland, the greater part of this great Isle:
 Nature did ne'er more equally divide
 A Female Heart, 'twixt Piety and Pride.
 Her watchful Maids prevent the Peep of Day,
 And all in order on her Toylet lay,
 Pray'r Books, and Patch Box, Sermon Notes and
 Paint,
 At once t'improve the Sinner and the Saint.

Farewel, Friend *Mal*, expect no more from me:
 But if you wou'd a full Description see,
 You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
 With Pride, Vain Glory, and Hypocrisy:

Neptune's *Resentment* of the FIRE-
WORKS on the Thames, in
Honour of the Birth of the Preten-
ded P---- of W--- 1688.

By R. B.

When Jealous Neptune understood what Sport
The Jesuits contriv'd to please the Court,
And what leud Figures on the Thames they
made,
To fright his Scaly Subjects, and invade
His Watry Empire ; to his Chrystal Court.
He Summons all his Tritons to resort :
And all the Sea-Gods being in Council late,
They all Resolve after Mature Debate,
Neptune himself shou'd go Attended on
By all the Nobles of the Liquid Throne,
To view their fond Attempt, and find the means,
Quite to defeat, or blast those Impious Scenes.

When

When from the Downs along the Reedy Shore
Of Silver *Thames*, an Eastern Tide did Roar,
Upon its Wings Brigades of *Tritons* flew,
And, with their lowd Shells, call'd *Æolus* too.
Rais'd in a Naval Chariot, fiercely drawn
By nine Sea Horses, *Neptune* on his Throne,
Plow'd all the Watry Surface in his Rear,
Battallions of Sea Gods did appear ;
With *Naiades*, and Water-Nymphs at Gaze,
Frighted to see their Lord, their angry *Tridents* Raise,
Like a resistless Tempest, straight thy came,
Where but ev'n now the Fiery Scenes were seen ;
And while the Gazing Crowd did so remain,
Thus Mighty *Neptune* spoke to King and Queen ;
What meant this great Reverse of Natures Laws,
That not my Watry Region can escape
The lewd Attempts of Fiery *Vulcan's* Paws,
But on my Stage, his *Cyclops* innovate ?
Or rather, by the Sulphur which I smell,
Shou'd suspect 'em Fiery Imps of Hell,
Broke loose from Cells below, and sent up here
The Projects to pursue of *Lucifer* :

You have forgot, when at the *Lemmon Ore*,
From the Wreck, you on my Shoulders bore:
How oft from Flights, from Fire, and Storm I sav'd ye,
That thus you shou'd requite, and thus upbraid me !
Permitting those, 'who all the World have spoil'd,
That Sea and Shore, have all in Blood embroild,
With *Pagan* Pageantry, my Stage to stain,
And with their Idol Fires, my Streams prophane.
Those, whose damn'd Morals have undone the
World,
And all its Realms into Confusion hurl'd ;
Whose wicked Councils, *France* have wretched
made,
The Christian Cause, and Interest betray'd,
And caus'd the Turk the Empire to invade.
Those, who Conspir'd your Grandfires Overthrow,
To Murder Prince and Senate at a blow ;
Destroying all at one Infernal Stroke,
To bring this Isle under a Foreign Yoke,
These now are your Chief Counsellors and Guides,
Who'll ruin you, and all the World beside.
Did I from fair *Veneta's* Court retire,
And on your Downs erect my Naval Chair ;

To be insulted on by Beasts more foul
Than any Land do's breed, where my remotest Tides,
do roll?

Know, that for this, I'll puddle all your Streams,
And with my Storms, disturb your smooth-fac'd
Thames;

I'll call my Scaly Regiments away,
No more your Coasts shall on their Plenty Prey.
Your Priests no more shall Diet on their Wish,
Their Skins well stuff'd with Oyl and choicest Fish :
Colchester Oysters you no more shall taste,
No more with Shrimps and Salmon keep a Fast.
Herrings no more shall come to you in Shoals,
Nor Market stor'd with Flounders, Place and Soals.
In short, Fish in this Land shall be so scant,
Like *Hereticks*, you shall eat Flesh in *Lent*,
Die in that Mortal sin, and not Repent.
From all your Shoars, my Tides shall so retire,
You shall not get Sea-Cole to make a Fire.
No Vessels Freight with Oyl, shall come from *France*,
By Tunnage, your Revenue to advance :
From *Asta* shall no more come Silks and Spice,
Nor Gold from *Mexico*, the cause of Vice :

With Storms and Tempests, I'll your Coasts annoy,
And all your Trafique utterly destroy ;
I'll waite some Foreign Navy to your Ports,
And make their Admirals Masters of your Forts ;
As once with a proud Tide I did Conspire
Your Floating Towers at *Chatham* to enfire,
With the same Mighty Lords I'll joyn again,
To ease your slighted Admiral of his Pain,
And shake your Yoke from the incensed Main.

AN
 EPITHALAMIUM
 ON THE
 MARRIAGE
 OF THE
 Right Honourable *Catherine*, Eldest
 Daughter to the Lord *Rutland*.

In a Dialogue between Thyrsis and his Muse.

I.

Thyrsis. **D**AUGHTER of *Phœbus* ! born of Fire,
 Of tow'ring Thoughts and warm Desire;
 With purest *Æther* fed !
 Who like the Beams of Heavenly Light,
 Dispell'st the dismal Shades of Night,
 And form'st the Chaos of the Labouring Head !
 Awake my Muse ! shake off thy drowsie Sleep,
 And flutt'ring Shapes, that round thy Temples creep.
Muse.

II.

Muse., Who calls and breaks my long Repose :

Am I not Sleep my Eyes do close :

Nor know I what I am :

Dulness, like Silence o'er the Dead,

Insensibly o'er me is spread ;

Nor are my Sleeps enlighten'd with a Dream ?

But my degenerate Mind, the best do please

Inglorious *Torpor*, and unlearned ease.

III.

I'm Call'd, yet can make no return,

Like Tapers burning in an Urn,

As dull as *Lethe's* Font ;

Dull as the Barbarous Ages, when

No Tract of Learning did remain,

Nor artful Muse did lofty Songs recount ?

Dull as North Seas, which Tempests scarcely break

Or the black Waves upon the *Stygian* Lake.

IV.

'Tis *Belvoir* calls, my Muse arise,

Ætherial Nymph, lift up thy Eyes

To its exalted Head !

The very Sight will thee Inspire
 With generous Thoughts and active Fire,
 And an enliv'ning Warmth around thee spread.
 Betvoir that does demand thy dutious Care,
 Betvoir, whose very Name does Raptures bear.

V.

Muse. Me Betvoir's charming Accents wake,
 The very Name does Musick make,
 That senseless Snakes may draw:
 On's speaking Lyre too Orpheus Play'd,
 While Woods and Stones, and Beasts Obey'd,
 And all submitted to the new made Law.
 The Trumpet's call, at the universal Doom,
 Scarce with more power shall force the Dead to come.

VI.

Thyrsis. Make no delay, nor seek for Aid,
 Let Foreign Helps aside be laid,
 And all Apollo's Wit:
 For Charistella all can give
 Th' Inspir'd from Phæbus can receive,

With

With warmer Hints, and with more vigorous Heat,
Than had'st thou Fire, Prometheus-like, brought down
Or Phaeton-like, Usurp'd Apollo's Throne.

VII.

Muse. She deck'd with Beauty, Wit and Blood,
With all that's Great, and all that's Good,
Princes Ambitious Cate,
By crowding Numbers is Ador'd,
Love's Altars are with Off'rings stor'd,
And all is given, and all is Vow'd for her.
None till now, ne'er knew her Sovereign Pow'r,
Or saw th' extent of her wide Realm before.

VIII.

She oft my humble Lays has took,
With a benign and pleasing Look,
And cherish'd my good Will;
Nor will her goodness yet refuse
The Wishes of a rural Muse,
Or the endeavours of a grateful Quill.

to her my endless Off'rings do belong;
Who is the Subject of my deathless Song.

IX.

The Marriage-day.

The happy day is come at last,
With lucky Milk-white Omens Grac'd,
To faithful Passion kind;
When th' envy'd Hero's Head must rest
On *Clarissa's* Spicy Breast,
And the just Fruits of his long Service find.
When two great Deities in one do meet,
Here Love, and Love return'd, do kindly Greet.

X.

The Rising of the Bridegroom.

Up rose the Bridegroom and the Sun,
Fresh with late Ease, their Course to run,
Both fill'd with Genial Heat;
Both Beautiful a-like and Young;
Both Active, Vigorous and Strong,
New Glorious Births for future times to get:

In both you might exalting hopes desire,
For both had words to Enlighten and Enjoy.

XI.

Great Tasks are to great Spirits due,
Less than a World's unfitting you,
And other Labours past,
Ibetis and *Clarestella's* Arms,
Will recompence you with her Charms;
And in soft Joys the tender Moments waste.
You both (Great Sir) must Revel in the deep;
Nor are you excus'd when *Phœbus* goes to Sleep.

XII.

The Rising of the Bride.

The Bride Awoke, and then 'twas day,
Then first broke out the enliv'ning Ray,
That ushers in the Morn;
Her Eye-lids are the Gates from whence
Blushing *Aurora* does dispence
That Dress that does the rosi'd Heav'n adorn.

Astronomers may point out East and West,
But which way e'er stands *Belvoir*, that is East.

XIII.

The Dressing of the Bride.

Now various Hands and Arts are try'd,
To add new Lustre to the Bride;
When yet in vain they strive;
The worthless Births of Sands and Seas,
Of Mines and Shells, much lesser please,
Than what kind Nature does profusely give:
Jewels grow dim, nor can her Rays abide,
And where e'er plac'd, do but her Beauty hide.

XIV.

Then why this Labour, why this Pain,
For what must be undone again,
What must be laid aside?
Her own Perfections ever last,
While borrow'd ones are gone and past,
And are but worthless in their height of Pride.
Why should you strive with that to make her Bright,
Which she'll be better lik'd without at Night.

XV.

XV.

Going to the Chappel.

Hence they lead to the Holy Shrine,
 In one their Hands and Hearts do join,
 Tho they were so before;
 Where holy Prayers in Joys descend,
 And Wishes do in Blessings end,
 And bounteous Heaven un-ask'd, does greater show
 The Bridegroom fill'd with *Claristella's* Store,
 Scarce thinks Heav'n can bestow a Blessing more:

XVI.

A brave Assembly fill'd the Place,
 And did the Ceremony Grace,
 But yet unlightned Eyes,
 A new Cœlestial Train Survey'd,
 Which jointly for the Couple Pray'd;
 And offer'd zealously their Sacrifice:
 The blessed *Genii* sent up Vows Refin'd,
 And with Relations, Kindred Angels join'd.

XVII.

The Scene was fill'd with smiling Loves,
 Soft *Cupids*, and with Gaul-less Doves,
 While Omeus round did play ;
 And if Angelick Natures can,
 Stoop to the Infirmities of Man,
 'Tis thought they did not go untouch'd away :
 They at the Blessed Sight seem'd greatly Mov'd,
 And by their Withes, it is guess'd they Lov'd.

XVIII.

The Entertainment.

The Tables now with Dainties Groan,
 The East and West do meet in one,
 The Sea, the Air and Land;
 Free Mirth and Wine do fly a-round,
 And every Head's with Chaplets Crownd,
 Every Heart's open now, and every Hand:
 As Stately, so Magnificent a Feast,
 That *Jove* himself wou'd wish to be a Guest.

XIX.

Musick and Dancing.

Un-bounded Joy Reigns over all,
 The Musick do's to Dancing call,
 The Combatants appear;
 The Martial Troops in Order stand,
 Move at the harmonious Command;
 And Masculine Strength with Female softness join
 Such Order ran through all, 'twas hard to guess,
 Whether more pleas'd, their Motion, Looks or Dress

XX.

So once the Forms and Kinds of things,
 Th' Atoms of Peasants and of Kings,
 And all we see below,
 In regular *Meanders* play'd,
 Now seen, now in Abyffes laid,
 Now in this Shape, and now in that did flow;
 Till Nature's Spirit Brooded o'er the Deep,
 Made all the wandring Parts, strict Measures keep

XXI.

So once the Rays of confus'd Light,
While struggling in the Chaos, Night,
They forc'd their untract'd way,
Boundless and free, about did Roll,
From East to West, from Pole to Pole,
And a wild dance of Fiery Orbs did play ;
Till rallying all their scatter'd Troops in one,
They made the glorious Lamp, we call the Sun.

XXII.

The Beautious Train soft Motions go ;
And silent steady Time do's so,
The Son's long since in Bed ;
The Bridegroom wishes all were gone,
He's Whisper'd, and away is flown,
And the last time the Bride lyes down a Maid
With eager Love they meet—— but what they do,
The Curtain's clos'd, and let our Thoughts be so.

XXIII.

Yet we may guess, two Stars do join,
And with mix'd Rays do brighter shine,
And kindly Influence strow;
But since in Heav'n Stars barren be,
Nor Joy in fruitful Progeny,
May each of these a Constellation grow;
And from their mutual Love, such Numbers come,
That for the welcome Guests, even Heav'n want room

SONG.

By T. Br--

I.

HOW quickly are Loves Pleasures gone!
How soon are all its Mighty Triumphs done!
In vain, alas, do we the Banquet taste,
Whose Sweets as swift as Thought are past!
In vain do we renew the Fight,
Who at the first Alarms are basely put to Flight!

2.

Happy Great *Jove*, who in *Alcmena's* Arms,
For three full Nights Enjoy'd Loves Charms!

Nature turn'd Bawd, her Monarch to Obey,
And Pimping Darkness shut out Day,
Whil'st in vast Joys the half-spent God did Sweat
Joys, as his Light'ning fierce, and as his God-Head
Great!

3

Bravely begun the Feat! Oh had it mounted higher
Fed still with vigorous Heat and fresh Desire!
Were I but he, my boundless Reign shou'd prove
But one continu'd Scene of Love.
In Extasies I wou'd dissolving lie,
As long as all the mighty Round of vast Eternity

*To a Lady whom he refus'd to Marry,
because he Lov'd her.*

By T. B. of Ch— Ch—

I.

MArriage! The greatest Cheat that Priesthood
e'er contriv'd,
The Sanctify'd Intrigue, by which poor Man's De-
coy'd.

That damn'd restraint to Pleasure and Delight,
Th' unlawful Curber of the Appetite.
Curst be the Sot, who first the Chains put on,
That added to the Fall, and made us twice undone!
That first durst Womankind impropriate!
The Sex that liv'd before in a Free, Common State.

2.

The Golden Age this Pious Cheat ne'r knew;
Then Love was unadulterate and true,
Then we did unconfined Amours pursue.

If by his Flame the Shepherd was inspir'd,
 On no Coy Trifles the Coy Nymph retir'd :
 Th' Officious Trees Pimpt for the honest Trade,
 And made a kind and welcom shade.
 Then like the Bordering Field was Womankind,
 By no Land-Marks, or unjust Bounds confin'd.

3

'Tis true, if that by my ill Stars inclin'd,
 So great a Trespass I shou'd e're commit,
 Your Charms alone wou'd change my Mind,
 And tempt me to the Sin, tho Mighty 'tis and Great
 For you'd with vigorous Beauty still incite
 The Pall'd, and Wearied Appetite;
 And what's a Mortal Sin with any other She,
 To do with you a Venial Fault wou'd be.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

By Sir Ch----- Sydley.

Beauty and Wit so barely you requite,
That had not Nature joyn'd a dear Delight,
No Maid wou'd ever Yield, or Poet Write :
Yet sometimes Beauties Lottery sounds a Prize,
And in *Alcove* the happy Harlot lies,
While but one Wit can to a Laureat rise :
And then a Butt of Sack, and a small Pension,
Is the full Sum of his whole Lives Pretention.
If not stark mad, they'll leave us in the Lurch,
We have but one poor Living in our Church.
Hither you come, resolving not to like,
And bold blind Cocks at every Feather strike :
The Language one, another Damns the Plot,
And briskly hits the Poet, e're he Blot.

But,

But, pray be Civil, my Young empty *Beaux*
More Shew your selves, and only judge of Shows:
Unbend your Critic Brows, For a Young Wench
As soon may like a Judge upon the Bench,
As one of your Censorious Grinaces,
Let Wit alone, and trust to your sweet Faces.
No Man, nor Woman here expects that you
Should Judge, or Write, beyond a *Billet Doux*;
But if you can pass by each small Offence,
And strain your Wits to find one Excellence,
Tis much the truest, and best sign of Sense.

In Imitation of MARTIAL

By Tho. Brown.

I.

Nothing than *Chloe* e're I knew
By Nature more befriended,
Helia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more Hearts attended.

2.

No Nymph alive with so much Art,
Receives her Shepherd's Firing ;
Nor do's such Cordial Drops impart
To Love, when just Expiring.

3.

Cold Niggard Age, that wou'd elsewhere,
At one poor Offering Falter,

To

To her whole Hecatombs wou'd Spare,
And pay them on her Altar.

4

But *Chloe* to Loves great Disgrace
In Bed, nor falls nor rises,
And too much trusting to her Face
All other Arts despises.

5.

Why thus ye Powers that cause our smart,
Do ye Loves Gifts discover,
Or why those happy Talents part
That shou'd be join'd for ever.

6.

For once perform an Act of Grace,
Implor'd with such Devotion,
And grant my *Celia* *Chloe's* Face,
Or *Chloe* *Celia's* Motion.

*On the D. of Monmouth's Banishment
from Court.*

By E. R.

Disgrac'd! Undone! Forlorn! Made Fortunes
Sport!
banish'd the Kingdom first, and then the Court!
Out of my Place turn'd, and out of Doors,
And made the Meanest of your Sons of Whores:
The Scorn, the Laughter and the Common Chat
Of your Salt Bitches, and your other Brat.
Forc'd to live Private now, and Whore and Drink,
On my past Grandeur, and on my Folly think.
Would I had been the Brat of some mean Drab,
Whom Fear or Shame had made to Choak or Stab;
Rather than thus the Issue of a King,
And by him made so wretch'd, so scorn'd a Thing.

What

What little Cause has Mankind to be Proud
Of Birth or Honour, th' Idols of a Crowd?
Have I Abroad in Batt les Honour Won;
To be at Home Dishonourably Undone?
Mark'd with a Star, a Garter, and made Fine
With all those Gaudy Trifles once call'd Mine,
Your Hobby Horses, and your Toyls of State,
And now become the Object of our Hate!

But Damme, Sir, I'll be Legitimate.
I was your Darling once against your Will;
Know, Sir, That I will be the Peoples still.
And when that you are dead, I and the Rout
Will with my Popish Uncle have a bout.
And midst my Troubles, this do's Comfort bring
That next to you, by G--d I will be King.

Tom Rofs' Ghost to J. D. of Monmouth.

S Hame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb !
Base, as thy Mothers Prostituted Womb !
Suffing to Cowards, Fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to Credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betraye, and the Peoples Slave,
Like *Samuel* at the *Necromantick* Call
Wise to tell thee, God has left thee *Soul*.
Strove in vain th' infectious Blood to cure,
Streams will run muddy, when the Spring's impure.
All your Meritorious Life we see
And *Taff's* invincible Sobriety.
The Place of *Master of the Horse*, and *Spye*,
You like *Tom Ho--d* did at once supply.
Tom S-----s Blood your Loyalty does Spring,
You shew us all your Fathers, but the King :
From whose too tender, and too bounteous Arms
Unhappy he, who such a Viper warms)

As Dutiful a Subject as a Son,
 To your true Parents the whole Town you run.
 Read if thou canst; how the old Apostate fell,
 Out-do his Pride, and Merit more than Hell.
 Both he and you were gloriously bright,
 The first and fairest of the Sons of Light;
 But like him too, you offer'd at a Crown,
 Like him your angry Father kickt you down.

On King Charles the First his Statue,
why it is so long before it is put up
at Charing-Cross.

What can the Mystery be why *Charing-Cross*
These five Months continues still blinded
with Boards?

Dear *Wheeler* impart, we are all at a loss,
Unless *Punchinello* is to be Restor'd.

'Twere to *Schyrarmouth*, too much disrespect
To limit his Troop to this Theatre in all,
Besides the Injustice it were to eject
That *Mimick* so legally seiz'd of *Whitehall*:

At a Dial; the Place is too unsecure,
Once a Guard and a Garden, wou'd not one defend;
Or so near the Court, they will not endure
Any more to know how their time they mispend.

N

Were

Were these Deals then in store for Sheltering our Fleet
 When the King in *Armado* to *Portsmouth* did Sail,
 Or the Bishop's and Treasurer did they agree,
 To repair with such Riff-Raff, the Churches old Pall

Now to comfort the Heart of the old Cavalier,
 The late King on Horse-back is here to be shown,
 What a-do with the Kings and Statues is here,
 Have we not had enough already of one?

Does the Treasurer think Men so legally tame,
 When the Pensions are stopt, to be fool'd with a Sign
 No, 'tis forty to one, if he play on his Game,
 But he'll shortly reduce it to *Eighty* and *Eight*.

The *Trojan Horse*, tho' not of Brass but of Wood,
 And within't an Army that burnt down the Town
 However 'tis Ominous if understood,
 For the Old King on Horse-back is but half a Crow

But his Brother-in-Law's Horse, had got much Rep
 That the Treasurer thought fit to try it agen,
 And instead of a Market of Herbs and of Fruit,
 He will here keep a Market of Parliament Men.

But why is the Work so long at a stand ?
Such Things you shou'd never, or suddenly do ;
As the Parliament was twice Prorog'd to your Hand,
Will you venture so long to prologue the King too ?

Let us have a *King*, be he new, be he old,
Not *Vyner* delay'd us so, tho' he was broken ;
Tho' the *King* be of Copper and D--- of Gold,
Shall the Treasurer of Guineas grutch us such a To-
ken ?

Th' Hufwifry Treasures, Suer's grown very Nice,
Who so Liberally Treated the Members at Supper,
She thinks not convenient to go to the Price,
Tho' we lose both our *King*, our Horse and our Crup-
per.

When for so many Parties we are to provide,
To buy a *King* is not so wise as to sell,
But howe'r she said (it can't be deny'd)
But a Monarch of Ginger-bread will do as well.

The Treasurer told her, he thought she was mad,
And his Parliament-Roll, withal did produce,

When he shew'd her that so many Votes he then had
As would the next Sessions reimburse him with us

So the Statue will up after all this delay,

But to turn the Fate towards *Whitehall* you must
shun,

Tho' of Brass, yet of Grief it will melt soon away;

To behold ev'ry day, such a Court, such a Son.

A N

EPILOGUE.

Spoken to the

UNIVERSITY of OXON.

By Mrs. COOK.

IN these our Pious times, when writing Plays
Was thought a Sin,——

And nothing Sanctify'd but *Opera's*.

When to *Pindarick* Farce, true Sense gave place,

And Musick yielded to *Grabugh's* Grimace,

Then to expect a Prologue was in vain,

Not Gold its wonted Influence cou'd retain,

Oxon must never hear a Laureat's Muse again.

In a new Convert, after such a Call,

To write for you, had been Heretical:

And truly, 'twas not Reason to desire,
 He shou'd once more incur the Church's Ire,
 Faith, he was fley'd enough for th' *Spanish Fryer*.
 Thus destitute of Prologue, in distress,
 To Protestant, *Sir Courtly* we Address,
 Who expanding the fair Lillies of his Hand,
 Crys, Ladies and Gentlemen, you may command
 In any thing, but writing for such Clowns;
 Foh! I shou'd die to think of Nasty Gowns.
 To Irish Muse (since Prologue must be had).
 We had recourse in lofty Garret sad,
 With Visions, Emblems, and his Debts, run mad:
 We found the Wretch in a good Natur'd Fit,
 Pity'd us harmless Insects, and then Writ:
 Think not dread Sons of Wit, a rude Address,
 For your desert, makes our Presumption cease.
 You whose enliv'ning Influence gave Us Birth,
 And taught us how to cheer the gladdened Earth.
 Lord! *Griffin*, how could'st thou speak such
 Bombaste Stuff,
 Cargoes of *Usquebaugh* and Evidence. —
Ireland has often sent, but ne'er yet come from
 thence.

Sir Thomas Calico's Nutmeg full of Sense.

[was good old venerable *Johnson's* way,
 to force us to th' approving of his Play,
 'Tis Good! 'tis Good, and if you lik't, you may.
 Now, if our Prologue be not understood,
 Some of *English-men* shall swear 'tis good:
 Nothing can our Poet's Fancie retrieve;
English-men should swear, you'd scarce believe,
 Since Prologue has Miscarry'd, I'm a Rogue,
 we know what to do for Epilogue:
 I'm sure, was once of Scholars full,
 If you are all ill-observ'd grown or Dull:
 I shew you then the effects of our Despair,
 I writ my self, and His's me if you dare.
 Woman Writer! why did Fame ne'er tell
 Of any that in Poetry Excel?
 If you know a Female Muse too well,
 You'd with Witty *Daphnis* too, be Free,
 And Steal an Author's Verse as well as she,
 Pronounce it too perhaps with equal Grace,
 I'm sure I've much th' advantage of the Face.
 If the Interest of my Sex engage,
 I might despise pretending Critick's Rage.
 I die, the Censuring Gallants of the Pit,
 What you like, implicitly submit:

Whether you Country Ladies who appear
 To shew New Gowns, and crowd an Audience here
 Whilst gentle *Abigail* with *River* goes
 To carry Master and Mistress to the Shows,
 To see the *Crago*, and get a *side* the *Abinners*
 Whilst now dear Honey-bun his Duck neglects
 To see a Naked Monster of her Sex
 Ladies, we can't be even, God! 'twill be done
 That never a Monster should be shown
 Next you, the Ladies of the *Oxford* Breed, I know
 As you have been kind to us, may you succeed
 In all your Wishes; may you every Year
 With silent Musick, School and Thimble
 Enjoy the Pleasures of an Act, without the Fear
 May the old fumbling Cit be ever Blind,
 And Daughters without Portions, Husbands find
 And the full Button'd Cullies, still be kind.

*To be Written under the Dutchess of
Portsmouth's Picture.*

By Mr. Dryden.

HAID she but liv'd in *Cleopatra's* Age,
When Beauty did the Earth's great Lord
Engage,
Britain, not *Ægypt*, had been Glorious made,
Augustus then (like *Julius*) had Obey'd:
A Nobler Theem had been this Poet's Boast,
That all the World for Love, had well been lost.

O! that sh' had liv'd in *Cleopatra's* Age.
And not in Ours, to fill us all with Rage,
To see *Great Britain* thus by her Betray'd,
And *Charles*, that once was Great, a Beggar made.
Of such a Theem, no Poet sure will Boast,
That would have Stole the Pearl that then was lost.

Sure

Sure we do live in *Cleopatra's* Age,
Since ~~S~~—~~—~~*id* does govern now the Stage:
She of *Septimius* had nothing made;
Pompey by her alone had been Betray'd:
Were she a Poet, she wou'd surely boast,
That all the World for *Pearls*, had well been Lost.

T H E

W H I M.

WHen *Israel* first Provok'd the Living Lord,
He scourg'd their Sin with Famine, Plague
and Sword:

Still they Rebell'd; then God in's Wrath did fling,
No Thunder-bolt among them, but a King;
A *James*-like King was Heaven's severest Rod,
The utmost Vengeance of an Angry God:
God in his Wrath, sent *Saul* to punish *Jewry*,
And *James* to *England*, in a greater Fury;
For *Saul* in Sin was no more like our *James*,
Than little *Jordan* can compare to *Thames*.

Of an Old Woman at *Twittenham*.

OF all Dissembling Gypsies, thou the worst,
Aged in Ills here, and hereafter Curst.

Damn'd thou must be, for certain there's in Heaven

No place for such a *Pharisaic* Leaven:

Well vers'd in Fraud, in Whimsy and Pretence,

Of seeming Saint-ship, with the falsest Sense:

By *Quaker* Notions, guided hopes to pass

For a Devout Ascetick-wretched Ass.

The little Carcass, with a mighty Mind,

Great Pride, and greater Poverty well join'd;

Prattles of Wisdom and Philosophy,

does the attesting of a Truth deny;

humane Conversation very fit,

she (a shame to hear) was thought a Wit.

gelick Truth; where dost thou now Reside?

not thy Light from her that Courts thee, hide,

signedly thou art Ador'd by me,

Il our good is briefly summ'd in thee:

oman-kind thou rarely can't be found,

t Sex does with Perfidiousness abound;

With Countenance compos'd, and Looks precise,
 All the day long, they sit and chatter Lies;
 In vain to be Sincere, they do pretend,
 To Woman to another is a Friend.
 Know 'em well, and best can make Relation,
 There's scarce Ten Females true in all the Nation;
 Brim-full of Folly, Wantonness and Pride,
 With 'thousand other Ills they have beside:
 Loath 'em all; might I but once give o'er,
 The name of Woman I'd ne'er ask for more.
 By Education chang'd, I Torments find,
 Then to th' insipid Converse I'm confin'd.
 In wary Men, at least learn to be VVife
 And from my Observation, take Advice,
 Let not such Animals your Hearts Surprise.
 Be strictly watchful, make 'em all Obey,
 Ne'er trust to any thing they do or say:
 For in deceitful Tears their Eyes they dress,
 Their Tears, their VVords, their Looks, all Lies ex-
 press.
 Heart-sick o'th' Prospect, I no more can write,
 Fly engage in this, and do 'em Right.

A N S W E R.

THe poor old wither'd Lady who was Lame
VWhen last the Moon prevail'd on Mrs. May
May Right her self; at least, if she thinks fit,
Th' Occasion's fair t' employ her Reverend Wit.
'Tis a more Youthful Cause I wou'd defend,
Against that Female Ronegado Friend,
VWho the last Libel against VWomen Pen'd :
False to her Sex, and doubly false to ours,
Envious to Love and all its Sacred Powers :
Her Malice wou'd in other Hearts destroy,
VWhat her Ill-nature won't let her Enjoy.
Man was a happy Favourite above,
VWhen Heaven endow'd him first with power to Love
And God ne'er thought him in a perfect State,
Till VWoman made his Paradise Compleat :

'Tis true, her *Weakness* cost him something Dear,
 Yet in his Fall his *Weakness* had its share ;
 Much may be said for her, but nothing him can clear
 He yielded to the Subtilty and Power
 Of th' wisest Serpent Hell had then in store :
 He, tho he saw at Stake Eternal Life,
 Was Fool enough to yield even to his Wife :
 Nor do his Sons from his Example stray,
 'Tis Woman Promises, but Man Obeys.
 The World by them has ever yet been led,
 And Cully'd Man content with Name of Head,
 His stock of Brains appears by's Occupation,
 All the Employ they leave his Noble Station,
 Is Drudgery of State, Fighting and Procreation.
 'Tis thus they use us, cause we thus deserve ;
 For wherefoe'er true Merit they observe,
 'Tis their delight their Lord to Please and Serve.
 Women are wisely of their Favours nice,
 But yet Ingratitude is not their Vice ;
 By Nature they are Good and Constant too,
 When Vicious, or when False, we make 'em so :
 'Tis on our Conduct chiefly hangs our Fate,
 Neglect 'em, and your Title's in debate ;

Not Heat, but Provocation makes 'em Lewd,
Most Husbands may be Safe, if they'll be Good.
Cou'd Man but once resolve to Sin no more,
He'd Woman soon t' her Innocence restore.
Woman, the happy Pledge of Heaven's good will,
Woman, the perfect Product of its Skill :
'Tis Woman all our happy Hours employs ;
Woman, the Center of all our Earthly Joys :
And yet cou'd I be all she is or can,
I wou'd not cease to be that Creature Man :
Man as I am, so Man I wou'd still rest ;
I wou'd be Man, to be by Woman Blest.

Upon the late Recovery of Mrs.
M O H U N, from the *Small*
Pox.

AS when the Queen of Love, engag'd in War,
 Was rashly Wounded by the Grecian's Spear,
 All Parties were Concern'd to see her Bleed,
 And he himself did first repent the Deed;
 He left th' Inglorious Field with Grief and Shame,
 Where his last Conquest had destroy'd his Name.

So Sickness flies from you with such a Grief,
 As if he had begun the Strife.

He claims no more, th' Invader has resign'd,
 And left no Mark of Hostile Rage behind:
 No Tricks no Signs of Tyranny remain,
 But exil'd Beauty is restor'd again,
 And in a Sphere which was before her own,
 More firm than ever, she secures her Throne.



Mildly

Mildly, Ah! mildly, then your Power maintain,
 And take Example from *Maria's* Reign :
 Large may your Empire under her be seen,
 The fair Vice-gerent of the Fairest Queen,
 Through you may all our Vows to her be heard
 Our humble Verse by you alone prefer'd :
 No Blessings can the Pious Suppliant want,
 While she the Goddess is, and you the Saint.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Eastcourt, 1693, upon my Lord Sydney's leaving Ireland.

What Wayward Fate do's still attend this Isle?
 Do's all our hopes thus coviously beguile?
 O, the poor Remnant of a Ruin'd Stage;
 Or we have smarted by intestine Rage)
 Thought our selves well, and happily Retriev'd,
 But by this Parting sensibly aggriev'd.
 O you Great Sir, we'd all, Desire cou'd frame,
 Your Presence was our Glory, and your loss our Shame.
 You were the Grand Encourager of Wit;
 You fill'd our Boxes, Galleries and Pit:
 You've Grac'd us often, seen us Represent
 Heroes of Story; but 'twas you we meant:
 Whose Vertuous Character the Poet drew,
 Whose always found did Terminate in you.
 Happy Nation, by false Measures led,
 Contented not, tho' still with Manna fed:

Else what could such good Nature so invite,
To leave that Kingdom which he came to Right.

But now———

Even Factions join your Parting to Lament,
And howsoever disagreed—consent
In this— by you nought but their good was meant.
Yet we, unhappy we, with aking Heart,
Too sadly feel the Misery to part.
Well, since 'tis so, quick be your Passage over,
No heartier wish was ever made by Lover.
Yet Lover-like, my wish I would retain,
And lose a Satisfaction yet by pain,
And like that Lover wish you here again.
I'll Pray, by Heaven I'll Pray it may be so,
And that's a thing Players don't use to do.
I'm wishing— yes, I wish a prosperous Gale,
Yet can't forgive the Winds that fill the Sail;
Yet I must wish— Oh may the Winds and Seas
Waft him as gently as the Calms of Peace.
My wishes still run Counter, to my fear,
Oh! we shall ne'er, I doubt, ne'er see him here,
Heaven grant I prove— a false Astrologer.

EPILOGUE.

*By Mrs. Butler--- Spoken immediately after
the others running out.*

HOW contrary foe're to Form---- I crave
Humbly to pay my Thanks, and take my
leave ;

The Fatal Knife offer'd to's Father's Throat,
So great is the Concern by Sorrow wrought)
Gave *Cræsus* Son an utterance to thought.

Mute, tho' he was, Grief, Nature overcame,
Un'd his dull Organs, and a Voice cou'd Frame.
No Father's loss cou'd prove severer Fate,
Than what your Absence will to us Create :

O ;

How

How chearfully we still gave out each Play
Secure of Favour in your Generous Sway :
What the Effects, Sir, of your Loss will be,
I can without Astrology foresee,
The Town it self, a Widow will become,
The Stage an Orphan, and our selves undone.

SON

SONG.

By Lord C—s.

I Us'd to wonder, when I read
That one False Woman heretofore,
Such high Debate and Ruine bred,
But now I blame the *Greek* no more:
Oh, 'tis a hard and cruel part
A Rooted Passion to expell,
From a tender faithful Heart,
And fure no Crime to love too well!

ie Wretch that tears an Arrow from his Side,
lds to his pain, and makes the Wound more wide!

ANSWER.

By a LADY.

I Us'd to wonder when I read
That Treacherous Mankind heretofore,
To Women had such ruin bred,
And blame, whoever trusts 'em more;
'Tis sure a very easie part,
A feigned Passion to remove
From a false deceitful Heart,
For who Courts all, does no one Love.
The Brave that tears an Arrow from his Side,
Is thereby cur'd, tho't make the Wound more wild

The Former Age accuse no more
For Ours in Falseness does excel,
And all Deceit Men practise o're
To be expert i'th' Crafts of Hell.

For when they strive to shew their Art,
The Fair ones Pity they pursue,
Pleas'd wite the Cheat, they bid adieu.

Reproach instead of Pity he shou'd gain,
That makes dissembl'd Love his greatest pain.

A
LETTER
TO

Mr. Shepherd.

Writ by a LADY.

YOU that to Write and Judge are able,
(Distinguish'd from the Scribling Rable)

You are concern'd with some few more,

That Wit shou'd be debas'd no lower :

If Fools at under Rates can please,

Parnassus Rents must needs Decrease.

See, *Peyton's* Works, and *Wharton's* pass,

As Current, as in *Ireland* Brass !

Quit your Pretensions to the Muses,

Or put a stop to these Abuses:

Where

Where Sign-Posts take, vain's the Ambition
Of Painting like *Vandike*, or *Titian*.
While yet the danger's at some distance,
Shepherd, arise, and give assistance,
To free Wits Empire from the Scandals
And dull Incurfions of these *Vandals*.

The present *Laureat* is Crazy ;
When there's a Vacancy may't please ye
Frankly to give away the Bayes
(No Poet ever bought a Place :)
Bestow't on one that can Write Satyr,
Since the Age's Tast's turn'd to Ill Nature ;
But let his Stile be so prevailing,
As to beat down the Price of Railing.
Let him in some soft Elegies repair,
The Wrongs that have been done the Libell'd Fair.

Or cou'd you find a *Muse* for such a Theme,
There wants not Matter, for a Nobler Flame:
Great *William's* Labours, his Success,
Restoring Injur'd *Europe's* Peace.
Let *France* still boast of her United Power ;
Her Union serves but to Enslave her more :

On *William's* Conquests, Liberty attends,
The Right of Kingdoms, and of States depends.

No less the Task, to Tune the Lyre,
That wou'd to *Mary's* Praise Aspire :
From willing Nations, what Applause,
What Love, her Taste of Empire draws !
How skilfully she wears a Crown !
How unconcern'd she lays it down !
In her, the Virtues of our Sex are known,
While she Retains the Softness of her own.

SONG

SONG.

By J. H. Esq;

DIE wretched *Damon*, die quickly to ease her,
Vain is thy Study, the Ingrateful to move,
Thy Meritorious Truicks but displeas her,
So like all Prosperous Power is Love.

Why shou'd thy ill return'd Passion upbraid her,
Too fierce it flam'd out, too tender it grew;
A Beauty must be as Nature has made her,
A Prey to False Hearts, and a Plague to the True.

Framing new Plots to please, fighting and serving,
Spin out no more a Life, walted with Care,
Never was Woman won by well deserving,
Caprice, or Interest, still misguide the Fair.

Since

Since her hard Heart averſe, evermore flies thee,
 Let Death more kind than ſhe, finiſh the pain,
 Give her that eaſe at laſt which ſhe denieſt thee;
 Never of Love ſo true, let her Complain.

ANSWER

By Lord D.

Damon, if thou wilt believe me,
 'Tis not fighting round the Plain,
 Ode, or Sonnet can't relieve thee;
 Faint attempts in Love are vain.

Love gives out a large Commission
 Will Indulgent to the Brave,
 But one Sin of base Omission,
 Never Woman yet forgive.

Press but home the fair Occasion
 And be Master of the Field,
 To a Powerful kind Invasion
 Sweetest madness not to yield.

Tho' she swears she'll not permit ye,
 Says you're Rude, and much to blame,
 Or with Tears Implores your Pity ;
 Be not Merciful for shame,

When the fierce Assault is over,
 His soon enough will find,
 His her cruel furious Lover,
 Much more gentle, not to mind.

O D E

ODE.

HORACE.

Nath in usum Letitia Scyphis, &c.
Hor. lib. 1. p. 117.

HOW damn'd a Folly 'tis to Fight,
 With Bottles, brought for our De-
 light!

Forbear for shame, I pray forbear,
 It looks too like a *Wappineer*,
 With Brandy Drunk, or fulsom Beer.

2.

Let each Man now forget his Broil,
 And let full Glasses Reconcile

Us Friends : For surely *Snick* and *Snee*
 With Pipe and Bottle don't agree :
 Cease Brawling then, and Quiet be.

3.

Will you that I take off my Glass?
 Let *Harry* then, tell me the Lads
 That has Heart: Will you deny
 To tell me now ; Then let me die
 If I drink more, I swear, not I.

4

The Beauty, whose'er she is,
 Hath nothing in her sure amiss.
 Her Virtue must attract thy Flame,
 Why shou'd you blush where is no shame!
 Then tell me softly the dear Name?

5.

Oh! wretched *Harry*! Lost, undone!
 A Pockier Bitch is not in Town:
 'Tis Physick, and Advice you are;
 Your Purse and Body she'll not spare,
 A Plague you more than you can Fear:

*The Prophetick Speech of the Earl
Desmon's Ghost; to the Lord Pod
as he was going towards Coll
Aug. 1688.*

From Sable Regions of Eternal Night,
From Gloomy Mansions never bless'd with Light
The wretched *Desmond* comes; to tell a Story
He learnt in Hell; not Priest-forg'd Purgatory:
Nay, stop, my Lord; give ear, and learn of me,
The secret dark Designs of Destiny.

Before the silent gliding Tract of Time,
Compleats the Years of Eighty Eight and Nine
Hibernia freed from *British* Chains shall see
Her long oppress'd Sons at Liberty:
Those Tyrants, now whose Slavish Chains they wear
Shall then Themselves their Captives Shackles bear
The true-born Natives shall possess once more,
What Cursed Hereticks enjoy'd before.

But Oh ! I'm forc'd to leave the welcom
Theme,

So short indeed, it looks but like a Dream:
How fast *Hibernia* comes thy Glory's Date !
Thou canst not stop the Course of Mighty Fate.
In Eighty Nine thy *Halcyon Days* are done ;
Then comes the Bloody Score of Forty One.
Methinks, I see the English Troops come o'er ;
And Triumph in thy Slaughter'd Natives Gore.
They to appease each Butcher'd *Britain's Shrine*,
Shall immolate whole Hecatombs of Thine.
Fir'd with Revenge, the furious English Band,
Breathe nought but Blood and Death throughout thy
Land.

Deep Mortal Stabs thy bleeding State shall vex,
Deaf to the begging Cry of Age, or Sex ;
Till, having set this Kingdom in a Flame,
They root from under Heav'n the Irish Name.
Dear Native Soil ! Oh lamentable State !
I read thy Ruin in the Book of Fate :
Which dreadful Scene my Soul does so afright,
That it shrinks back into Eternal Night.

SONG

Great *Nassau* our Realms Restorer,
Pious, Valiant, Just and Wise;
Each Heart at once is your Adorer;
And your Grateful Sacrifice.
Let *Mary's* Charming Beauty,
Sweeten all your Toils of State,
While she with Love, and we with Duty,
Make you Blest, and make you Great.

Europe swells with Joy and Wonder,
While *Nassau* the Throne Ascends;
Renews like *Jove*, for Foes his Thunder,
Choicest Blessings for his Friends.
Wiser States seek his Alliance,
While the Stubborn meet their Doom;
He bids the French Great Turk Defiance:
Wo be next to *Pagan Rome*.

DIALOGUE.

By J. H— Esq;

Shepherdes **Y**OU say 'tis Love Creates the Pain,
Of which so sadly you Complain:

And yet wou'd fain engage my Heart,
The same hard uneasie part.

How (alas) d'ye think that I
Can bear the Wound with which you die?

Shepherd. 'Tis not my Passion makes my Care,
But your indifference gives Dispair.

The lusty Sun can make no Spring,

But gentler Showers assistance bring.

The hot Flame which scorches and destroys,

Tem'd by Kindness, brings forth Joys.

Shep--s. Love has a thousand ways to please,
More to rob us of our ease;

For Restless Nights and Careful Days,
 Some hours of Pleasures it repays ;
 But absence soon, and jealous Fears,
 Drowns our joys in floods of Tears.

Shep--d. By vain and senceless Forms betray'd
 Harml's Love's the Offender made;
 While we no other Pains endure,
 But those which we our selves procure :
 And one soft moment makes amends
 For all the Torment that attends.

C H O R U S

*Let us Love, let us Love, and in Happiest bliss
 Age and Wisdom comes too fast ;*

Youth for Loving was design'd

Shep--d alone--- I'll be constant, you be kind.

Shep--s alone--- You be constant, I'll be kind.

*Heaven can bestow no greater Blessing,
 Than faithful Love, and kind Possessing.*

A Great SOUL.

Give me a *Soul* so Great, so High,
Let her Dimensions reach the Skie.

That comprehends within a Thought,
The whole extent, twixt Good and Nought:
And from the Worlds first Birth and Date,
Her Life and Death can Calculate,

With all the Adventures which shall pass
To every Atom of the Mass.

But let her be as Good as Great,

Her highest Throne a Mercy-Seat:

Soft and dissolving like a Cloud,

Losing her self in doing Good.

A Cloud that leaves its place above,

Rather than dry and useless prove,

Falls in a Show'r upon the Earth,

And gives ten thousand Seeds a Birth,

Hangs on the Flowers and Infant Plants,

Nor sucks their Sweets; but feeds their

wants.

So let this Mighty Mind diffuse,
All that's, its own to others use,
And free from private ends retain,
Nothing of't Self, but only Name.

TO CELIA

Give, *Celia*, but to me alone,
Ten thousand Kisses all in one;
Let me not such from thee receive,
As Daughters to their Fathers give,
Or as the Sister to her Brother,
Or the young Fondling to his Mother:
But such as by the Panting Bride
Now lying by her Husband's Side,
(The Fort but once or twice assay'd
Not fully gain'd, still half a Maid)
Are in sweet short breath'd Murmurs paid.
I must to lengthen on the Pleasure,
Dwell on thy Lips, and kiss by leisure,

Who am not one that loves to kiss
Goddeſſes breathleſs Images;
Nor can I the moſt Beauteous Saint,
The lovelieſt Saint, ſalute in Point.
Warm Fleſh and Blood I'd rather chuſe,
A tender Creature full of Juice;
Parting her nimble Tongue between
My moiſtned Lips, there meeting mine;
Sometimes I'd catch the pliant Toy,
Kiss it a while with eager Joy,
Then let it go, and gently nip,
Behind of it, the nether Lip,
Thus *Celia*, wou'd we ſport away,
Like Cooing Doves the happy Day:
And never ſated with Delight,
Begin the ſame again at Night.
Compar'd with Kiſſes, ſuch as theſe,
Theſe it ſelf inſipid is.
Give me but theſe alone, and leave
The frothy Bubbles as they ſeem:
Let my Hand thence gently rove,
Down to the pleaſing Seat of Love;
Whither, do what we can, i'th' end,
Our Curioſity will ſend:

Then

Then let those Mistressies above,
Venus and *Hebe* (that of *Love*
 And this of *Youth*, the *Daisy*)
 Fall to, whose share they will for me.
 I'll envy none; nor e'er Repine,
 Since Judge who will, the odds are mine.

*Lusus in Priapum. In Praise of Naked-
 ness, and in Imitation of Petron
 Arbit.*

Cur sua signa Dei, &c.

By *Charles Blunt, Esq.* 1689.

THe Almighty Image of his Shape afraid
 And hide the Noblest part of Nature made
 That him alone succeeds in his Greeting Trade
 The Fall this Fig-leaf'd Modesty began
 To punish Woman by obscuring Man.
 Before, when e'er his Stately Cedar mov'd;
 She Saw, Ador'd, and Kiss'd the Thing she lov'd;

Or

with it wip'd her Eyes, for Female Chymists hold
 will cure a Rhume, as well as Angel-Gold :
 then as the Sails about a Mast are furl'd ;
 her open Thyghs about his Loyns she hurl'd ;
 and th' Horizon of his lower World
 which Covering only fit for him to bear,
 which he becomes (as all the Women swear)
 better than any Pope St. Peter's Chair.
 Why do the Gods their several Signs disclose ?
 Omnipotent Jove his Thunder-Bolt expose
 Neptune his Trident, Mars his Weapon too,
 Minerva her Spear to each Spectators view ;
 and poor Priapus be alone confin'd
 to obscure the Woman's God, and Parent
 of Mankind ?
 Since free-born Beasts their Liberty obtain,
 why hast thou Journey-work for Souls in vain,
 when up imprison'd, and a Slave in Bed,
 Captiv'd God that fears to shew his Head !
 From the Pantheon, and demand thy Right,
 be no more Eclips'd from Human Sight ;
 but Conquer in the Day, and Triumph in the
 Night !

*Cur sua
 signa Dei,
 &c.*

The
 Transla-
 tion.

The Two Gown-Men, &c.

WHat Strange Vicissitudes our Age has known
 Deposing, and Advancing to a Throne;
 While every Change by Law is Justify'd
 For Law was ever on the Strongest side :
 All Covet to Adore the Rising Sun
 Yet blame his Beams e'r half his Race is run :
 His Favours are not equally bestow'd,
 They Pine for Want, or Surfeit with the Load.
 And none are more uneasy in their Station,
 Than are the Priests, and Lawyers of the Nation.
 Now, in Debates of greatest Consequence,
 The Interest of a Kingdom and a Prince
 If we a strict Examination make,
 And Scan the Measures they of late did take,
 How in Men's Memory that pass'd for Law
 (When Fear or Interest held the Slaves in Awe)

Which

Which now with one Assent they all Decline,
And in the very Contradiction Joyn.
An Ignorant Judge was ever held a Curse,
But he that's Impudent, is much more worse;
Now when these Virtues in one Man do meet,
How is he Qualify'd for th' Judgment-Seat?
Yet none but such have worn the Robe of late,
No wonder then at this our turn of State:
That Ignorance helps Devotion, as some own,
Tis plain 'that help'd our Monarch from his Throne;
Or had he with one grain of Sense been blest,
He ne'r had made himself all *Europe's* Jest.
Had I been he, I'd have Abjur'd the *Mass*,
But I'd have Chronicl'd my self an *Ass*,
Now he, and's Queen together Hand in Hand,
May make a Visit to the *Holy Land*;
Or to *Loretto* go on *Pilgrimage*,
Present her with Young *Taffy* for a Page:
Perhaps she may return the Diamond Bodkin,
Which if she does, (By G--d) 'twill be an odd thing.
Saints, Priests, and Lawyers, will like Whores receive,
But know no President ought back to give.
Nay, the Reformed Church-Men of our Nation
Be all endeavours to keep up that Fashion:

They

They Preach up Heaven, yet gaze for Earthly Gain
 And don't believe the Tenets they Maintain :
 For if they did, why does their Convention
 Declare 'em the least Christians in the Nation ?
 The Road to Heaven to others they can show,
 But in those Paths, they fear, or hate to go :
 Whatever from the Pulpit they Declare,
 None ought to Question, nor indeed none dare :
 Our Faith upon the Lawn Sleeves is annexed,
 'Tis damnable not to believe the Text :
 The Contradictions every day they Preach,
 And make the Scriptures, Scriptures to impeach :
 Oh what a Medley of that Book is made,
 Since Priesthood was dissolv'd in a Trade !
 While those who ne're the *Calendar* did learn,
 Nor cou'd the *Rubrick* of the Church discern :
 Are called the Men whose Feet is Beautiful,
 Yet none's more Sottish, Ignorant and Dull.
 When *Rome* of late had got the Weather-gage;
 And Publickly appear'd upon the Stage :
 Tho' Favour'd and Encourag'd by that K——
 Whom they, and only they to th' Throne did bring

Yet when their Tythes, their Off'rings and Church-
Lands

Were likely to be Ravish'd from their Hands,
With open Mouth Defiance they Declare,
And every *Pulpiteer* Proclaims the War:
~~That State which was the Mother-Church before,~~
Is Stil'd no, better than the ~~Scaly~~ *Whore*.
Its *Babylonish* Trinkets all Reveal'd,
Which but for Interest, might have been Conceal'd.
Nor will one Sober Man believe me Rude,
If I with this Position do Conclude;
Those Countries are more Happy than the rest,
Who never heard of Lawyer or of Priest;
For if there is a Plague on this side Hell;
Tis only there where those Tormentors dwell
Equally-Odious, equally Accurst;
None but an *Oedipus* knows which is worst.

Rochester's

Rochester's GHOST.

Addressing himself to the Secretary
of the MUSES.

From the deep Vaulted Den of endless Night
I've thro' the Center forc'd my way to Light
To sing my old Associates vain Designs,
And Scourge 'em into Knowledge of their Crimes,
Which I may self by fatal Proof may tell
If justly Scan'd, as justly merit Hell.
Thou *Julian*, who through all thy life hast shown
A love to Scandal equal to thy own;
That mutual Friendship to thy Mind recal,
And what I tell thee, tell again to all.
A Peer shall Grace the Van, and so 'tis fit,
The first in Lewdness, though not the first in Wit.
Through all the Ills that wait on Man, h'has run,
As if (like me) h'has long'd to be undone.
There's not a day, but like some Snarling Antick,
Proves him either Peevish, Dull or Frantick;

That

Then vainly for to boast of Conquests won,
 What Mothers h'as betray'd, what Maids undone,
 But a Snare, that draws more mischief on.
 'Tis strange that he, who has been us'd so ill,
 Thou'd spite of Claps continue Cully still,
 & fondly with ill Women keep a pother,
 First Marrying one, now Jilted by another.

Nor shall his Buffoon Followers scape my Rage,
 Those Fam'd Supporters of a Vicious Age.
 Tawd in their Lives, unlimited in Nonsense,
 Two Beasts, that never make no use of Conscience;
 umping and Scandals are their chief Delight,
 And yet they never get a Farthing by't :
 How often have I laugh'd to see the Brutes
 Engag'd in vain Fantastical Disputes,
 While all that cou'd be learn'd from the Contest,
 When e'er they came to Earnest, 'twas a Jest ;
 They have Wit, 'tis neither more nor less
 Than *Merry-Andrew* does in Fairs express,
 As being Cloath'd in the same Clownish Dress.

It now 'tis time I shou'd a Fourth display,
 Such such another Animal as they.

Vain in his Garb, and Vicious in his Nature,
All his whole Life's but one continued Satyr;
Upon himself, then for his Wit, 'tis such,
He thinks too little, and he prates too much:
Never was such a Flux of Words pour'd forth,
Mixt with so little Profit, Grace, or Worth;
But as an Apple, though 'twas sound before,
When once a Maggot seizes on the Core,
Streight the whole Mass insensibly decays
Just like our Author, since he Writ his Plays:
Who, by the Rage of Pox and Impotence,
Is cramp't both in his Judgment, and his Sense;
And forc'd for Refuge to a Pitch so common
Of making Songs to please the Fools and Women.

Another wou'd with these in all things suit,
Only in all things, he's of less Repute;
Bas'er of Soul, than Form, and Dame Nature
Ne'er before him made such an Aukward Creature.
True, he has Sense they say, but Credit me,
True Sense does not consist in Blasphemy;
For 'tis the Prophets unsuspected Rule,
That he, who owns no God, must be a Fool.

et were this not of force to make him so,
 here's one undoubted Proof that needs must do;
 and that's the Matrimonial Badge he wears,
 or what but such, wou'd e'er Embrace the Cares
 of wilful Bondage in his Waining Years.

me say the Nuptial Knot was 'ty'd, t'untye
 the Mortgages that on his Land do lie;

it my Opinion is, they're in the wrong,
 he can't be Just, h'has been a Knave so long:

is like expecting Fish to live in Air,

without leave the Juice of Grapes for Beer.

Marquess! why didst Match thy Blood so ill?

adst thou in all things shew'd such want of Skill,

thou mightest e'en have stuck at Savil still.

A Sixth there is in that so Ill, so Nice,

's ever striving to improve in Vice;

has been long his chief Design and Care,

it to get Bastards, and then make 'em Heirs,

the only Fruit that her Rank Soil will bear,

such a Sire deserve; I need not tell

's nauseous to the Sight, as to the Smell:

lean to every Smell, but to his own,

he (happy in nothing else) has none:

Ev'n *Coxes* Cully is before him Priz'd,
And where's the Man that can be more dispis'd.
If these are Wits, or e'er deserv'd that Name,
Let me unpitied go, from whence I came,
Plung'd to the bottom of the rowing Flame.
'Tis true, your Laureat well deserves the Bayes,
Witness the Genius that Adorns his Plays,
But chiefly those he Writ in former days;
Yet, if in Death I may at least be free,
As in my Life time, he has been to me;
To lay the Slave down flat upon his Face,
I use the Words, because his Subject's base;
So, that the Monarch may in Pomp appear,
If not an Ass, you'll read a Villain there,
For 'tis the gen'ral Vote from King to Slave,
Although the Poets good, the Man's a Knave;
But let him pass, for now comes Stalking on,
The Awful Majesty of stiff King *John*,
With Nose cockt up, and Village like a Fury,
Or Fore-Man of an *Ignoramus* Jury.
I'll speak not of his Slouching Lobby Meen,
(Although it is the worst that e'er was seen)
Because of late his whole Design and Trade is,
With those Accomplishments to gain the Ladies;

To whom his Laurel'd Wit, has op'd the way,
 Witness the late Imparell'd Essay,
 A Work, which all admire, and well they may.
 For what Insipid Sot can e'er Write ill,
 When *Waller*, *Leigh*, and *Dryden* Guide the Quill;
Milkland and *El--d*, *Henningham* and *Wharton*,
Mord--t and *How* (all dull as Scotch *Dumbarton*)
 Are such a Medly of Conceited Chits,
 Wonder who the Devil Dubb'd 'em Wits;
 Their Skill in Poesy, we may best discover,
 Where there foul Quills throw Dirt at one another.

And here (wou'd time permit me) I cou'd tell
 Of *Cle--land*, *Portsmouth*, *Cross* and *Arundel*;
Wall Howard, *Suffex*, *Lady Gray* and *Nell*,
 Strangers to Good, but Bosom Friends to Ill,
 As boundless in their Lust, as in their Will:
 But see, the Morning breaks, I must away,
 Souls damn'd to Night, must never view the Day.

*O Rus quando te Aspiciam? Quando licebet,
Nunc Veterum Scriptis, nunc Somno & iner-
tibus horis,
Ducerd Solicitæ jucunda oblivia Vitæ?*

Paraphras'd.

UPon the Downs when shall I breathe at ease?
Have nothing else to do, but what I please?
In a fresh cooling Shade, upon the Brink
Of *Arden's* Spring, have time to Read and Think;
And stretch and sleep; when all my care shall be
For Health and Pleasure, my Philosophy?

When shall I rest from Business, Noise, and Strife
Lay down the Soldiers, and the Courtiers Life?
And, in some Smiling Melancholly Seat,
Begin for shame at least to live, and to forget
The Nonsense, and the Farce, of what the Fools
call Great.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

WHat *Nostradamus*, with all his Art can guess
The Fate of our approaching *Prophetess*?

A Play, that, like a Prospective set right,
Presents our vast Expences close to sight;
But turn the *Tube*, and then we sadly view
Our distant Gain, and those uncertain too:
A sweeping Tax, which on our selves we raise,
And all, like you, in hope of better Days.
When will our Losses warn us to be Wise?
Our Wealth decreases, and our Charges rise:
Money, the sweet Allurer of our Hopes,
Ebs out by Oceans, but comes in by Drops,
We raise new Objects, to provoke Delight;
But, you are sated, o're the Second fight:

False Men ! Ev'n so you use your Mistresses,
 They rise three Stories in their Towring Dress,
 And, after all, you Love not long enough
 To pay the Rigging, e'r you turn 'em off.
 Never content with what you had before,
 But true to Change, and English Men all o're.
 Now Honour calls you hence, and all your Care
 Is to provide for the fierce Pomp of War :
 In Plume and Scarf, Jack-Boots, and Bilbo-Blade,
 The Silver goes, which thou'd support our Tade,
 But we shall flourish, sure, when you are paid.
 Go, unkind Heroes ! Leave our Stage to Mourn,
 Till Rich, from Vanquish'd Rebels you return,
 And the fat Spoils of *Teague* in Triumph draw,
 His Firkin Butter, and his Usquebaugh.
 Go Conquerors of your Male and Female Foes,
 Men without Hearts, and Women without Hose !
 Each bring his Love a *Bogland* Captive Home,
 Such proper Pages will long Trains become,
 With Copper Culvers and with Brawny Backs,
 Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks :
 Then shall the Pious *Muses* pay their Vows,
 And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows ;

Their

Their Tuneful Voice, shall rise for your Delights;
We want not Poets fit to Write your Fights.
But you, brisk Beauties, for whose only sake
These doughty Knights such Dangers undertake,
When they with happy Gales are gone away,
With your Propitious Presence Grace our Play,
And with a Sigh, their empty Seats Survey :
Then think on that bare Bench my Servant fate,
I see him Ogle still, and hear him Chat,
Selling facetious Bargains, and Propounding
That Wity Recreation, call'd Dufmounding.
Their loss with Patience we will strive to bear ;
And wou'd do more, to see you often here :
That our dead Stage, reviv'd by your bright Eyes,
Under a Female Regency may rise.

E P I T A P H

O N

JULIAN, Secretary of the Musæ.

Under this Weeping Monumental Stone,
 There lyes a Scribe, who, while he liv'd, was
 (known

To every Bawd, Whore, Pimp, Fop, Fool, in Town
 For Scandal he was Born ; and we shall find,
 That now he's Dead, there's little left behind.

Vast was his Courage witness all his store
 Of Noble Scars, that to his Grave he bore,
 Got all in War ; for he abhorr'd a Whore.

Of spreading Libels, nothing shall be said,

Because 'twas that, which brought him in his Bread;

And 'tis a Crime to Vilifie the Dead.

His honour for Religion still was great,
In *Covent-Garden* Church he'd Slumbring fit,
To show his Piety was like his Wit,
But, above all, Drink was his chief delight,
He drank all day, yet left not off at Night :
Drink was his Mistress, nay Drink was his Health,
For without drinking, he was ne'er himself,
Ah Cruel Gods! what Merit can you boast,
If the poor *Secretary's* frightened Ghost
Shou'd chance to touch upon the *Syagian* Coast?

But Ah ! his loss 'tis now too late to Mourn !
He's gone, and Fate admits of no Return :
But whether is he gone ? To Heav'n, no doubt ;
Where if there's any Drink, he'll find it out.

The Prince of Whigland.

I.

TH E Prince of *Whigland* Swaggers in *Whitt-*
Hall,

Have at you sneaking Currs, have at you all,
From the great Vulgar Slaves, down to the small.

2.

Go run, and break your Necks, who first shall pay
Homage to th' worthless piece of Fashion'd Clay,
Which you cry'd Crucifie but Yesterday,

3

His no ill Mein, at first might well allow
Some hopes of Vertue, while you did not know,
But look for Truth, the Jugling Pageant Show.

4

Such well-form'd Lines Recomendations are,
That Nature writes in favour of the Fair,
Of which, ev'n the few Wise are not aware.

5. They

5

They Introduce ; but when you try and find
 The poyson'd Symptoms of a Bastard's Mind,
 A false Son, Nephew, Subject, Husband, Friend :
 Cancel those Lines, how fair so e'er they're writ,
 Tear the gilt Paper, use it when you Shit.

SATYR

A G A I N S T.

MATRIMONY.

Damn that Opinion, which will not allow
 Those harmless Sports Nature commands us to
 Without Indenture and loud Proclamation
 Made by a Fop to a dull Congregation;
 The Gods themselves cou'd ne'er endure that Fashion.

To

To Priests like Scriveners, some will apply
Themselves who doubt of their Security ;
But Gen'rous Souls, like Gods, move in a Sphere
Above those Tyes made by old Sinners here :
They are for that free way of Propagation,
Made by the Law of Nature, not o'th' Nation,
Which dulls the pleasure by its Limitation.
Let Foppish Zeal, Devotion's Bastard, say
What e'er it can, our private Pleasures may
Be as Divine, although not us'd that way.
What you call Vertue's but a Composition . . .
Of such Ingredients Nature makes her Fish on.
Dull Phlegm and Melancholy, do produce
Zeal in abundance ; That does introduce
Such Bug-bears in your Fancy, that an Ant
Appears to you to be an Elephant.
Nature the God's great Instrument, must be
Branded by you, with all the Infamy
You can Asperse her, and all this because
She gives us freedom by her Sacred Laws,
To use those Pleasures she for us has made,
And not to stand upon the Levites Aid.

Good Man, he crys for Matrimony ! Why ?
 It brings a gain to his Divinity :
 Christnings and Burials do the same, I vow,
 If you omit 'em, there's Damnation too.
 But why should the poor Brat in danger be
 Of being Damn'd, because not *Cross'd* by thee ?
 Or why where Funeral Rite omitted is,
 Shou'd that obstruct the Mortal's way to Bliss ?
 These and dull Nuptials, all you Wise Men saw,
 Were nothing but to Complement the Law :
 So that the Book and Ring, appear to me
 Such a mistake in your Divinity,
 That you must grant the Ceremony sent
 To such poor Mortals for a Punishment,
 As cou'd not with their Freedom be content.

}
}

THE

The COQUET.

I.

M*Elinda*, who had never been
 Esteem'd a Beauty at Fifteen,
 Always Amorous was and Kind,
 To every Swain she lent an Ear,
 Free as Air, but false as Wind;
 Yet none could say she was Severe,
 She Eas'd more than she made Complain,
 Was always Singing, Pert and Vain.

2.

Where e'er the Throng was, she was seen,
 And swept the Youths along the Green;
 With equal Grace she Flatter'd all,
 And fondly proud of all Addresses,
 Her Smiles invite, her Eyes wou'd call
 And her soft Heart her Looks Confesses:
 She Rallyd this, to that she Bow'd,
 Was Talking ever, Laughing loud.

3.

On every side she makes advance,
 And every where a Confidence;
 She tells for Secrets, all she knows,
 And to know all she does pretend:

Beauty in Maids she treats as Foes,
 But every handsom Youth as Friend.
 Scandal still passes off for Truth,
 And Noise and Nonsense, Wit and Youth:

4.

Coquet all o'er, and every Part,
 Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art,
 Herds with the Ugly and the old ;
 And plays the Critick with the rest ;
 Of Men the Bashful or the Bold,
 Either and all, by turns likes best :
 Ev'n now tho' Youth be languish'd, she
 Sets up for Love and Gallantry.

*To Her Majesty's Mighty Mistress,
 The Dorset Countess, all in Distress.*

By Sir Fleetwood S.

Our lean Petitioner sheweth Humbly,
 That the pleasant Lady Lumbley,
 Looks like Plenty, Plump and Comley :

R

That

That the Spouse o'th' Noble Marquess,
Sleek as Mill-Mouse, keeps her Carkass,
And is more Fat than Buck in Park is :

While she, poor she, with Heart that's Aching,
Hears the People oft Mistaking,
Her for them, and they for Bacon ;

But there's a Nut from Indian Air,
Keeps all that feeds on't Fresh and Fair,
Each Squirrel's bigger than a Bear.

Cou'd she a Pound or two but Purloyn,
Her Spare-rib soon wou'd look like Sur-loyn.
Thus your Petitioner endeth her Line,

And shall certainly endeavour,
While Maids wear Hoods, and Men wear
Beaver,
To Pray for ever, and for ever, &c.

S A T Y R T O H I S M U S E.

B Y

The Author of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

*Quo liceat Libris, non licet ire mihi,
Turpiter hoc illuc ingeniosus eo.*

Written by a Person of Honour.

Hear me dull Prostitute, worse than my Wife,
Like her, thou Shame and Clogg of humane
Life.

whose first Essay was in a Tyrant's Praise, in
study in Prologues, Blasphemous in Plays:

Lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church unfit,
and I had Starv'd, but for a lucky Hit,
when the weak Ministers implor'd my Wit.

R 2

Stol't

Stol'st me from Business, where I might have made
A solid Fortune to thy barren Trade :

My Father Wisely bad me be a Clerk,
Thou whisper'st Boy, be thou a tearing Spark.
I from that fatal Hour, new hopes pursu'd,
Set up for Wit, and aukwardly was Lewd ;
Drunk 'gainst my Stomach, 'gainst my Conscience
Swore ;

Against my Will, I Marry'd a rank Whore.
After two Children, and a third Miscarriage,
By Brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage :
Asserted Rapes and Lusts I'd never known,
As if that all *Gomorrah* were my own :
Nor Love, nor Wine, cou'd ever see me Gay:
To writing bred, I know not what to say.
With Scolding Wife and Starving Chits beset,
When I want Money, and no Friend will Treat,
Cheer'd with one Cup of thy *Castalian* Spring,
I can Abuse the Church, my Friend, my King.
Tell him he's Jilted, Fool'd, led by the Nose;
Then like *Almanzor*, turn upon his Foes :
Libel his Mistresses and States-men too,
Then o'er his Whoring Life, old *David* throw,

whom *Uriah* was so basely Slain ;
 it our good Monarch spares his *Castlemain*,
 and Oats his Plots and Treasons Swears in vain. }
 I name the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,
 and then deny it with a thousand Oaths.
 I cry'll to please, call *Rochester* a Fool,
 I'll say a Capuchin, sharp *Dorset*, Dull :
 I like *Berosky*, by the proud Count Hir'd,
 I'll scoop my Blunderbuss of Satyr Fir'd,
 I cold Blood, call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too, }
 but what more to *Hall* or *Cranbourn* could I do, }
 how long Enjoy'd e'er I began to Woe ?
 Thou'lt say perhaps, what is all this to thee,
 I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be ?
 I but thou should'st thy Sacred Aid refuse,
 when I invok'd it to so base a use :
 I hunt of my murdering Lines the killing point,
 and honestly refuse the odious Hint.
 I'll not thou ne'er com'st so gladly to my call,
 when on Merit unprovok'd I fall.
 I'll there a Patriot to be Defam'd,
 I'll idly Abus'd, or Vertuous Action blam'd,
 I'll thou with officious haste rank'st every word,
 and giv'st thy raging Mad-man a sharp Sword ;

Devils to Witches, are not more at hand,
Than thou when I an hellish Task Command.
To thee ungrateful, what has *Monmouth* done,
That Parson like, thou call'st him *Absolon* ?
From that meer Name, dost foolishly infer,
He from old *David's* Head the Crown would tear,
Were he Ambitious, he had kept his Place,
Stood high in *David's*, as the People's Grace,
And Warlike Chief of the Pretorian Bands,
To the whole Nation's Hearts had join'd their Hands
Of publick good, dissembled his deep care,
With the false *Jebusite* a while kept fair :
Then in some great decisive glorious day,
Made those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,
Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,
Those darling Morsels of their longing Jaws.
VWise *Stanly* thus till *Bosworth's* fatal day,
Did seeming Faith to cruel *Richard* pay,
But left the Tyrant in the heat of Fight,
And brought Success to *Henry's* drooping Right.
Monmouth's brave Mind could no Disguise endure,
Still Noble ways preferring, to secure ;
Whilst *David* lavishes his People's Love,
He buys the Purchase, with design to improve,

And like some prudent Kinsman, Re-convey
What the wild Heir has vainly Thrown away,
Left the great ancient Family Decay.
Good honest *David*, why would'st thou have made
Of such a Son and Parliament afraid?
Which whilst he sways, what Faction dare dispute
Or who can say he is not Absolute?
Through them he may command the People's Purse,
And spend their Wealth and Blood without a Curse.
By Laws they would a Popish Heir Exclude,
Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd.
Against *Navarr* the Factious Princes Leagu'd,
And the right Heir the Papal World Intrigu'd:
When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
The State Religion he was forc'd to own.
The harmless People took it in good part,
The Zealous Church yet Stabb'd him to the Heart.
Taught by all Story, there was no defence,
But they must change their Faith, or change their
Prince,
Who would not here the like Extreams prevent,
And settle things by aid of Parliament?
Thou only Court, presiding at the Helm,
Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm.

Inferiour Judges trembling to Decree
What may hereafter be Condemn'd by thee :
The Chancellors and ill Statesmen only Dread,
For it is thou alone can'st reach their Head.
By thee fell *Woolfely* and false *Clarendon*,
Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone ;
Both overwhelm'd for daring to improve,
And stem the Torrent of their Master's Love :
The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince Henry'd
The other made lov'd *Steward Richmond's* Bride,
And with our Royal Blood for ever mingled *Hyde*
To their own Ruin, can all Men Agree,
And none the Precipice but Courtiers see :
Courtiers who importune their Sovereign,
To Pardon Robbers, Cut-throats for their Gain :
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
And cannot Thrive but where the Nation pines :
Unhappy we, if rul'd by such whose Rent
Consists in breaches of the Government.

Some few there are of great Estates indeed,
Yet labouring with imaginary need
Strange sort of Fools, who for one Pension more,
Enslave themselves and all they had before.

Other

Others with Titles and new Earldom's caught,
Would give up all for which the Barons Fought.
They're equally unfit for Government,
Who nothing have, or nothing will content.

Who bad thee in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
Good *David's* Errors and his Fall Proclaim,
Or say Plots true or false, were needful things
To set up Common-wealths and pull down Kings &
That (*David* whom thou dost with Reverence name)
Charm'd into ease, grows careless of his Fame.
And brib'd with petty Summs of foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bersheba's* Embraces old.
That like the Prince of Angels, from the height,
He now comes downward with diminish'd Light.
If *David* once ill Language lay to heart,
Who shall the Poet from the Traytor part?
The Peoples Voice, of old the Voice of God,
Thou call'dst the Voice of an unruly Crowd:
Crowds are the Fools———
That flock to thine, and *Durfey's* Loyal Plays,
And give implicit Claps on your Third days;

About the Stage of Mountebanks they wait,
 And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
 But have like thee, no Interest in the State.
 Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*
 And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* bow ;
 But with Old *England* what hast thou to do?

Who from our Kings our useful Power wou'd
 (take
 (Nor have they power, but for the People's sake,
 Disarm themselves, and Anarchy bespeak.
 Kings may do good at their full stretch of will,
 And need not for a Strein or Law stand still,
 They spare with Mercy, tho with Judgment kill,
 Confin'd like God, only from doing ill.
 Thus in our Papal Fire to save the Town,
 Some Houses were Blow'd up, and some pull'd down
 None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood
 A private Mischief for the publick Good.
 Tho we all Perish, yet we must forbear
 The Sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
 If we thy foolish Politicks will hear.

A Sovereign Power some where there must be,
King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
Which can do all, yet nothing do amiss ;
The Sacred ties of Marriage can dissolve,
And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
Making those Bastards, who had else been Heirs,
And injur'd Husbands legal Widowers ;
Put off Entails, make new, repeal old Laws,
And of Contending Kings, decide the Cause.
These from the Helm, our Learned *Richard* thrust,
Confess'd their Power, and own'd their Sentence Just.
And on the Throne, our brave Fourth *Edward* sat,
Whilst *Henry* liv'd a Prisoner of the State.
Alphonso thus Depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoys his Kingdom and his Wife.
Where *Jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
Damns not his Race by day, nor Love by night :
In his Defence, each Private Man may Kill ;
Must then a Nation Perish, and stand still ?
For our Laws, Faith, God, we may not Fight,
When can a Christian's Sword be in the Right ?

Oh

Oh the prodigious Wit! The wondrous Sting,
To call *Achitophel's* Son unfeathered two leg'd thing,
So by old *Plato* Man was once defin'd
Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
Thy Angel with Call *Jonas* self might vye,
In all but Courage, Wit and Honesty.
As loud he roar'd 'gainst the Prerogative,
As stoutly blam'd, as stingily would give;
Till his own wants oblig'd him to receive,
And on his Cheated Sire he could no longer live.
Whose whole Estate, when he in Feast was got,
Thy honest *Angel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.

Thy *Hushai* next a true Friend, e're a Man,
(So soon his Dearness with his Prince began;)
Was but Fourteen when *David* was abroad,
Less fit for a King's Friendship than a Rod;
Which he deserv'd, when he with Tears reply'd,
And in full House the Loyal Baby cry'd.
How could one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
And add Experience to his Native Truth!

Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
 As every Fool, Whore, Bully has done since:
 To other Merit he has no pretence.

Barzillas's Praise I could rehearse again,
 And make the second labour of my Pen.
 Wife, Valiant, Royal, Rich, of High Descent,
 Born all, that *Fortune* for her Darlings meant.
 Who Nobly scorn'd a private Happiness,
 When he beheld his Sovereign's Distress,
 To Arms he flew, but with bold *Cato's* Fate,
 Expos'd the Cause that *Fortune* seem'd to hate;
 Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,
 He pull'd the mighty Ruine on his own.

Why wouldst thou call thy *Adriel* a Muse,
 And *David* of his hasty Rise accuse?
 When we all know the same obliging Hand
 Gave him his *George*, and *Churchill* his Command.
Fermin him Country-Seat, and *Bromage* his Point
 Band.

Or *Fotbam* flatter that vain Fickle thing,
 Famous for Jest upon the Church and King?

One while *Pythagoras* his harmless Food,
 For Thought and Politicks, must cool his Blood;
 And then again with Whores and lusty Wines,
 Revels all Night, and think him mad that Dines.
 Quibbles, Joques, Puns, and Trifling Wit he has,
 And like the *Swede*, is very rich in Beas.
 Against the Court and *David's* self he roar'd,
 How ill he Govern'd, how much worse he Whor'd
 Wou'd swear a Parrot had more Wit than *Nelly*,
 With her Parcht Face wrinkled like *Potsmouth's* Belly
 Yet now to both, like Popish Saints he Prays,
 Which shews he will not burn in *James's* Days.
 In his plain Band, and honesty in show,
 He only aim'd at *Danby's* overthrow.
 Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his ends,
 And farewell all his plain well-meaning Friends.
 There was no Plot, no Popish Duke to fear,
 With *Danby* all our Dangers disappear.
Danby thus setting to prevent dark Night,
 This Changing Moon shews forth his paler Light:
 Misguides our Councils with his Glimmering Ray,
 And all our Men of Business lose their way.
 One Parliament's Dissolve, New Members meet,
 An *Oxford* Journey must allay their heat.

at the true English Interest appear'd,
the Silver-Smiths for their *Diana* fear'd;
every would pass on us in no Disguise,
no Flowers could hide that Serpent from our Eyes;
we're in such haste, broke up that in the street,
new-Chosen, and Dissolving Members meet.
an odious Libel in good *David's* Name,
till the Proceedings of the House Defame.
Scriffs and Juries Packt, Justices made,
rights of th' Address, and all false Colours laid
to Cheat their Party with a vain Conceit
the People Parliaments both Fear and Hate.
that *Sampson* in a Dungeon, Captive, Blind,
in spite of all Rage, for Cruel Foes Design'd,
House of Commons must be thought to do,
gainst themselves, and those that Trust 'em too.

The Head shall sooner fear its own Right Hand:
parents their smiling Infants Death Command.
the Cheerful Birds sit silent in the Spring,
when Lords and Commons hurt the Realm or King.
they may thy Heroes, thy small faithful Band,
treacherous Counsellors who dare singly stand,
against the Collective Wisdom of the Land.

} *David*

David in Exile had more Friends than thou,
Will to his best and happiest Days allow.
Why sounds thy Trumpet in the midst of Peace?
Art thou afraid our Differences should cease,
That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons more
Than any Irish Witness ever swore?
Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive their Trade,
Care not what Ruine, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me, Prophecie, and mark me well,
E're thrice the Rose renews her fragrant smell;
People and King shall joyn like Man and Wife,
And both abhor the Engins of their Strife:
No more shall either use an Hackney Pen,
And thou Cashier'd, shalt to the Stage agen,
Please none but silly Women, or worse Men.
David shall find Duty an empty Word;
For different Faiths can never have one Sword.
The Knot of Friendship is but loosely Ty'd,
'Twixt those whom Heavenly Concerns Divide:
He then shall with his Parliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be:
Monmouth be Blest for all that he has done,
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.

PROGRESS

OF

BEAUTY.

THE God of Day descending from Above,
Mix'd with the Sea, and Got the Queen of
Love.

Beauty, which fires the World, was fit shou'd rise
in him alone; that lights the Stars and Skies.
Suns, long by Gods and Men Obey'd,
Lovers Toy'd her gratefully repaid;
miscellaneous Blessings to her Slaves affig'd;
I taught the World, that Beauty shou'd be kind.
her bright Father's great Example led,
without Scorching, were the Beams she shed.

Hellen was next From *Greece* to *Ilium* brought
 With much Expence and Blood of Empire fought
 Beauty and Love the noblest Cause afford,
 That can try Valour, or employ the Sword
 Not Men alone incited by their Charms, (A
 But Heav'n's concern'd, the Gods themselves
 The glorious *Trojan*, happily possess,
 Enjoys, and let despising Fools contest,
 Secure said he, of that for which they fight,
 Theirs be the Toil, and mine be the Delight.
 Great be their Fame in Arms, but mine is more
 Preferr'd by her, whom they in vain Adore
 Your cold Reflections Moralists forbear,
 His Title's best, who best can please the Fair;
 Ten Years a glorious Spent, he kept his hold
 Nor lost, till Love and Beauty were grown old
 And now the Gods in pity to that Case,
 The fierce Desires, the Quarrels and Disputes
 Of sortu'd Men, while Beauty was congeal'd,
 Resolve t' increase and propagate their Race

Greece was the Land where this bright Birth began
 And gave a thousand Rivals to the Sun:

Hence follow'd Arts, and Studying with Care
 Some new Invention, to delight the Fair:
 Those Rocks and Oaks which such Emotions felt;
 Were cruel Maids, which *Orpheus* taught to melt.
 Musick and Songs, and all the ways to move
 A ravish'd Heart, we owe Ingenious *Love*.
 The Gods themselves pleas'd with so bright a Birth,
 Descend from Heav'n, and seek new Joys on Earth.
 To several Shapes the mad Immortals turn,
 Quenching one Fever, still by new they Burn.
 Thy Wit O *Mercury's* no defence from Love,
 Nor *Mars* thy Armour, nor thy Thunder *Jove*.

From *Greece* to *Africa*, Beauty takes its flight,
 And ripens by its near approach to Night.
 Would not ye Fair, to hear of Swarthy Dames,
 With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims.
 Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd,
 Of all Colours, and by none Defin'd.
 Jewels that shine, in Gold or Silver set,
 Precious and as sparkling are in Jet.
 First *Cleopatra* in the Lists is found,
 Not more for Beauty than for Love renown'd:
 The first who taught recruited Slaves to know
 That the rich Pearl was of more use than Show:

Who with high Meats and a Luxurious Draught,
 Kept Love for ever flowing and full fraught.
Julius and *Anthony*, those Lords of all,
 Low at her Feet they lay the Conquer'd Ball.
 Those dreadful Eagles, which had fac'd the Sun,
 From Pole to Pole, at length fall daz'd down.
 Nor was her Death less Glorious than her Life,
 A constant Mistress, and a faithful Wife,
 With whom she liv'd with so much Pomp and Power,
 Braving the *Romans* and their Power, she dy'd.
 O *Anthony*, content thy mighty Mind,
 Grudge not the World, for still thy Queen is kind.
 Pleas'd in this happy Climate warm and bright,
 Love for some Ages Revels with Delight.

The Warlike *Moors* in Gallantry refin'd,
 Invent new Arts to make the Fair look kind.
 The first who shew'd the Fiery Barb to Prance,
 Or in a Lady's Honour break the Lance.
 So in the Lists, which shining Stands surround,
 In glitt'ring Ranks they wait the Trumpets sound.
 Some Love Device is wrought on every Sword,
 And every Ribbond bears some Mystick word.

The Golden Lance now brandish'd in the Sky,
They part with speed, so swift they seem to fly.
All as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be O'ercome, or none can Win.
The bright Beholders give the Warriors Force,
And the loud Trumpet sounds to every Course.
When we see the nimble Clouds engage,
The Lightning first proclaims the coming Rage;
He breaks one Cloud, but new ones do appear
To meet as Fierce as Thunder in the Air.
The Victor from the shining Dame, whose Eyes
And his Conqu'ring Arms, receives the Prize.
Beauty and smiling Love thus liv'd in State,
The proud *Spaniard* gave their Glories date.
Tho' these matchless Gallantry's are past,
Their Description shall for ever last.
Dryden's Verse, th' *Abencerages* shine,
And *Almabide* for ever be Divine.

Love driven thence, to colder *Brittain* flies,
With bright Eyes the distant Sun supplies:
Fancies, that relate the dreadful Fights,
Loves and Prowess of advent'rous Knights,

To animate their Rage, a kifs Record
 From *Brittain's* fairest Nymph was the Reward
 So ancient to Loves Empire is the Claim
 Of English Beauties, and so wide the Fame.
 Which like our Flag on the wide Sea gives Law
 By Right avow'd, and keeps the World in Awe.
 Our Gallant King's so much renown'd in War,
 So fierce to Foes, do Homage to the Fair.
 A Monarch's Right o're Beauty they may claim,
 Lords of the Ocean from whence Beauty came.

Thy *Resomond* Great *Henry* on the Stage,
 By a late Muse presented to our Age,
 With aking Hearts, and flowing Eyes we view,
 Whil'st that resembled Death recalls the true.
 So like in *Bracegirdle* the Persons be,
 That all seems real, the Spectators see.
 Of *Scots* and *Gauls* Defeated and their Kings.
 Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever sings:
 Like thy high Deeds, thy Noble Loves are praised
 Who rais'd to Love, the lasting'st Trophies laid.
 The *Garter* added to the *George*, we find
Venus and *Mars* once more together join'd.

y Statues *Venus*, tho' *Apelles* Hand
 iv'd the tough Marble, can't for ever stand :
 e Magick of thy shining Zone is past,
 t *Salisbury's* Garter, shall for ever last :
 ick through the World by living Monarchs worn,
 ds Grace to Scepters, and does Crowns adorn.
 uch their Fame, who gives these Rights Divine,
 Sacred Love, Oh! What Dishonours shine.
 rgetful Queen, who severed'st that bright Head,
 hich Charm'd two Mighty Monarchs to its Bed!
 idst thou been born a Man, thou hadst not fail'd,
 y Fame had liv'd, and Beauty had prevail'd:
 t Ah! What mighty Magick can assuage
 Womans Envy, and a Bigot's Rage? Q. *Eliz.*
 ve tir'd at length, Love who delights to smile,
 ying from Scenes of Horror, quits our Isle.
 ith *Charles* the *Cupids*, and the Graces gone,
 Exile live, for Love and He were one :
 ith *Charles* he wanders, and with *Charles* returns,
 nd now again with fiercer Fire he burns.
 eager Flames with Opposition pent,
 eak out impetuous, when they find a vent.
 s a fierce Torrent hinder'd in its Course,
 aking its way, roars down with greater Force,

From the loud Palace, to the silent Grove,
 All by the King's Example, Live and Love
 The Muses with Diviner Voices Sing,
 And all rejoice to please the God-like King.
 Then *Waller* in Immortal Verse proclaims
 The Glitt'ring Court, and all the shining Dames
Cleveland is there in highest Lustre seen,
Portsmouth, and never-fading *Mazaria*.
 This bright Triumvirate in Glory shine,
 Such is the Theme, such is the Song Divine.

Thy Beauty *Carlisle* like *Achilles* Sword,
 Resistless stands upon as sure Record:
 Thy Matchless Graces, and his Matchless Fame,
 Both Sung alike, shall have their Fate the same.
 And now my *Muse* a higher pitch prepare,
 Behold, from *Italy* a Radiant Star,
 With Beams Immortal strikes the wond'ring sight
 And there it fixes its Imperial Light.
 Be bold, be bold, my *Muse*, nor fear to raise
 Thy Voice to her, who was thy earliest Praise.
 What tho' the Tempest threaten, tho' the Skies
 Grow dark and fullen, and black Mists arise,

p thy bright Theme within thy steady fight,
Clouds shall fly before the dazzling Light,
And everlasting Day direct thy Flight.
On who hast never put on a disguise
Flatter Folly, or descend to Vice.
Not vain Fears thy gen'rous Ardour tame,
Stand upright, and sound as loud as *Fame*.
When the Eye some Prospect wou'd pursue,
Ascending from a Hill, looks round to view,
Gazes o'er Lawns and Meadows till it gains
Some Spot above the rest, and there remains ;
With the same Rapture my delighted Muse,
Prefers other Objects, this high Theme to chuse.
Oh! happy *James*, content thy Mighty Mind,
Judge not the World, for still thy Queen is kind.
As *Hellen* half so Fair, so form'd for Joy,
Well chose the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*.
No lye but at whose Feet, more Glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters, and on Kings :
So Fair ! so Chaste ! so Great ! 'twas just that she
Who was *Loves Queen*, shou'd *Queen of Britain* be.
But Ah ! how vain, and how uncertain is,
How short the Course of Human Happiness.

Cease,

Cease, cease my *Muse*, thy Colours are too faint,
Hide with a Veil those Griefs which none can Paint
The Sun's retir'd, but see in bright Array,
What Hosts of Heavenly Light recruit the Day:
Love in a shining *Galaxy* appears
Triumphant still, and *Grafton* leads the Stars.
Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways
Invade the lookers on, and die to Gaze:
Knowing our Dooms, as to the *Sirens* Voice,
So sweet's the Enchantment, that our Fate's our Choice
Who most resembles her, must next be nam'd,
Villars for Wisdom, as for Beauty fam'd:
Sweetness and Majesty together joyn'd,
A ready Wit, and an unerring Mind:
Of a high Race, which Conqu'ring Beauty brings
To Charm the World, and Subjects made of Kings
Richmond's a Title that but nam'd, implies
Majestick Graces, and Victorious Eyes.
As much O happy *Brudenel* art thou known,
By thy bright Daughters Beauties as thy own
Nor Charming *Sandwich* will I thee omit,
Whose Sparkling Eyes, are piercing as thy Wit,
Nor Radiant *Ormond*, only fit to be
The Successor of Beauteous *Ossory*.

son and Wyndham full of Charms appear,
de Pagan is, the Graces are, *Kildare*.
Alban does an ample Theme afford,
ow bright, tho' trembling for her absent Lord:
Essex and Fair *Ruttenburg* we find
at Beauty to no Climate is confin'd.
pert of Royal Blood with modest Grace,
shes to hear the Triumphs of her Face:
th Charms so numerous, *Mira* does surprize,
e Lover knows not by which Dart he dies:
thick the Volly, and the Shaft so sure,
o Flight can save us, nor no Art can cure.
in wou'd my *Muse* of Beauteous *Stawel* Write,
t wanting Wings, declines so high a flight.

O *Kneller*! Like thy Pictures were my Song,
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil strong,
These Matchless Beauties, shou'd remember'd be,
In Verse Immortal as thy Gallery.

The DESCRIPTION.

IN *Neptune's* Plains the Merchant vainly seeks,
The richest Coral is in *Sylvia's* Cheeks.
Her Balmy Lips, like pompous Scarlet shows,
Or Wealthy Mines where blushing Rubys grows;
For whose Defence there is by Nature made
Of Orient Pearl a double Palisade.
When *Phæbus* with his Morning Beams discloses
The Fragrant Lillies, Jesamines and Roses,
'Tis nothing to her Breath, for that exceeds
The choicest Spices blest *Arabia* breeds.
Two Sparkling Diamonds do for Eye-Balls rowl,
That wound the Heart, and Captivate the Soul
The very *Indians* wou'd their God despise,
Had they once seen the Lustre of her Eyes.
Her Graceful Neck like Alabaster white,
Creates at once both wonder and delight.
Cupid neglects his Bow, and finely rests
Within the Charming Valley of her Breasts.
Where swelling Veins with purest Azure flow,
And look like Violets scatter'd in the Snow.

Her

er slender Waste is strait as *Hermes* Rod
r *Cupid's* Shafts, and Charms like either God.
he smallest touch of her fair Hand wou'd move
he Aged, and the *Anchorite* to Love.
Acend no lower *Muse*, but humbly own,
hat Nature here, her Master-piece has shown.
nd made a happy effort to comprise
her alone, Earth, Sea, and Paradise.

The HERMITE.

Within this Humble Lonesom Cell,
Free from Care and Noise I dwell.
o Pomp, no Pride, no cursed Strife
disturbs the quiet of my Life.
Truss or two of Straw's my Bed,
My Arms are Pillows for my Head.
My Hunger makes my Bread go down,
Although it be both stale and brown :
purling Brook, that runs hard by,
Fords me drink when I am dry.

In short, a Garden and a Spring
Does all Lives Necessaries bring.
What is't the Foolish World calls Poor ?
I have enough ; there needs no more,
Those Houses, which so splendid shine,
Perchance no dryer are than mine.
The precious Jewels of the Great,
May add a Lustre, but not Heat.
No Anxious Thoughts corrode my Breast ;
No Passions interrupt my Rest :
No chilling Fear, nor hot Desire,
Freezes or sets my Blood on Fire.
No Tempests are engendred here,
All does Serene, and Calm appear :
And 'tis my Comfort when alone,
Seeing no ill, I think of none.
Our vain Imagination's hurl'd
By the Examples of the World ;
Virtue we hate, because despis'd,
And swallow Poysons when disguis'd.
To shun the strong Temptations, I
Have chose to live in Privacy.
And, as it were beneath the Stage,
See all the Follies of the Age ;

and growing Prudent at their Cost,
to serve that Innocence they lost;
ending each moment of my Breath
in preparation for my Death.
I patiently expect my Doom,
when Fate shall order it to come.
See the winged Lightning fly
through the tempestuous angry Sky,
and unconcern'd its Thunders hear.
Who knows no Guilt, can feel no Fear.
Neath a Poplar's grateful Shade,
on a homely Bench of Turf I've made,
hence I with Admiration see
Nature in its Variety
those Daisies mingl'd with the Grass,
all the Gard'ners Art surpass,
round the Elm, the lascivious Vine,
where the Hony-suckles twine,
how glorious do the Poppies show,
what in the Wheat and Barly grow?
What can there pleasanter be seen,
than yonder Wood so thick and green?
whose vast spreading Boughs is made
to augre the Sun, perpetual Shade?

Their

Their mighty height alone does show,
That they in *Adam's* time did grow :
For they're so fresh to Admiration,
You'd think 'em now in their Creation.
The purling Streams that glide along,
Eccho back the Birds sweet Song ;
The mounting Sky-Larks rend their Throats
With Various and Melodious Notes :
There do's sad *Phæbe* discover
The Incest of her cruel Lover.
No Monarch's Minstrells can compare
With these Musicians of the Air ;
And tho the Owls abroad do Peep,
'Tis not yet time that I should Sleep :
For when the Sun withdraws his Light,
I view the Glory's of the Night ;
The glitt'ring Spangles of the Sky,
That are so bright, and yet so high.
Nature sure shuts up the day,
More of her Wonders to display.
The Moon though in a lower Sphert,
Observes her regular Career,
Supplies her Brother *Phæbus* place,
And is as punctual in her Race :

er Function I more highly prize,
e shews us Earth, but she the Skies.
hilst I these various Beauties number,
y watry Eyes begin to Slumber;
hen to my un-made Bed I creep,
nd fill'd with Joy and Wonder, Sleep.
hus our First Parent in his Prime,
g'd away his happy time,
urveying Nature's glorious Treasure,
as less his Duty than his Pleasure:
he Lyon and the Tyger then,
ere not so Brutal as our Men.
he Defarts were less dangerous far;
han now our Towns and Cities are.
nd as I by Experience find
ce so familiar to Man-kind,
I in Prudence think it fit,
o fly from them, to fly from it;
nd in this Melancholy Seat,
cure my self by a Retreat;
here I all harmless Methods try,
o live in Vertue, and in Peace to die.
r that Contentment which our Vertue gave,
one can make us easie in the Grave.

And the great Character of Good and Just,
Survives, when Marble moulders in the Dust.

A PARADOX.

ENCOMIUM of A——, &c.

THOU mighty Princess, lovely Queen of H——
Whose Monarchy the bravest Men Control
Shut up in awful and Majestick State;
How dost thou Make thy poor Adorer wait!
Reserv'd as *Prefter John*, and seldom seen,
As the most filly kept a Sultan Queen,
Thou Crown of Sense, nay, more Superlative,
Thou very Quintessence of all the Five:
No Civit Cat had ever such a smell,
Thy Essence does all other Sweets Excel.
How is our Relish by thy Taste increas'd,
When this one bit is more than a whole Feast?
Beauty of Beauties, Darling of the Eye,
The Face is but a Mark to hit thee by;
Thou art the Spot of *Cupid's* Archery.

What

whether your Ornamental Locks you wear,
 go like *Eastern Beauties*, smooth and bare;
 whether full grown the Manly Beard appears,
 Virgin Lips, the fewer Hairs than Years:
 all true Beauty shines as on a Throne,
 her full Splendor, from the Sight alone,
 please thy Friends, and to confute thy Foes,
 thou hast a Mouth beyond Fam'd *Cicero's*:
 Mouth whose *Silena Rhetorick* affords
 more strong Perswasives than all *Tully's* words!
 Was such a Mouth did *Paris* more Convince,
 than *Juno's* Power, or *Pallas's* Eloquence:
 Was such a Mouth *Achilles* did persuade,
 and *Hercules* to Spin in Masquerade,
 such all the force of Arms cou'd ne'er have made.
 Was such a Mouth, taught *Anthony* to Scorn
 the Glorious Name to which that Prince was Born.
 such Perswasions, mighty *Julius* gave
 that Crown the *Aegyptian* Army wou'd not save,
 and of a Conqueror, became a Slave.
 If there remains one Sense, which we may call
 Love, that is all the rest, one more than all,
 rich with one nice unutterable touch,
 solves my Muse, and proves a Theam too much

To me, who am unknown to her I Write,
 And had but once the Honour of her sight.
 None can the Charming Wonders duly tell,
 But he who comes Inspir'd from her own *Well*,
 Whose Virtue do's all *Helicon's* Excell.

A R I D D L E.

NO longer blame those on the Banks of Nile
 If they Adore the Ravenous *Crocodile*,
 Nor think the *Indians* Mad, who Worship Apes,
 Serpents and Idols, in such monstrous Shapes;
 Since all Man-kind to me does Homage pay,
 More Rav'nous, Fatal and Deform'd than they:
 To me their purest Blood they Sacrifice,
 Yet all they do, can ne'er my Rage suffice:
 Infants each day within my Vaults Expire,
 And Men oft Perish by my Altar's Fire:
 All rough I am and hideous to the Sight,
 Yet man in me has plac'd his chief Delight:
 Enough of me he thinks he ne'er can seize,
 And yet the less I am, the more I Please.

ling my self Deform'd, sure I mistake,
ce I the chiefest part of Beauty make;
I compos'd of Contradictions am,
Original of Impudence and Shame;
s I that kindle, and then quench the Flame.
el the greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain,
en closest cover'd, when expos'd for Gain;
the most Noble Plant the only Field,
bear the less, the oftner I am Till'd:
e last of Nature's numerous Works I am,
t first in Power, and wonderful in Frame.
tho I seem so gentle, weak and small,
e strongest yield, stoutest force me fall;
me th' Extreame none reach, tho ne'er so Tall.
only Friend, my greatest Grief and Joy,
t Stabbs me, and I him as oft Destroy.
ween the Herculean Pillars I am set,
ere all Men have their *Neplus ultra* met,
Name is hid, as I am, from your Eyes,
ou ne'er seek me out, I'll think you Wise.

Horace,

Horace, Lib. I. ODE XXII.
Paraphrastically Imitated.

Integer Vitæ, scelerisq; purus, &c.

By J. Hughes, Gent.

Hence flayish Fear, thy Stygian Wings display
Thou ugly Fiend of Hell, away!
Wrapt in thick Clouds and Shades of Night,
To conscious Souls direct thy Flight!
There brood on Guilt, fix there a loath'd Embrace
And propagate vain Terrors, Frights,
Dreams, Goblins, and imagin'd Sprights,
Thy visionary Tribe, thy black and monstrous Race
Go, haunt the Slave that stains his hands in Gore
Possess the Perjur'd Mind, and wrack the Usurer
Than his Oppression did the Poor before.

II.

Vainly you feeble Wretches! you prepare
The glittering Forgery of War;
The poyson'd Dart, the Parthian Bow and Spear

Like that the Warlike *Moor* is wont to weild,
 Which poys'd and guided from his Ear,
 He whirls impetuous through the Field:
 In vain you brace the Helm, and heave in vain the
 Shield.
 He's only safe, whose Armour of Defence,
 Is Adamantine Innocence.

III.

If o'er the steepy *Alps* he go,
 (Vast Mountains of Eternal Snow)
 Or where fam'd *Ganges* and *Hy-* *Rivers of In-*
das Flow. *dia.*
 If o'er parch'd *Africk's* Desert Land,
 Where threatning from afar,
 Th' affrighted Traveller
 Encounters moving Hills of Sand;
 No sense of Danger can disturb his Rest;
 He fears no Human Force, nor Savage Beast,
 Impenetrable Courage Steels his Manly Breast.

IV.

Thus late within the *Sabine* Grove,
 Whilst free from Care and full of Love,
 I raise my tuneful Voice, and stray
 Regardless of my self, and way,

A grisly Woolf with glaring Eye,
View'd me Disarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer Monster ne'er in quest of Food,

Aputian Forests did molest :
Numidia never saw a more prodigious Beast :
Numidia, Mother of the Tawny Brood,
Where the sowre Lyon shakes his brinded Mane
And roars aloud for Prey, and Scow'rs the spirit
Plain,

V.

Place me where no soft Breeze of Summer Wind
Did e'er the stiffen'd Soil unbind;
Where no intruding warmth e'er durst invade,
But Winter holds his unmolested Seat,
In all his Hoary Robes Array'd,
And rattling storms of Hail and noisy Tempests beat
Place me beneath the scorching Blaze,
Of the fierce Sun's immediate Rays,
Where House nor Cottage e'er were seen,
Nor rooted Plant or Tree, nor springing Green;
Yet (lovely *Lalage*!) my generous Flame
Shall ne'er expire, I'll boldly sing of thee,
Charm'd with the Musick of thy Name,
And guarded by the Gods of Love and Poetry.

J. H. 1697.

To the KING.

Sweet as short Slumbers to a troubled Mind,
Long press'd with Cares, and now to rest in-
clin'd,
Has been the little Requiem of thy Reign
To wretched *Britain's* poor Distemper'd Brain:
By Fits, and Starts, we wake; but, when the Fright
Is o'er, again we close our weary'd Sight,
Hoping, that the Blest'd Hand that gave us ease,
Will hinder a return of the Disease.
Our Kings of late, as if the Father swore
The Son to Plague us to his utmost Pow'r,
Out-doing each his Predecessor's Hate,
Instead of Ruling, have destroy'd the State:
But when the fact Usurp'd the Royal Throne,
(Justly Excluded for Religion)
As much he did their Crimes surpass, and more,
Than they the worst of theirs that went before.

No

No Arts, no Tricks, that Statesmen cou'd devise,
 Or Priests find out to try to Sacrifice
 Our Lives, Religion, Laws, and Properties,
 But what he set on Fire: Nay, more, he thought
 Himself, how our Destruction might be wrought;
 Borrow'd some hours from Luxury and Ease,
 To add unto the Nation's Grievances.
 So opposite to all that look'd like Good,
 So prone to Vengeance, and Ally'd to Blood;
 That all the little Comfort that surviv'd,
 Was, that our Woes were to a height arriv'd.
 The Hag of *Syracuse*, who us'd to Pray,
 When others damn'd the Haughty Tyrant's Sway,
 Left, when he dy'd, a greater Scourge than he,
 Shou'd be advanc'd to the Supremacy:
 Had she been here, might have withdrawn her Curse,
 For Heav'n than *James*, cou'd not brtain a worse.
 But as when Vice is to the highest grown,
 Virtue Succeeds, and reassumes her Throne:
 So you, by your Succession to the Sway
 Of these Three Kingdoms, bring again that Day,
 Which, since her Death, whose Fame
 Shall never Die,

Eliz

Has been o'ercast with a dark low'ring Skie;

And

and, by one Act, reliev'd the Nation
 more
 Than all their Malice cou'd depress before.
 To the black'd Egypt's River, whom he spreads
 His Liquid Bottom's to his neighbouring Meads;
 What seven years Sun flame dry up in vain
 He renders fruitful by his Waves again.
 Born of a Race, who in all Ages stood,
 The only Champions of the Publick Good;
 And dread where no such thing as Wrong was known
 But each Man freely may enjoy his own
 What may not we expect, if under thy
 Command, once more *English* Valour try,
 And our old Glories renew again? We may
 Visit those Realms, where our Forefathers lay,
 Many a long Night, and bore the Royal Swan
 But, e're we to a Foreign War advance
 Our Arms, on think but of regaining *France*
 A nearer Nation claims thy Pious Aid,
 To free her from the same impending Dread,
 Which late our *England* hung: But *England* grows
 Unmindful of her Suffering Neighbours Woes,
 Now she her self is free; poor *Ireland*
 Stands trembling underneath a Tyrant's Hand,
 Waiting

Waiting each Moment for the fatal Word,
Till rescu'd from it by her Lawful Lord.

Now, what return for all these kindnesses,
For fighting of the Dangers of the Seas,
And leaving thy own Country; to restore
Freedom to those whose Lives were given o're?
A Crown thou hast; but that's a small Reward,
If to the Merits of thy Deeds compar'd,
Or with our Dangers weigh'd. May she, who shares
Not only in thy Pleasures, but thy Cares,
And by dividing the Imperial weight,
Renders the Burden of a Crown more light,
By Heav'n's Divine Permission, bear to thee
A numerous, and a happy Progeny,
Who may the Scepter of these Nations sway;
Till they and Monarchy at once decay:
So Beggars, when some Charitable Man
Throws more, than even their Exigency can
Or does require, amaz'd at what they have,
With Heav'n, and all its Toyces, to him that gave.

SONG To the KING, after the
Taking of Namur.

Written by Mr. Prior, and Sung before His Majesty
at the Hague.

I.

H Armonious Strings, your Charms prepare,
To reach the Royal Conqueror's Ear :

Such is our Joy, as did Inspire
David's, and Deborah's sweet Lyre:

Be such our Numbers, while we Sing
The Praise of our Victorious King.

2.

You Damsels, to Grace our Triumph, appear ;
No Jephtha, no Barbarous Victor is here:

With Songs, and with Dances, our Conqueror
meet,

And strew your Garlands at his Feet:

Strike, too, your Timbrels, while we Sing
The Praise of our Victorious King.

See!

3.

See ! Victory and Glory shed
 Palms and Laurels round his Head,
 And, from on high, exalted Fame
 To the Freed World Proclaims his Name !
 Sound, *Fame* : while we, with Concert Sing
 The Praise of our Victorious King.

4.

Oppression's to his Chariot bound,
 Ambition drags his Chains ;
 And Rescu'd Nations, all around,
 In Shouts cry, *William* Reigns !
 Reign, *William* ! While thy People Sing
 The Praise of their Victorious King.

On PAGNELL WATERS.

TUnbridge Adieu, thou Celebrated Name,
Sworn with the Empty Breath of Partial
Fame:

Thy mighty Waters Virtues boast no more,
Now meaner Names, thy Rivals are in Power,
Pagnell out-does thee, *Pagnell* tho' it lie
Obscur'd in Poor and Humble Privacy.
For *Pagnell*'s Virtue is its own compleat,
Not made by Noise and Reputation great;
Rich in themselves its modest Waters glide,
And strive in secret all their Power to hide:
But when, by Tryals force, they can't Conceal,
In a deep Blush they all at last Reveal.

The *Latent God* displays his Purple Face,
And deeply dyes the bold Explorers Glass,
And as in Colour, so in Weight and Taste
They stand approv'd by most rigid Test.
You'd think each drop Impregnated so strong,
Mars here in heavy Armour stalkt along,
And struck his rusty Lance into your Tongue.

And

And as in Virtue we do far excell,
Much more Convenience do's surround our Well:
Remote from Folly, Vice, and Noise we lie,
Free from Impertinence and Knavery.
Here's no false Newstogall our quiet Ears,
No Male-Content nor *Jacobite* appears;
With sly Reflections on our Governours.
Here no Lewd Peer, Proud of bought Title Stalks,
And Shoulders honest Fellows from the Walks.
Here's no Coxcomb, Bully, Beau, nor Rook,
Nor *Hans* here, Duns you with his Begging-Book.
Here no startcht Doctor shows his Formal Face,
Nor Bombast Nonsense vents with dull Grimace,
Nor Crazy Patient states his rotten Case.
Nor Cogging Gamesters, nor False Dice are hear,
No Cheating Lottery, nor loud Auctioneer,
With hoarse insipid Noise to wound our Ear.
We no Religions, nor State Quarrels make,
No Factions strengthen, nor no Parties take,
But well of Church, Laws, King, and Rulers speak.
Here in one word is Ease and Innocence,
All *Tunbridge* Pleasures, none of its Expence.

Dr. Wild's POEM. *In Nova Fere Animus, &c. Or a New SONG to an Old Friend, from an Old Poet, upon the New Parliament, in the Year 1678.*

WE are all Tainted with the *Athenian* Itch,
News, and new Things do the whole
World bewitch.

Who would be Old, or in old Fashions Trade?
Even an Old Whore would fain go for a Maid:
The Modest of both Sexes, buy new Graces,
Or Periwigs for Pates; and Paint for Faces.
Some wear new Teeth in an old Mouth; and some
Carve a new Nose out of an Aged Bum.
Old *Hesiod's* Gods Immortal Youth enjoy:
Eupid, though Blind, yet still goes for a Boy;
Under one Hood Hypocrite *Janus* too,
Carries two Faces, one Old, th' other New.
Apollo wears no Beard, but still looks Young;
Diana, Pallas, Venus, all the Throng

Of Muses, Graces, Nymphs, look Brisk and Gay
 Priding themselves in a perpetual *May* :
 Whiles doting *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Proserpin*,
 At their own ugly Wrinkles Rage and Grin;
 The very Furies in ther looks do twine;
 Snakes, whose embroydered Skins renew their skin
 And nothing makes Great *Juno* chafe and scold,
 But *Joves* new Misses, slighting her as Old.
 Poets, who others can Immortal make,
 When they grew Gray, their Lawrels them forsake
 And seek young Temples, where they may grow
 Green;

No Palfie-hands may wash in *Hypocrene* ;
 'Twas not Teirce Clarret, Eggs and Muskadine,
 Nor Goblets Crown'd with *Greek* or *Spanish* Wine
 Could make new Flames in Old *Ben Johnson's* Vine
 But his Attempts prov'd lank and languid strain
 His *New Inn* (so he nam'd his youngest Play)
 Prov'd a blind Ale-house, cry'd down the first
 His own dull Epitaph—— *Here lies Ben Johnson*
 (Half drunken too) He Hickupt— *who was once*
 Ah ! this sad *once one* ! *once we Trojans* were ;
 Oh, better never, if not still we are.

Hymes of Old Men, *Illiac* Passions be,
 When that should downward go, comes up we see,
 And are like *Jews*- Ears in an Elder Tree.
 When Spectacles do once bestride the Nose,
 The Poet's Gallop turns to stumbling-*Prose*.
 I am Old, Could, Mould; and you might hope
 To see an *Alderman* Dance on a Rope,
 A *Judge* to act a Gallant in a Play,
 Or an Old *Pluralist* Preach twice a Day;
 If a Thin *Taylor* make a Valiant Knight,
 Or a good *Subject* of a Jesuite;
 As an old Bald-pate (such as mine you know)
 Should make his Hair, or Wit and Fanny grow;
 Nor is there need that such a Block as I
 Should now be hew'd into a *Mercury*,
 When Winter's gone, the Owl his foot may spare,
 And to the *Nightingales* resign the Air.
 Such is the beautiful new face of things:
 By Heavens kind Influences, and the Kings,
 They should inspire; and all in measures move,
 And every Citizen a *Vigil* prove.
 Each *Protestant* turn Poet; and who not
 Should be suspected guilty of the *Plot*;

If, now the Day doth dawn, our Cocks forbear
 To clap their Wings and Crow, you well may swear
 It is their want of Loyalty, not Wit,
 That makes them sullen, and so silent sit.
Galli of Gallick kind—— I'll say no more,
 But that their Combs are Cut, and they are fore;
 Yet to provoke them, my old Cock shall Crow,
 That so h's Eccho round the Town may go.

Upon the New PARLIAMENT.

MY Landlord underpropt his House for
 years,
 Was often warn'd—'T would fall about his Ears;
 For the main Timber, that above, and under,
 By every Blast was apt to rend asunder.
 This year He gently took all down, and then
 What of the Old prov'd sound, did serve agen:
 May all the New be Heart of *Engliss* Oak,
 And the whole House stand firm from fatal stroke,
 And nothing in't, the Founder e're provoke.
 My Grandam, when her Bees were old and done,
 Burnt the old Stock, and a new Hive begun;

and in one year she found a greater store
Of *Wax* and *Honey* than in all before.
Variety and Novelty delights;
Old Shoos and Mouldy Bread are *Gibeonites*.
When Cloaths grow thread-bare, and breeds Vermin
too,
To *Long-Lane* with them, and put on some new;
When Wine turns Vinegar—All Art is vain,
The World can never make it Wine again.
'Tis time to wean that Child, who bites the Breast,
And Chase those Fowls, that do befowl their Nest.
When *Nod's* Nose found the *Ramp* began to smell,
He Dockt it, and the Nation lik'd it well.
Cast the old, markt and greasy Cards away,
And give's a new Pack, else we will not play:
Nothing but Pork, and Pork, and Pork to eat!
Good Landlord give's fresh *Commons* for our Meat.
The Council thirty years lay sows'd in Pickle,
Until it prov'd a stinking Conventicle.
And now Old *Rome* plays over her old Tricks,
This *Seventy nine*, shall pay for *Sixty six*:
Out of the Fire, like new refined Gold,
How bright New *London* looks above the Old!

All Creatures under old Corruptions groan,
 And for a New Creation make their moan:
 The *Phoenix* (of her self grown weary) dies.
 Unto Succession a Burnt Sacrifice:
 Old Eagles breed bad Hawks, and they worse Kits,
 And they blind Buzzards (as Old *Pliny* Writes)
 Deans, Prebends, Chaplains, think themselves
 wrong,
 When *Bishops* live unmercifully long:
 And poor *Dissenters* beg they may ascend
 Into a Pulpit, from the Tables end,
 And who has not by good experience found
 Best Crops are gained by new-broken ground,
 And the first Seed—*Oates* sifted clean and sound:
 But yet Old Friends, Old Gold, Old King, I prize
 Old *Tyburn* take them who do otherwise:
 Heaven Chase the Vultur from our Eagles Nest,
 And let no Ravens this *March-Brood* molest.

So Sings poor Robin Redbreast

SONG.

By L—D—

AT Noon in a fair Summers Day,
 The brightest Lady of the *May*,
 - Young *Cloris*, Innocent and Gay,
 Sat Knotting in a Shade :
 Each slender Finger plaid his part,
 With such Activity and Art
 As might inflame a Youthful Heart,
 And warm the most Decay'd.

Her Favourite Swain, by chance came by,
 No sight cou'd better please her Eye :
 Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
 She wou'd have seem'd afraid.
 She let her Ivory Needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball,
 And strait gave *Strephon* such a call,
 As wou'd have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee
With Innocence I dare be free,
By so much Truth and Modesty.

No Nymph was e're betray'd
Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
Whil'st thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a Nap,
Which he poor Fool obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o're,
She sigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,

But starting up she said,
May Virtue still rewarded be
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not Me,
Pursue thy grazing Trade.

Go Milk thy Goats, and Sheer thy Sheep,
And Watch all Night thy Lambs to keep,
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken Maid.

To his Worthy Friend, on his Ver-
sion of *Hugo Grotius*, of the truth
of Christian Religion, into En-
glish Verse.

Ubi quid datur Oti—

Illud chartis, hoc est mediocribus illis

Ex vitiis unum.—

Hor. Serm. Lib. 1. Sat. 4.

TIS not dear Sir, the least ambitious aim
Of being noted for Poetick Flame,
Or with exalted Bards to mix my Name,
That now invites my Muse to Celebrate
Those Praises you have justly got of late ;
Bus as a Tribute to our Friendship due,
That I this slender Offering make to you.
As *Noah* with a Pious firmness stood
Against the Assaults of the Invading Flood,
Until those happy days the welcom Dove
The Olive brought by Orders from Above ;
So you in Stormy Weather have I seen
Easie in thought, and of a mind Serene,

Until

Until those Clouds *Jehovah* did disperse,
And led your settl'd Thoughts to Sacred Verse ;
And surely from above you took that Fire,
For none Below, such Thoughts could e'er inspire ;
For *David* like, your Charming Lyre you string,
In Praise and Honour of th' Eternal King :
But First of all, as a wise Architect,
Who that he may unshaken Piles Erect ;
Sees his Foundations solid are and sure,
The only means his Building to secure.
So while Religion does your Numbers fill,
And sweetly flows from your Judicious Quill ;
Your Corner-stone and Principles you take
From him who did those equal Precepts make :
First against Atheists you his Being prove,
And all their Shallow Arguments remove.
With strongest Reasons then you plainly show,
That all his Attributes from's Essence flow ;
And this in Verse and Terms so well exprest,
As if he taught from your inspir'd Breast.
Then by your Verse, you liberally have given
The Providence which some confin'd to Heaven ;
As did *Lucretius*, who had fondly taught,
The Lazy Gods of Earthly things ne'er thought.

In better Colours you the Godhead shew,
And fully prove, to Providence we owe
The change and turns of all things here below.
Then next Religion you in all its parts
Have surely Fortifi'd by the best Arts
Of Verse and Reason, and to th' World evince,
That Piety ne'er Stranger was to Sense :
Here may the empty noisie Town Gallant,
Who knows no Language but the modish Cant ;
Whose tedious Minutes stick upon his hands,
And make him Curse the slow and lingring Sands ;
By your Example, learn his time to employ
On things that yield a solid lasting Joy.
Thus taught by you, he speedily will find
No Pleasures equal those o'th' Pious mind.
But tho' in well chose Numbers you excell,
And true Philosophy your Verse does swell,
Yet no confinement knows your Active Soul,
But rifles other Arts without controll :
You into the abstrusest Notions dive,
And loaded with the Sweets, Re-stock the Hive.
Nor does the knotty Law, which few untwist,
Your piercing Judgment's conqu'ring force resist ;

And

And tho' to some it takes Gigantick form,
 Yet you its Frowns and Menaces do storm;
 And being o'ercome at your Expence and Toil,
 The weaker hands may bear away the Spoil.
 Thus joining Law to Piety, you prove,
 The Law not more of *Serpent* has than *Deus*.

*For Her Royal Highness, Princess
 Ann of Denmark, on the Birth-day
 of the D. of Gloucester.*

L

TH E noise of Foreign Wars,
 The whisperings of Home- Jealousies and Fears
 Domestick Wranglings, Civil Jars,
 Has reach'd the harmonious Spheres;
 And now *Apollo* and the Sacred Nine,
 In long Alliance with this Court command
 Their Envoys to Complain,
 And with soft Musick to encline
 The Hero-Royal and his Heroine
 (With all the Graces of the Tongue and Hand)
 The troubles of Crowns to allay :

Nor

Nor have we touch'd the Lyre in vain ;
There is a Trace, a glad Cessation for a day.

II.

This day is our own, and our Wishes are Crown'd !
We cannot allow any Martial sound,
Nor the Clangor of Trumpets, nor rattling of Drums;
Not a word of Batallions nor Fleets,
Nor of Mortars and Bombs ;
No Complaining be heard in our Streets:
No, no, a young Prince to the Kingdom is given;
With the Voice of the Lute,
The Violin and Flute,
We thank the Royal Mother and kind Heaven.

III.

Young Gloucester's the Theme ! the Muses decree
All the Studious Youth of the Land,
Shall come and kiss the smiling Infant's Hand,
Offering their Gifts of Ingenuity ;
Adorning his Cradle with the Flowers that grow
On the Banks of Cam,
Of Isis and Thame,
The Flowers of Rhetorick and Poësie :
Gloucester is a pleasing Theme ;
Gloucester will make their Fancy flow,
Clear, full and strong, as any British Stream.

IV.

Hail Palace Royal! we are bound to raise
 Thy Turrets to the highest point of Praise;
 This second Birth, perpetuates thy Name:
 May the good Genius of the Place;
 Make *William* to succeed to *Edward's* Fame;
 As Learned, Pious, Wise in all his ways;
 Like him in all things, but the shortness of his Days!
 Then will we strive our Talents to improve,
 And Tribute pay of Gratitude and Love,
 And make thee equal to the Cradle of *Jove*.

*On the Installation of the Duke of Somerset,
 Chancellor of Cambridge.*

By a Cantabrigian, who was at the Entertainment

WHat store of Cates and Dishes never ask,
 That is the Carvers and the Sewers Task;
 What e'er the Sea and Air, and Earth Afford,
 In Plenty there did grace the Princely Board.
 What for her Wandring Guest the *Tyrion* Queen
 Prepar'd, or what was touch'd by *Homer's* Pen.

all short of this,——

look'd so like the Banquet of the Gods,
 Then *Jove* invites 'em to his blest Abodes;
 round the Board the spumeous Goblet goes,
 which Immortal Nectar flows;
 Whilst with fresh Bowls the *Phrygian* Boy
 Strives to inflame their rising Joy;
 At the same time, to entertain the Ear,
Muse stands by and sings the Gyants War:
 He further tells their Flight and known Escape,
 When every God in *Ægypt* wore a borrow'd Shape,
 And all the while the Frolick so inhance,
 About their heads the Spheres keep their Eternal dance
 So fed the Gods, and so fed they,
 • On this Triumphant Glorious Day.

*The Adress of John D——n Laureat,
 To His Highness the Prince of Orange.*

[N all th' *Hosanna's*, our whole World's Applause,
 Illustrious Champion of our Church and Laws,
 Except, Great *Nassau*, from unworthy me,
 Among the Adoring Crowd, a bended Knee:

Nor

Nor scruple Sir, to bear my Ecchoing Lyre
Strung, Tun'd and Join'd to th' Universal Quire;
From my suspected Mouth thy Glory's told,
A known Out-lier from the English Fold;
Rome's Votary, the Protestants sworn Foe,
Rome my Religion half an hour ago.
My Roman Dagon's by thy Arm O'erthrown,
And now my Prostituted Soul's thy own:
Thy Glory wou'd Convert that Infidel;
That had all Ages stood Immovable;
No wonder then, thou could'st Affections sway
In tender Breasts as mine, such pliant Clay
As wou'd even bear new Molding every day:
Nor doubt thy Convert, I who well could raise
Immortal Trophies, even to *Cromwell's* Praise;
I who my Muses Infant Quill cou'd fledge
With high sung Murder, Treason, Sacrilege,
A Martyr'd Monarch, and an Enslav'd Nation,
A Kingdom's Shame, the whole World's Execration
By me translated even to a Constellation.
If this, all this, I cou'd Un-blushing Write,
Fear not that Pen that shall thy Praise Endite;
When High-born Blood my Adoration draws,
Exalted Glory, and unblemish'd Cause;

A Theme so all Divine my Muse shall Wing,
 What is't for thee Great Prince, I will not Sing:
 No Bounds shall stop my *Pegasean* Flight;
 I'll Spot my *Hind*, and make my *Panther* White;
 Against the Seven proud *Hills* I'll muster all
 My keen Poetick Rage, and Rhyme with all
 The Vengeance of a Second *Hannibal*:
 The *Papal Chair*, by dint of Verse o'erturn;
 My *Molten Gods* like *Israel's Calf* I'll Burn.
 Copes, Crofers, all the Trumpery of *Rome*;
 Doom'd to Great *Waller's* blazing Hecatomb;
 I'll pound my Beads to Dust, and wear no more
 Those Pagan Bracelets of the *Scarlet Whore*:
 But whether am I Wrapt, for, Oh my Fears!
 I bend beneath the weight of Sixty Years!
 Low runs my Glass, more low my aged Muse,
 And to my Will Alas, does Power refuse:
 But if Great Prince, my feeble Strength shou'd fail,
 This Theme I'll to my Successors Entail:
 My Heirs th' unlimited Subject shall compleat;
 I have a Son, and he by all that's Great,
 That very Son, (and trust my Oaths, I Swore
 As much to my Great Master *James* before)
 Shall by his Sires Example, *Rome* renounce,
 For he young Stripling yet has turn'd but once,

That *Oxford* Nurrling, that sweet hopeful Boy,
 His Father's, and the once *Ignatian* Joy,
 Design'd for a new *Bellarmino* Goliath,
 Under the great *Gammaliel* Obadiab:
 This Youth, Great Sir, shall your Father's Trump
 Blow,

And Soar when my dull Wings shall flag below;
 A Protestant *Herculean* Column stand
 When I a poor weak Pillar of the Land,
 Now growing Old, and crumbling into Sand.
 But Hark, methinks I hear the buzzing Crowd,
 At my Conversion, dare to Laugh aloud!
 Let Censuring Fops, and snarling Envy Grin,
 Tick'd and pleas'd with my *Camelton* Skin:
 No senseless Fools my true Dimensions scan,
 And know the Laureat's a *Leviathan*.
 Now *Tyber*'s Mouth Ebbs Low, and on that Shore
 My rolling Bulk alas can sport no more:
 Down the full Tide I Scow'r to take a Look,
 In the more swelling Surge, at *Petruet* Stace;
 Let chattering Daws and every senseless Willgeol
 Their Descant pass on that great Nathe Religion
 Religion by true Politician Rules,
 The Wise Man's Strength, and the true side of Fall

For we, who Godliness for Gain support,
 Heaven's Votaries for Candidates at Court, (Fort.
 Make our Church Walls our Rampart, Sconce and
 Our *Masses, Dirges, Vespers, Oraisons,*
 Our Counterescarp, Rayellins and Half-Moons ;
 And now our *Ave Mary's* put to th' rout,
 And from that Bastion I am beaten out,
 I'm but retiring to a new Redoubt.
 Why shou'd I blush to Turn? when my Defence
 And Plea's too plain ; for if Omnipotence
 Be th' highest Attribute that Heaven can boast,
 That's the truest Church that Heaven resembles most.
 The Tables then are turn'd, and 'tis confess
 The Strongest and the Mightiest is the Best :
 In all my Changes, I'm on the right Side,
 And by the same great Reason Justify'd ;
 When the bold Crescent lately attack'd the Cross,
 Resolv'd the Empire of the World to Ingross ;
 Had tottering *Vienna's* Walls but fail'd,
 And the Turks over *Christendom* prevail'd,
 Long e'er this had cross'd the *Dardanello,*
 And sat the mighty *Mahomet's* hail Fellow ;
 Quitted my duller hopes, the poor renown
 Of *Earl's College*, or a *Dublin Gown*,

And Commenc'd Graduate in the great Divan,
Had Reign'd a more Immortal *Muselman* :
Nor Art, Pain, Labour, Toil, too much to assail
Heaven's Towry Battlements; my Heaven I'd scale
Through all Religions, Church o'er Churches mount-
ted,
More than the Rounds that *Jacob's* Ladder counted
Has this stupendious Revolution past,
A Change so quick, and not Turn as fast !
Let bogling Conscience shock the squeamish Fool;
Poor Crazy Animals, whose Stomach's rule
Shall scrupulous Taste disgust, their Pascual stickle
Whether true drest in Souse, in Broth, or Pickle ;
If Muscadine runs low, I'm not so dull
But I can pledge Salvation in Lambs-wool ;
And if Salvation to one Church is bound,
So much the rather shou'd I change all round :
Change then can be no fault, a whole Life long;
Kept in one Church, may always be ith' wrong;
But there where Conscience Circles in her flight,
We who're of all Sides, must be once i'th' Right.

A BALLAD.

REform Great Queen the Errors of your Youth,
And hear a thing, you never hear'd, call'd Truth :
For private Balls content the Fairy Queen,
You must Dance and Dance damnably to be seen :
A natur'd little Goblin, and design'd
For nothing but to Dance and Vex Man-kind ;
What wiser thing cou'd our Great Monarch do,
Than root Ambition out by shewing you ?
You can the most aspiring Thoughts pull down,
Or who wou'd have his Wife, to have his Crown ?
With a white Vizor you may cheat our Eyes,
You know a black one wou'd be no Disguise :
See in her Mouth a sparkling Diamond shine,
The first good thing that e'er came from that Mine ;
Leav'n some great Curse upon that Hand dispence,
That for th' encrease of Nonsense, takes it thence :
How Gracefully she moves, and strives to lugg
A weight of Riches that might sink the Pugg !
Such Fruit ne'er loaded so deform'd a Tree,
For Jewels may be match'd, but never she.

If bold *Acteon* in the Waves had seen
 In fair *Diana's* room our Puppet-Queen,
 He wou'd have Fled, and in his full Career,
 For greater haste, have wish'd himself a Deer ;
 Preferr'd the Bellies of his Dogs to hers,
 And thought 'em the more cleanly Sepulchres :
 What stupid Madman wou'd not chuse to have
 The settl'd rest and silence of a Grave,
 Rather than such a Hell, which always burns,
 And from whom Nature forbids all returns.
 Or——d looks paler now than when he rid ;
 Your Visit frights him more than *Tyburn* did :
 Fear of your coming, does not only make
 W-----r's wife Marquis, but his House to Shake.
 What will be next, unless you please to go
 And Dance among your Fellow Fiends below ;
 There as upon the *Stygian Lake* you Float,
 You may o'er-set and sink the laden Boat :
 While we the Funeral Rites devoutly pay,
 And Dance for Joy that you are danc'd away.

EPITAPH.

By Mr. Dr-----, 1687.

Here lyes a Creature of Indulgent Fate,
From L—— H—— rais'd to a Chit of
State.

Chariot now *Elisba* like he's hurl'd
To the upper empty Regions of the World.
The Airy thing cuts through the yielding Sky,
And as it goes, does into Atoms fly,
While we on Earth, seem with no small De-
light,

The Bird of Prey turn'd to a Paper Kite.
With drunken Rage and Pride he did so swell,
The hated thing without Compassion fell;
By powerful force of universal Prayer,
The ill-blown Bubble is now turn'd to Air:
To his first less than Nothing, he is gone,
By his preposterous Translation.

E L E G Y.

Here lyes a Poer rais'd by indulgent Fate,
 A shining Sun from a fallen Star of State:
 In Chariot now *Elijah* like, he's bore
 A pitch beyond the *Roman* Eagle's Soar:
 Through the yielding Air he makes his glorious Flight,
 And scatters as he goes new Beams of Light.
 While Papists seem with Envy from the Poreh,
 The States-man's turn'd a Pillar of the Church:
 With Faith and holy Resolution Crown'd,
 Unmov'd the Noble Patriot stands his Ground;
 By powerful force of weighty Argument,
 The baffl'd Fathers back again are sent,
 While to his first best Principles he's Just,
 True to his God and faithful to his Trust.

A SESSION of the POETS.

Now had *Apollo* heard in Verse and Prose
 New Wits each day, unknown to him, and
 For Fops the very Muses will pursue,
 And boast their Favours whom they never knew:

To hinder which he prudently thought fit
 To examin all pretences made to Wit:
 The Day's declar'd, and as the News they hear,
 The Learned Mobb from all around appear:
 Those who with fly Device Acrostick Write,
 And those to *Cynthia* softer Lines Indite.
 The fam'd for Rhime and Prose, and Commentators,
 The Punsters, Quiblers, Songsters, and Translators,
 All with the same fond Expectation Fir'd,
 Both the Possess'd with Muse, and the Inspir'd:
 All Wits with pleasing Vanity are Curst,
 Each Man o'th' Tribe believes himself the First.

A Reverend Grizly Elder first appear'd,
 With Solemn Port through the Divided Herd,
 Whose labouring Muse did many years excel,
 In ill Inventing and in Stealing well,
 Till *Love Triumphant* did the Cheat Reveal
 So when appears midst Sprightly Births, a Sot,
 Whatever were the other Off-springs Lot,
 All are secure, he's lawfully begot.
 He pleaded his Life in the Service was spent,
 And hop'd that the Judge wou'd to Crown him con-
 sent;

Since

Since, *had his Genius that made him a Poet been try'd,*
And with equal Care to any Science apply'd,
 At making a Shoe, or at Pleading or Preaching,
He'd soon been a Littleton, Prat, or a Crispin.
Apollo esteem'd his Plea very true,
 And some Reward to his Labours was due.
 He long revolv'd what Honours was most fit
 To Grace the Person of so Sage a Wit;
 At last designs, and stretching forth his Hand,
 Anointed him the Poets Alderman.

Will. Wicherly next appear'd through the Throng,
Apollo rose up, but wonder'd so long,
 A Friend he so lov'd, he never had seen,
 And displeas'd with th' Account he gave where he'd
 been,
 He Checkt, and Pronounc'd him unfit for the Bays,
 That so Conscious of Merit, so Careless of Praise,
 For all the Wits rob'd him, and he was to blame,
 To sit down with the wrong, and ne're make his
 Claim,
 And in *Laureat's* Chair that Man shou'd not fit,
 Who, in so scarce an Age is so lavish of Wit.

Then

Then *D--s* and *Darfy* prefs through the Crowd,
 With equal Impatience and equally loud;
 And from his own Words they urg'd their Pretence,
 For all they writ spoke them most thrifty of Sense:
 But no Man cou'd tell who'd the Preference get,
 Since in different ways they were equally Great.
Tom own'd a *Soft Muse Inspir'd him to Sing,*
 And set up for *Lyricks* with a Ding a Ding Ding.
 But in *Dea--s* Muse more solid was found,
 For strong and for finewy Nonsense Renown'd,
 And to make good his Plea, this Couplet was shown.

Bullets amain unseen by Mortal Eye,
That kill and wound like Parthians as they fly.
Apollo then smiling said, since he saw
 Both Merited what both cou'd not Enjoy,
 He'd given 'em a Patent for Honours most fit,
 That none burthemselves shou'd read what they Writ

The next Thought without pleading the Laurel
 to get

Since by most he'd been told he was *the best Wit.*
The greatest Young Man, rising Sun of the Age,
 But *Apollo* the Gentleman's heat to assuage,

Proclaim'd if his Writing the Laurel shou'd wear,
 Of the Garland he'd have but a very small share.
 Since by his Plays, he most plainly descry'd,
 He did not much in his own Noddle confide ;
 But yet him, for one of the Tribe he wou'd own,
 If in his next play for his Thefts to atone,
 He'd Write a whole Leaf that was truly his own:
 But to show he cou'd Write, and recover his Cause,
 An Elegy out of his Pocket he draws.
 Where he hop'd he shou'd purchase the Bays for this
 Flight,

*Lost is the Day which had from her its Light,
 For ever lost with her in endless Night :*

In endless Night and Arms of Death she lies,

Death in Eternal Shades has shut Pastoras Eyes.

Concern so Passionate who ever read,
 That Dictates nothing, but she's Dead, Dead, Dead!
 But still of all that fell upon the Queen,
 He's least injurious to her Ashes been.
 For what he has of Dread *Pastora* Sung,
 To *Cloris*, *Cynthia*, *Cisly* may belong.

An indifferent Writer then *Southern* appear'd,
 And with modest Carriage Address to be heard :

Neither

Neither Praise, nor Dishonour his Writings attend,
Apollo cou'd neither Dislike nor Commend;
 As in Faces, the Ugly or Handsom we find,
 Are only admir'd, when extream in their Kind:
 So, in Poetry, he that wou'd Purchase Renown,
 Must write up to *Walter*, or write down to *Tom*.

The Cryer made next for *Ravenscroft* way,
 In vogue with them all for's last Gluttonous Play.
 For as Sages of Old true Greatness decry'd,
 Cause themselves were poor Rogues out of Envy and
 Pride;

So to grow Men of Fashion, the Poets were thinking,
 Cou'd they beat down the ill Custom of Eating and
 Drinking.

But for's Ignoramus the Dolt they Explode,
 Where he hit on bad Latin, and thought it all good.

Nat T--te came in next, but came not to Pleäd,
 But strut with the Laurel already on's Head;
 Which to all their Ambition had quite put an end,
 For, for what he had more, there was none wou'd
 contend;

But to Reconcile 'em *Apollo* took Care,
 And loudly protested, he plac'd it not there;

But

But Religion, the least thing 'mong Poets, had made
 Him from one of the Meanest, a Chief in the Trade
 For he throve, tho' his Words from his Matter were wide
 By the Cunning of Skill, being dull o' th' right side;
 But kindly one by, does the Laureat beseech,
 To Scribe no more, since to more he can't reach,
 As Priests when they are Bishops, no longer will
 Preach.

At the Bar *Jabney Cr---* neglected does stand,
 And holds not out now, his *little white Hand*,
 For alas his Gay Years and Follies are past,
 He's pity'd this Sessions, tho' Condemn'd in the last,
 And now neither own'd by the Wits nor the Beaus,
 For he's out-liv'd his Writing, & wore out his Cloaths.

He that English'd *Petronius* wou'd fain have crept in,
 But none of the Poets wou'd own him a Kin:
 He blush'd, but the Judge bid him rest with his Lot,
 For he that's ne'er known, can ne'er be forgot.

But now in a sweat does *Mot--x* advance,
 Who fring'd all he spoke with the *Gargon of France*,
 A Courteous A-- whom nothing offends,
 Who Judges by halves, but in gross who comments

So shallow that *Tom* even thou cou'dst see through,
 And *Le Prate*, for thy Pen a fit Character drew ;
 But he pull'd out a Journal, and urg'd all his Pain,
 His waste of his Time, Shoe-Leather and Brain ;
 In Collecting the Tract, his Vexation and Pother,
 In Gadding about from one Songster to tother :
Apollo esteem'd his Plea very good,
 For the Gentleman's Talent he soon understood,
 And gave him an Employment that fitted him most,
 A Patent, to be his own Journals Post ;
 With Journals and Pacquets, and Messages fraught,
 And bring 'em to Town, yet not know what he
 brought.

The next at the Bar an Unknown took his Place,
 Who clearly discover'd his Luck in his Face.
 The well-favour'd God soon spoke him not his,
 With hopeless a Visage and rueful a *Phiz*.
 One call'd him *Hep-s*, but he was to blame,
 For *Apollo* was ready to swoon at the Name,
 Tho' he knew him by it, and applauded his Skill,
 Who to the first, cou'd be secondly ill,
 As he did old *David*, *Tibullus* these wrongs,
 He prophan'd the best Hymns, and this spoil'd the best
 Songs.

Then in their own Stile he sent him away,
And bid him be Stupid for ever and aye.

Great numbers still on every side appear'd;
Eager of Hope, and pressing to be heard;
When at the Bar anew, each took his Place,
And banish'd Hope reviv'd in every Face:
Th' inhospitable Crowd, forget their Pride;
And each Man Quarter gives, on either side.
Dennis and *Durfy*, now no Rancour show'd;
But full as harmless as they Writ, they stood.
The Thoughtful God-head long revolv'd the Doom
That was to speak their Joys, or Grievs to come;
But since he knew no Mortal e're cou'd be
From Envious Hate, and Rival Malice free,
Fading's the Praise in which Men Triumph here;
No Poets Fame till after Death's sincere;
Therefore to haste to th' Glory they deserve;
He graciously commanded all to starve.

F I N I S.

